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THE
STRIFE OF THE ROSES
AND
DAYS OF THE TUDORS
IN THE WEST.

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W. Newbery. Dawsons Ph. Sc.

A GLADE IN OLD SHUTE PARK

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THE STRIFE OF THE ROSES

AND

DAYS OF THE TUDORS

IN THE WEST.

BY

W. H. HAMILTON ROGERS, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF THE WEST," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSCOE GIBBS.

"WHAT FAME IS LEFT FOR HUMAN DEEDS
IN ENDLESS AGE?"

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PREFACE.

The subjects described in the following pages, have been chosen from among the almost unlimited number that present themselves to notice, during the stirring periods in which they are included, as they appeared to lend interest and variety of incident, illustrative of the days wherein they occurred. The concluding paper—not originally written for this series—extends into the era of the early Stuart, and has claimed admission from the comparatively unique features of its history.

W. H. H. R.

"The Middle Ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood; but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was inwove with white and purple, ours is one seamless stuff of brown."

John Ruskin.

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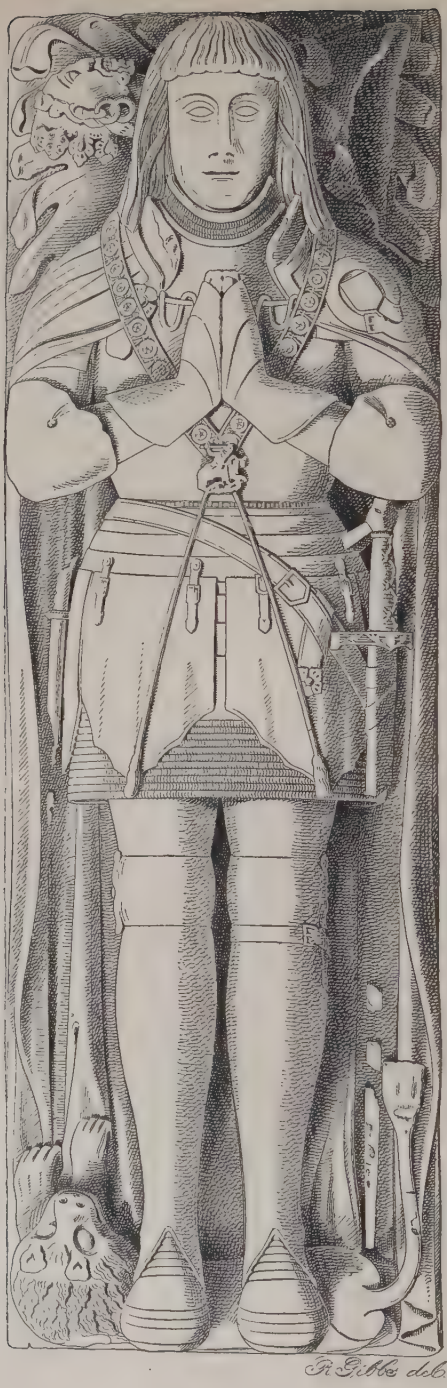

EFFIGY OF ROBERT LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, K.G.

CALLINGTON CHURCH, CORNWALL.—A.D. 1502

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"OUR STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD."

AT somewhat more than halfway distance between Weymouth on the skirt of the Atlantic, and the good old city of Bristow by the Severn sea, on the thin iron line that crosses the wide end of the western peninsula between those places,—and which in the early days of railway enterprise was cleverly, but of course futilely, stretched as a boom, designed to 'block' all further extension westward,—and just inside the county of Wilts, lies the quiet little town of Westbury.

The station itself is somewhat "larger and more commodious," than common. A two-fold reason accounts for this, one, that of its being the junction of another line that departs hence for Salisbury, and secondly the nature of the industry that meets the eye from the platform, and is in its way unique in these parts. This is the appearance of three towering iron furnaces, with attendant rows of coke ovens, placed on an eminence just outside the station yard; busily smelting the iron-stone that is quarried from a large excavation on the opposite side of the line, and which passes under the railway proper in mimic trains, pulled by a tiny locomotive up to the great glowing bastions, there to be speedily devoured and purified into 'pigs' of the best quality.

A very English sight indeed you will say. Yes, certainly if we were in some of the northern localities of this mineral-saturated island of ours, but strange in its isolated appearance among the bucolic characteristics of the southern portion of it, and moreover here, at least, a development in its way peculiarly modern. The antient 'staple' of the district is the very primeval one of the manufacture of woolen cloth, which has existed for centuries, is still considerably followed, and enjoys all its olden reputation as being 'West of England,' a pass-word for excellence and purity of fabric, untainted by the admixture of 'shoddy,' characteristic of north-country production. Westbury in company with her sister towns is largely interested in the industry.

Our wandering to-day is not in quest of manufactured products iron or woolen, but of a nature that lends a clue to our thoughts which takes us back to the far past strife of the Red and White Roses,

and era of Bosworth, and of the heart-burning that inspired the distich,

> "The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell our Dog,
> Rule all England under the Hog,"—

for the writing of which and presumed sympathy with the Red Rose, be it remembered, a Wiltshire knight, Sir William Collingbourn of Lydiard by name, was by the vindictive Richard "caused to be abbreviated shorter by the head, and to be divided into four quarters,"—and to search for traces of one of the principal actors, who played a conspicuous part in the turmoil, for he was probably born, or had his original habitation close by. Yonder is the town of Westbury with its factory chimneys and massive church tower in their midst,—below us the busy railway-station, and immense iron-stone quarry,—in front the great furnaces. Nothing very suggestive in all this as to our expedition to find the old home of Willoughby in these parts; he of the famed circle of the Garter, and first Baron by a name taken from the little rill of Brooke or Broke, that, outlasting his name and fame, still flows past the house that he occupied while in the flesh. Yet it cannot be very far off.

These are our thoughts as we look from the parapet of the bridge that carries the highway over the railroad below, our steps lead us northward, and although our local geography ends here, our usual luck for further guidance is at hand. An old stone-breaker by the wayside stays his hammer as we pass, to give us the morning's salutation, and to our respond we add the interrogatory as to our path to an old house or place called Brooke or Broke, somewhere near. "Brooke-*Hall* you mean" said he, with special emphasis on the affix, "I know it well, follow on for nearly a mile until the road leads into the brook; then turn into the gate on your right, go through two meadows and you will see Brooke Hall before you. It is an old antient place, and I have heard was a grand one once, but it is only a farm-house now."

With due thanks to, and musing on the inextinguishable influence of tradition, thus continued and wove into the life of our humble but intelligent informant, we saunter along, until the rippling sound of water attracts us on our left. Mounting the low ledge that bounds our path on its other side, at our feet in the enclosure below (locally termed the Bisse) the Brooke or Broke sparkles along gaily as ever, and apparently as undiminished as when four centuries a-past, the knight, whose memories we are in search of, forded its flow. A little farther beyond, and the lane we have been traversing descends abruptly into its bed, which forms a continuance of the thoroughfare for a short distance. Our path diverges through the gate on the right, and into the green fields.

Here, at once, although much ameliorated to the wants of the modern farmer, the undulating nature of the ground, the richness of the turf, and scattered stately trees still lingering about to attest its olden beauty and importance, we recognize unerringly the well known characteristics of an antient park, but apparently not of large size. Traces of a winding road lead on from the lane gate, and stretch

away over a swarded knoll, on the right; with pleasurable steps we reach the summit of the acclivity, and descry at about another field's space ahead, the still existing remains of the Brooke Hall of our trusty informant.

"A grand place once"—we ruminate, recalling the words of the old stone-breaker, as we halt under the shadow of a tall, massive gable, buttressed at the angles like a church, and with the original hip-knop a trefoil on a stalk, still very perfect, and bravely weathering the sunshine and breeze at its apex. From this gable stretches back a building ninety feet long with high-pitched roof, and forms one side of the farm-court. Its further end is joined to a cross-structure of smaller size, now used as the farm dwelling-house.

Cautiously we push open the large doors of the cow-court and look inside. This, from no dread of meeting, and having our intruding footsteps ordered off by the antient knight who once possessed it, but rather from the undesirableness of making too sudden acquaintanceship with the vigilant curly-tailed custodian of its precincts eyeing us from within, and who may not, until properly assured to the contrary, be quite satisfied with the object of our investigation; but a kindly word of advice to him, and of welcome to us, from his master close by, speedily puts everything at ease, and with full permission for inspection.

Before however we proceed to investigate the old place, we mentally join company with the famous old itinerant Leland, who came here on a similar errand, and recall the burthen of his description, when it was in pristine condition, and still in possession of the Willoughbys.

"There was of very aunciente tyme an olde maner place wher *Brooke Hall* is now, and parte of it yet appearithe, but the buyldynge that is there is of the erectynge of the Lorde Stewarde unto Kynge Henry the vii. The wyndowes be full of rudders. Peradventure it was his badge or token of the Amiraltye. There is a fayre Parke, but no great large thynge. In it be a great nombar of very fair and fyne greyned okes apt to sele howses.

"The broke that renithe by *Brooke* is properly caulyd *Bisse*, and risethe at a place namyd *Bismouth*, a two myles above *Brooke* village, an hamlet longynge to *Westbyry* paroche. Thens it cummithe onto *Brooke* village, and so a myle lower onto *Brooke Haule*, levinge it hard on the right ripe, and about a two miles lower it goith to *Trougbridge*, and then into *Avon*."

We enter the court yard, and the main portion remaining, which was probably erected by the Lord Steward, occupies the whole of the left side. It is a strong substantial building. The front toward the yard has three doorways having good late-pointed arches, and five two-light windows of small dimensions. Between the doorways are buttresses. At first sight, the building seems as if intended for a large hall, especially from the fine high-pitched roof, and its completeness inside, having all the old timbers remaining. But it appears to have been divided off, and formed into apartments, a considerable portion of the old wood partition-work still remains. It is now used as a stable, barn, and for other farm purposes. The upper end of this long building is joined to a cross portion, apparently the better part of the fabric, but not of large dimensions. This has been modernized

to the requirements of a farm-house, and almost all its antient features obliterated. The walls are of great thickness, nearly six feet, and at the end are some later transomed Elizabethan windows, bricked up, and in a small outhouse below is "T.—1684;" a still later time-mark.

As far as could be observed, what at present remains, appears to be only a small portion of the original structure, but in which direction it extended is not certain. Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, writing in 1650, and who visited Broke about that time, describes it as "a very great and stately old howse" with "a Hall which is great and open, with very olde windowes." There was a "canopie chamber," a dining room, parlour and chapel, and the windows were filled with coats shewing the armorial descent of Willoughby, which he minutely describes; and further, the windows "are most of them *semée* with *Rudder of a Ship, or*;"—and again he observes "the *Rudder* everywhere." We had greatly hoped to have enriched our sketch book with a similitude of one of those rudders, but alas, the most diligent search and enquiry was vain. Not a fragment of the old glazing remained, and neither arms, badge, nor device, was to be found anywhere on the building, sculptured or limned. A small enclosed garden (now used as a rick-plot), skirted with poplars, on the opposite side of the court, was the only other noticeable feature connected with the old place.

Thus much for Broke Hall, said we—retracing our steps over the grassy undulations—the antient residence successively of Paveley, Cheney, and Willoughby, all names of knightly renown; aforetime, as well as now, probably no more apt description could be given of the still sturdy old fabric, than the itinerant's terse note on this little park that surrounds it, it was and is "no great large thing," albeit the "grand one once" of the tradition-burthened mind of our friend the stone-breaker, and this true enough in its way perhaps also, when compared with the hovels of the peasantry that then had their stations near it.

The family of Paveley, the antient owners of Broke, held it as early as the reign of Henry I. Reginald de Paveley was Lord of Westbury, succeeded by Walter, and again by Walter Lord of Westbury, in 1255. To him Reginald, who deceased 1279, and Walter, Sheriff of Wilts 1297, died 1323, and succeeding him Reginald de Paveley, who died 1347; he married Alice, widow of John, the second Lord St. John of Lageham, died 1322. To him John de Paveley, who married Agnes, with issue two daughters, Joan married to Sir Ralph Cheney, and Alice wedded to Sir John St. Loe, died 1366. The Paveleys also held considerable possessions in Dorsetshire, and bore for their arms, *Azure, a cross fleurie or.*

Cheney, Cheyney, or Cheyne,—originally *De Caineto*—(or query, from the French *du chêne*, 'of the oak') was also an old and largely ramifying family, that first came over with the Conqueror, and were subsequently scattered throughout midland and southern England, from Kent to Cornwall, their name still surviving as an affix to their olden possessions in several localities.

A branch appears to have been early settled, and afterward held considerable station in Devon. "In king Henry III. tyme" says Pole, "Sir Nicholas Cheyney was lord of Upotery," where he was succeeded by his son Sir William, of whom the Antiquary continues "at what tyme the Dean and Chapter of Roane, with consent of the Kinge, and Archbishop of Roane, granted the same unto ye said Sir William Cheyney, which they had formerly held of the grant of William the Conqueror."

Sir William Cheney married Felicia, and had issue Sir Nicholas, who married Elinor, was Sheriff of Devon, 15 Edward II., 1322, and died 3 Edward III., 1330.

To Sir Nicholas succeeded William his son, who married Joan daughter of William Lamborn. He had two sons, Edmond, who died without issue, and Ralph.

Sir Ralph Cheney married Joan, daughter and coheiress of Sir John Paveley of Broke, and died 2 Henry IV., 1401.

Sir William Cheney, his son and successor, married Cicely, daughter of Sir John Stretch of Pinhoe, Devon, and widow of Thomas Bonville. She died 14 October, 1430. To him and his lady, Bishop Stafford of Exeter on 27 Jan., 1400-1, granted license for them to have divine service performed in their Chapel, "*infra manerium suum de Pinho.*" He was Sheriff of Devon 1408. Secondly he married Joan daughter of John Frome of Woodlands, Dorset, and widow of Sir William Filliol who died 3 Henry V., 1418. Sir William Cheney died 12 Henry VI., 1434, leaving two sons Edmond and John.

Sir John Cheney was of Pinhoe. He married Elizabeth daughter of John Hill of Spaxton, was Sheriff of Devon 12 and 22 Henry VI., 1434-44, and was succeeded by his son John, four times Sheriff, who married Margaret daughter of Nicholas Kirkham of Blagdon, and died leaving four daughters his coheiresses.

Sir Edmond Cheney, of Broke, knt., born 4 Dec., 1401, married Alice daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, knt. "*with the Silver Hand,*" of Suthwyke, Wilts, and Hooke, Dorset, who died 27 May, 1442, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Anne in the Abbey Church of Abbotsbury, which he founded;—by his wife Elizabeth who died in 1420, daughter of Sir John Mautravers of Hooke, knt. Sir Edmond, who died 30 May, 1430, left two daughters,—Elizabeth, born Nov., 1424, married Sir John Coleshill, knt., of Duloe, Cornwall, and died about 1492,*—and Anne, born, 26 July, 1428, who married

* The manor of Tremoderet or Tremedart in Duloe, Cornwall, by Emmeline or Emma, daughter and heiress of Hiwis, brought it to her first husband Sir Robert Tresillian, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was executed at Tyburn in 1388. In 1391 she married as her second husband Sir John Coleshill, who procured a grant of this and other manors forfeited by the Chief Justice's attainder. Sir John Coleshill, their son, then about twenty-three years of age, was slain at the battle of Agincourt, leaving an infant son who died without issue in 1483, being then Sir John Coleshill, Knt. His only sister Joanna, was thrice married, first to Sir Renfrey Arundell, a younger son of the Lanberne family, secondly to Sir John Nanfan, thirdly to Sir William Haughton. The manor passed from Arundell to St. Aubin, and thence to Sir John Anstis, Garter King at Arms, who died in 1743 and is buried in the church, after him to his son who

Sir John Willoughby, knt., who was killed at Tewkesbury 3 May, 1471. Secondly his wife Alice married Walter Tailboys, of Newton-Kyme, Yorkshire, by whom she had a daughter Alianore married to Thomas Strangeways of Melbury, Dorset, ancestor to the Earls of Ilchester. She died in 1469.

Thus at the death of these brothers, the name of Cheney in the Devonshire branch became extinct.

A long genealogical digression this, but only the necessary putting together a portion of the skeleton of our little history, which we hope to clothe eventually with something of living interest. Our path has led us back again to the elevated platform of the railway bridge, and also at a mile's distance before us, the old town of Westbury, in which, says Leland, "there is a large churche, and the towne stondith moste by clothiers" appears dimly among the trees,—and its characteristics of to-day still accurately confirm the itinerant's description of three centuries ago. There, rises the lofty church tower much as he witnessed it, but the tall chimney shafts that bear it company have absorbed all the hand-looms that then made busy, by the weaving of kersey and serge, the cottage precincts when he paced its streets.

Through the long, and comparatively quiet main thoroughfare of the little borough, and our thoughts are busy, though our steps are stayed, as we halt to admire the large and handsome west window of the church, perpendicular in style, but with considerable originality of treatment in design; and rising behind it, the massive proportions of the tower.

Here we hope to find some memorials of Paveley, Cheney or Willoughby, for our historic memory recalls to us, that within the fabric there is a Chantry which was formerly attached to Broke Hall, and that its windows were said to be filled with *rudders* as at their old seat. Our foot crosses the porch threshold, and with intuitive direction leads us at once to the east end of the south aisle, where some apparently well-preserved old oak screen-work, partition off what we rightly divine was the Broke Chantry. But as we draw near a vision of ominous newness, windows flaming with colour, and garish decoration of costly kind spread over every part, puts to the rout at once all hope of anything antient being found within it; and we learn that the Chantry has been recently elaborately 'restored' as a memorial chapel to the present owners of Broke, whose family have held its possession for about a century.

---

held it, and was also buried there 1754. "Under an arch in Duloe Church," says Lysons, "richly ornamented with vine tracery, is an altar tomb, enriched with shields in quatrefoils, having at the west a bas-relief of the Crucifixion; on this tomb lies the effigies of a knight, carved in stone, in plate armour with collar of S.S. Round the verge of a large slab of Purbeck marble, on which it rests is the following inscription,

Hic jacet Joh'es Colshull miles
quo'd'm d'n's de Tremethert et patron' huj's eccl'e
qui obiit xviii die m'es m'cii an'o D'ni Mill' cccclxxxiii
cuj' a'ie prop'ciet' Deu' a' "

We scan the enclosure minutely, but not a vestige of sculpture or inscription, nor stray *rudder* in the windows, was visible to identify its olden founders, and whether any such had ever existed within it, could not be ascertained. Foiled in our examination of the Chantry, we proceed to look carefully over the whole of the spacious interior of the edifice, but the search is vain.

There is yet one chance left, friend of mine, peradventure some stray shield or badge memorizing these antient families may be found outside. Slowly we perambulate the exterior of the structure, and were just preparing to leave the churchyard precincts altogether vanquished, when on the right dripstone termination of the label of the doorway-arch of the little porch at the base of the west window, there on a small shield very much denuded and weather-worn, we trace the *four fusils in fess* of Cheney, with the ghosts of *the escallops* faintly visible in their centres. On the shield to the left is the indistinct outline of *a bird* of some kind.

In his notice of Westbury church, Aubrey remarks:—

"In an aisle, north of the chancel where nothing remains of the old glass, tradition is that two maydes of Brook built it (probably Alice and Joan coheiresses of Sir John Paveley (1361) of Brook,—the one married Sir John St. Loe, the other Sir John Cheney). In a chappelle south of the chancell, are left in one windowe some *Rudders of Ships or* the cognizance of the Lord Willoughby of Brook. In an aisle north of the tower, called Leversidge aisle, were these two escutcheons now gone, viz.—Cheney impaling Paveley, Cheney as before impaling *a lion ramp:* quartering *a cross flory*, not coloured."

How surely and regularly history, at least the history of human nature repeats itself. Our forefathers, as it is often discovered in the repair or rebuilding old churches, did not scruple when alteration or enlargement of the fabric was needed, to break up the gravestones, or coffin-lids, of their predecessors, this also at the period when a religious thrall exercised its full power over them, while at the same time it encouraged the laying down similar memorials to those they were destroying. In a succeeding age when this influence had lost its spell, and greedy, selfish ends, had absorbed, or stifled completely such traces as remained, a remorseless and almost revengeful desecration followed, buildings were razed, monuments ruthlessly defaced or destroyed, and sepulchres violated, as if those who had left them such interesting and sacred heritage, had been a succession of malefactors deserving the utmost reprobation and contempt. The great despoliation over, the same spirit of heedless, callous unconcern, although in lesser degree, has shewn itself as largely existent through the succeeding centuries, down to these later times of pseudo-ecclesiastical revival, which in too many instances continues to exhibit in a still more exaggerated form, all the latent traits of thoughtless destruction, that had its place in days of old.

Thus much for our investigation of Westbury church and its garishly garnished Chantry, but before we leave this part of the world, we have another interesting structure to visit, where, if we mistake not, a most important memorial concerning the antient lords of Broke Hall is to be found.

Our steps lead us out of Westbury by the north west, and passing along under the great White Horse, boldly figured on the high hill by our right, and through the village of Bratton, a turn in the road a short distance beyond, brings us at once in full view of the large and antient Conventual Church of Edington. It is no province of ours here, to describe the great architectural attractions of this fine and still well-preserved fabric, but a glance at the uniquely-shaped tower windows, gives us a clue to what we may expect to find within, for the tracery in their heads, have an unmistakable resemblance to a *cross fleurie*, or rather *recercelée* would best describe its shape, the coat-armour of the family of Paveley.

Entering the church by the south porch, a survey of the south aisle arcade, brings the eye at once to the memorial we are in search of.

The monument is under the second arch of the nave, west of the transept, in the south aisle. It consists of a high tomb with canopy, flanked by an entrance-doorway forming part of one composition, extending the whole breadth of the arch. This was originally one of the enclosing screens of a Chantry, the other two, east and west, dividing it from the aisle having been removed. In the wall of the aisle opposite the tomb, is a two-storied piscina, which was formerly within the area of the Chantry, and against the east division doubtless stood the antient altar.

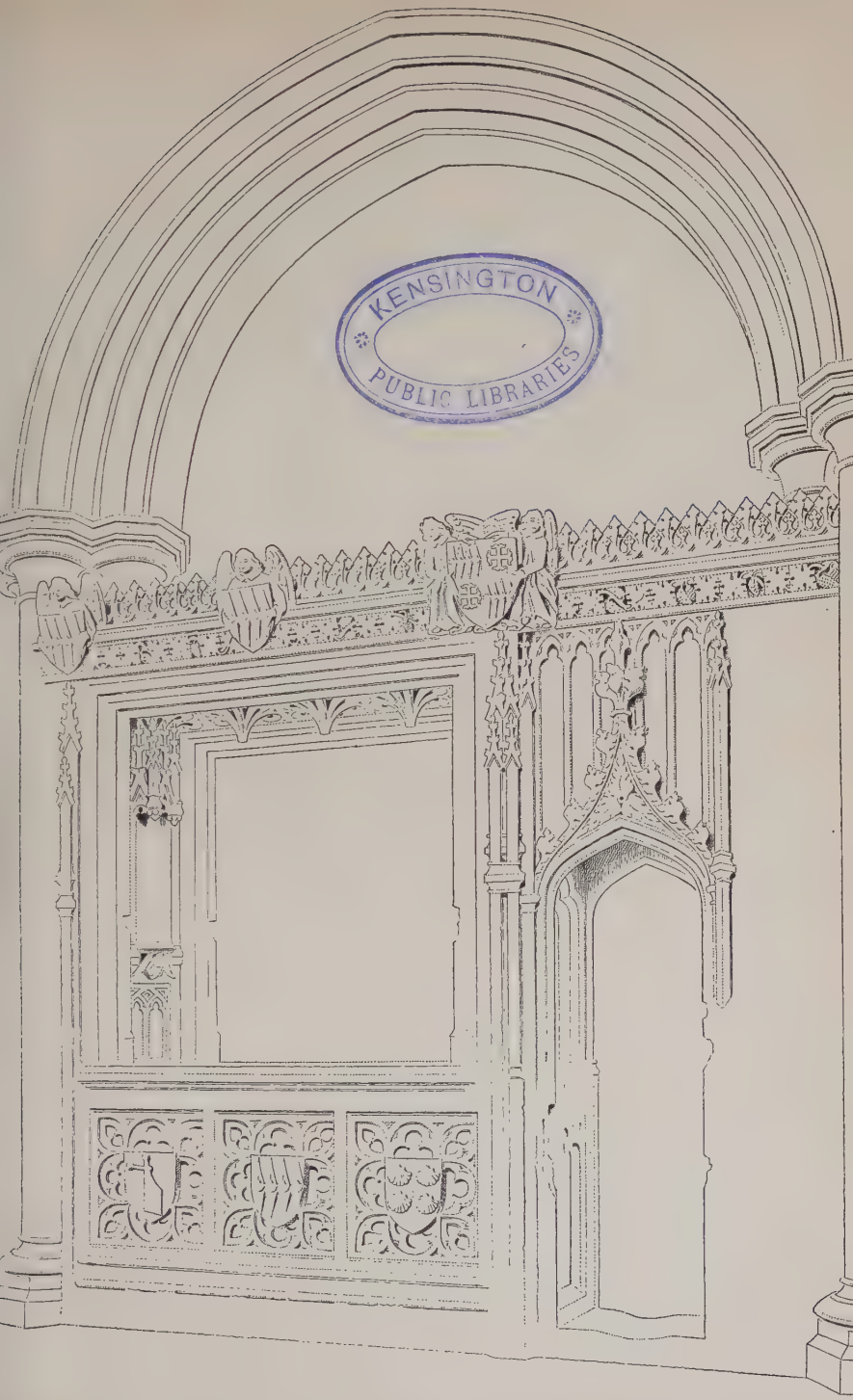
The cover-stone of the tomb is Purbeck marble, and on it are the indents of a knight and lady, but not of large size. The knight's head appears to have rested on a helmet with lambrequin, and an animal was at his feet. The lady in long robe and head on a cushion. Two shields were above their heads, and two more below their feet. There was no ledger-line.

Below the tomb are traceried panels with shields in their centres, on them is carved these arms:—1. *A rudder.*—2. *Four fusils in fess, each charged with an escallop* (Cheney).—3. *Four escallops, two and two* (Erleigh?). These charges are exactly repeated on both sides.

The canopy is of square form, flanked by buttresses pinnacled on their faces, and the groining within shews five fan-traceried pendants. At the east end is a large niche, the west is open. The doorway is surmounted by a rich ogee crocketted canopy with finial, and is panelled above.

A continuous cornice surmounts both tomb and doorway, of vine foliage and mouldings, crested originally by the Tudor flower, only a part of which now remains. It is broken on each side by four angels holding shields. On the north side are two single angels supporting the arms of Cheney, at the west corner are two angels holding a larger shield quarterly of four:—1 and 4 (Cheney); 2 and 3, *a cross fleurie* (Paveley). On the south side the single angels display the arms of Paveley, and the pair at the end Cheney impaling Paveley. Over the inner doorway *the rudder* is again carved—here at Edington its earliest appearance.

In the churchyard, near the porch, is a large broken Purbeck marble stone, probably removed from the pavement of the Chantry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TER GREENE MONUMENT, EDINGTON CHURCH, WILTSHIRE.

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within. On it are the indents of a knight, and lady in horned head-dress, under an ogee crocketted canopy, flanked by pinnacles, evidently of contemporary date with the tomb. Above the figures are two shields, below their feet the space is powdered with scrolls, and a ledger-line enclosed the whole.

As usual with influential families resident near large ecclesiastical foundations, and having considerable landed property in the district, the Paveleys, who were the Lords of Westbury Hundred, were doubtless largely connected with the welfare of the Monastery, and as liberal donors toward the building of the Abbey Church. The armorial story told on the tomb, points to its being the memorial of Sir Ralph Cheney, who married Joan, one of the daughters and coheiresses of Sir John Paveley, and succeeded in her right to Broke. He died 2 Henry IV., 1401. The great William of Edington, consecrated Bishop of Winchester, 1345, and afterward Chancellor and Treasurer to King Edward III., was born here, and became a considerable benefactor to the village and Monastery. His surname has not been recovered, but surmised to have been Cheney,—at any rate in a deed dated 1361, the Bishop is described as "guardian of the heiresses of Sir John Paveley,"—and one of these, Joan, as we have observed, married Sir Ralph Cheney, and as a consequence with great probability she found sepulchre here with her husband, in their Chantry in the Abbey Church.

Back to the railway station again, and a place among the cohort of the iron horse, for a long journey is before us, even from the open, breezy chalk-plains of Wiltshire, to the marge of the majestic Tamar in westernmost Devon, and the granite-bouldered precincts of east Cornwall, where we hope to get further clue to the haunts of Willoughby when in the flesh. Here, we are leaving what was probably his first home and earliest associations before ambition dawned on his future path; there, we shall visit his later possessions when the sun of fortune had shone on him, and he basked in its rays of honours and wealth. There also our pilgrimage will eventually lead us to that last house, the which he in common with earth's humblest denizen must share.

Before, however, we proceed further on our way to what we may term his second home, it behoves us to say something anent the antecedents and coming of the knight himself, and how the name of Willoughby originally became located in the west country. Like many a younger son rejoicing in a titled extraction, coupled with probably only a slender portion of the family patrimony, the wooing of a distaff—who, beside let us hope, being endowed with her full share of love's talisman, personal attractions, enjoyed also the further potent charm of being an heiress to boot—brought the father of our knight from the fens of Lincolnshire to the distant altitudes of Wilts, and in winning the hand of Anne Cheney for a wife, subsequently became in her right the Lord of Broke. A similar errand sent his son away to the boundary line that divides Devon from Cornwall, and with the well-dowered Blanche Champernowne of Beer-Ferrers for his helpmate,

there to find his future home, and where we propose to look for him again, after we have gossiped over his lineage awhile.

In common with many of our old titled names, Sir John de Willoughby its first possessor in this country was a Norman knight to whom the Conqueror gave the manor of Willoughby in Lincolnshire.* His descendant Sir William in the reign of Henry III. married Alice daughter and coheiress of John Bec or Beke of Eresby, summoned to Parliament as Baron Beke of Eresby 1295-6. He was succeeded by his son Robert, who inherited at the decease of his grand-uncle Anthony Beke, Bishop of Durham, the great possessions of that prelate, and 7 Edward II., was summoned to Parliament as Baron Willoughby de Eresby.

His great-grandson was Robert, fourth Lord Willoughby; he married first Alice daughter of Sir William Skipwith, and secondly Margaret daughter of William, Lord Zouch, who died in 1391. † His third son Sir Thomas by Alice Skipwith, married Elizabeth daughter of John de Nevill, Lord Nevill of Raby, and Elizabeth Latimer his second wife, only daughter of William, fourth Lord Latimer of the first creation, who died in 1388. Sir Thomas was succeeded by his son Sir John Willoughby, who married Joan Welby, described as an heiress, and their son was the Sir John Willoughby, who married Anne daughter of Sir Edmond Cheney, of Broke, Wilts; whose son was Sir Robert Willoughby, the first Lord Willoughby de Broke, and subject of our little memoir. There were three other sons, William of Turners-Piddle, Dorset, who died in 1512, and was buried at Bere-Regis; Thomas, who married Isabel Bedyke of Silton, Dorset, died 1523, and ordered his body to be buried in the church there; and Edward, Dean of Exeter Cathedral, and Canon of St. George's, Windsor, who died in 1508. Also two daughters, Cicely, Abbess of Wilton, who died in 1528, and Elizabeth, married to William Carrant, of Toomer in Henstridge, Somerset.

Thus far for the coming of the knight; our next care will be to trace, as far as means available enable us, his progress and actions during the eventful days in which he lived. The strife between the contending factions of the Red and White Roses, in his younger years was strongly predominant, and so thoroughly had the fierce rivalry for supreme power permeated society, that probably it was almost

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* Burke. † The fine and almost perfect memorial brass of this lady is in the chancel of Spilsby church, Lincolnshire. She is habited in cote-hardie with mantle over, crenulated head-dress with coverchief, two dogs with collars and bells at her feet, her head rests on richly embroidered cushions. On the ledger-line is this inscription,

Hic jacet Margeria que fuit uxor Roberti de Wylughby de Eresby que obiit xbiij die mensis Octobris an'o d'ni mill'imo ccc nonagesimo p'mo cui' a'ie p'p'ciet' deus

and these arms: 1. Mortimer.—2. Ufford and Bec quarterly, as borne by Lord Willoughby de Eresby.—3. Ros.—4. Wells.—5. Bohun.—6. Zouch.—7. Beaumont.—8. Willoughby impaling Zouch. At the angles are the emblems of the four Evangelists. There are also two other splendid figures, probably the succeeding baron and his lady, in the same chancel.

impossible to remain neutral, while men so blindly, yet withal so devotedly, risked their lives and fortunes in partizanship with the contending claimants of the divine right. To choose a side was an absolute necessity,—

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die!"

was the question of the hour, and had to be answered with all its contingent risk. In the west country the adherents of the Red Rose seemed to have the preponderance, the detestable craft and cruelty of Richard III. doubtless had its effect of estranging from sympathy with him, all except just those who were allied to his rule by the hollow tie of self-interest, and the usual glamour of adhering to the powers that be, no matter how arrived at or constituted, or what its actions were.

The first important social function we find Sir Robert Willoughby discharging, is that of Sheriff of Devon, 21 Edward IV., 1481, being the year preceding the one in which his friend Sir Giles Daubeney held the same office. And then, in harmony with the prevailing distracted state of public affairs we have described, we next observe him in active sympathy with the claims of the Red Rose, and consequent enlistment in the cause of Richmond of York, in the company of a large number of west country gentlemen, the Marquis of Dorset (representative of Bonville), Giles Daubeney, the Courtenays, John Cheney, Walter Hungerford, and others, in their rising and march to Salisbury, in order to effect a junction with, and aid the movement in Wales of the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, in 1483. But the extraordinary swollen state of the Severn—"an inundation so remarkable that for a hundred years afterward it was called the *Great Water*, or *Buckingham's Water*, said to have lasted ten days, and that men, women, and children were carried away in their beds by the violence of it"—placed a barrier between their forces from effecting a junction, leaving the unfortunate Stafford in Richard's power, who forthwith consigned him to the scaffold at Salisbury, and sent Sir Robert and his companions in speedy flight to the south coast, and thence 'beyond seas' over to Richmond in Brittany, thereby escaping a similar sanguinary fate, which would have been remorselessly meted out to them. For this defection his lands were seized, and Broke and Suthwyke were bestowed by Richard on his favourite Sir Richard Radcliffe.

Our clue as to his movements, for a short time, becomes one of surmise rather than of actual proof. At the dispersal of Buckingham's followers, Sir Robert and his attainted companions fled to Brittany, and he remained probably with them at Vannes or the neighbourhood, until the Earl of Richmond set out on his final expedition from Harfleur to Milford-Haven. This he doubtless accompanied, although no special mention is made of his name, nor as to his taking part in the engagement at Bosworth, where however he must have been present from circumstances that followed. Dugdale says "he was a successful sharer in the benefit of that great victory," another thing to that of sharing its danger.

A much more important event however, identifying the presence

of Sir Robert at Bosworth, or immediately near, and shewing the confidence the victor placed in him, was Richmond despatching the knight, the day after the battle, and before Henry left Leicester, with a detachment of horse to the castle of Sheriff-Hutton in Yorkshire, to convoy the unfortunate Earl of Warwick (son of the Duke of Clarence and nephew of Edward IV.), then a prisoner there, to the still safer and more dangerous custody of the Tower of London, only to emerge eventually from thence to his death on the scaffold.

This mission is thus described by the old chronicler Hall. Henry in order

"to obsist the first likely mischiefe, sent before his departure from Leycestre Sir Robert Willoghby knight to the maner of Sheryhutton in the County of Yorke for Edward Plantagenet Erle of Warwike sonne and heire to George Duke of Clarence then beyng of the age of xv yeres, whom Kyng Richard had kept there as a prisoner durynge the tyme of his vsurped reigne. Sir Robert Willoghby accordynge to hys commission receaved of the conestable of the castle the Erle Edward, and him conueighed to London, where the youngelynge borne to perpetual calamitie was incontynent in the towre of London putt under safe and sure custody."

The circumstances connected with the inveiglement of this poor boy,—who for fifteen out of the twenty-four years he had lived, had been a close prisoner, and so shut out from all knowledge of the outer world, that he was said "not to know a goose from a capon,"—into a confession of complicity with Perkin Warbeck's attempt, and then his barbarous murder,—for it was nothing less,—on Tower Hill, is one of the darkest of the many selfishly revengeful crimes that stain with indelible cruelty the reign of the first Tudor king, as the equally detestable slaying of the lad's aged sister the Countess of Salisbury, in 1541, appals by the horror of its incidents, the second. "The truth was," says Rapin, "the real crime that cost him his life, was his being the last male heir of the house of York." He was beheaded 14 Nov., 1499, and Sir Robert lived to witness the wretched fate of the noble youth he had four years previously brought a captive to London, and in his death the extinction of the hope of the White Rose.

At the conclusion of Henry's first Parliament in 1485, in company with his friend Sir Giles Daubeney, Sir Robert had the honour of the peerage conferred on him, by the title of Baron Willoughby de Broke, but the writ of summons does not appear to have been issued until 12 August, 1492. About the same time he was constituted one of the king's Privy Council. In 1489, he was created a Knight of the Garter, being the two hundred and forty-fourth on the roll of that noble order.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's first important public function appears to have been his despatch from Portsmouth by Henry, with an army "to the number of eight thousand choice men and well armed, who, having a fair wind, in a few hours landed in Brittany" in March, 1489, professedly to protect at her own proper costs and charges the girl-duchess Ann, then about twelve years old, from the aggression of the French king, Charles VIII., who was encamped with a hostile force within her territory, but which province he eventually added to his kingdom, together with the hand of its young mistress.

Here he remained in inglorious ease until November, when the little army, with the exception of the five hundred left to occupy the "cautionary towns" until payment for the expedition was made, returned; during which time, and for a considerable portion of the year ensuing, a game of dissimulation and feints at fighting was carried on between the three monarchs, Henry, Charles, and Maximilian, practically over the destiny of the young Duchess.

Then the scene of this playing at war shifts suddenly from Brittany to Flanders, where the subjects of Maximilian—the proxy husband of Ann—at Ypres and Sluys were in open revolt, respecting "an unpalatable edict concerning coin," and to aid whom Charles VIII. had sent Marshal d'Esquerdes with large succours of help, thus attacking the would-be bridegroom and his child *fiancée*, on each side, and at once; a game that proved successful in the end.

Maximilian in his turn sent ambassadors over to the wary calculating Henry, then holding the scales between the monarchs, as he was at the same time also engaged in negociations with Charles, who was procrastinating and not intending to give any definite answer, nor but little frightened at Henry's preparations, as he was well assured within himself how matters would eventually terminate.

Henry was however seriously annoyed at the French king's dissimulation, and despatched with all speed a little expedition of a thousand men over to Calais, the command being entrusted to the Lords Morley and Willoughby de Broke. Lord Daubeney was at that period Governor of Calais, and to this force he added another thousand men, drawn from the garrisons of Calais, Hammes, and Guisnes; and they had "secret instructions to aid Maximilian and raise the siege of Dixmude" where the citizens, soldiers, and their allies were encamped. The English soldiers appear to have stolen an effective surprise upon the Flemings and their French allies in the night, for they had apparently no idea of the attack, and routed them with great slaughter, said to have been eight thousand in number, while only a hundred or thereabout of the English were killed, a statement to be received with caution, as Lord Morley, Sir James Tyrrell, Captain of Guisnes, Sir Humphrey Talbot, Marshal of Calais, Sir Gilbert Talbot, and others, were among the slain. The pursuit over, the English army retired to Newport, where Marshal d'Esquerdes appears to have followed and attacked them without result. As this was the first touch of real hostilities, such as they were, between Henry and Charles, for the time it "bred a great coldness" between the belligerent monarchs.

But the coldness did not last long, and meanwhile a complete tangle of matters enveloped these three royal players, over the destiny of their hostage the girl-princess of Brittany, secretly wedded by proxy to Maximilian, practically a prisoner in her little kingdom, unprotected, and in the eyes of the French king a very desirable alliance for him, and so incorporate that province under the crown of France, of which nation it formed an integral portion. Ambassadors came over from the Duchess to sound Henry's intentions of protection toward her, others were despatched across in February, 1491, to the

French king by Henry, and these were followed again by further ambassadors from Ann, vainly waiting in London for an answer. So things progressed, and Charles who by his agents was busily plying the young Duchess with his suit, in his turn amused the English envoys, until he found he had won her and had the game in hand, then he cut the knot of the difficulty by marrying her 16 Dec., 1491; and Henry's ambassadors returned discomfited.

This climax came as a bomb-shell among the great personages. Maximilian was furious at the loss of his bride, and threatened immediate invasion of France for so deadly an affront; this however did not much trouble Charles. What he was most concerned with was the attitude of Henry who was also greatly enraged, and who, beside openly boasting he should at once prepare for war against him, was also influencing Ferdinand of Spain—whose daughter Katharine was espoused to his son Arthur—to join him in the conflict. Thus France was threatened on three sides at once, Charles however had little fear of Maximilian or Ferdinand.

In the meantime Henry had another trouble nearer his door, with the Scotch, and no settlement appeared to be in view, while the complication in France continued, the French king being probably moving behind to prevent. Ambassadors again came over from Charles to negociate, but Henry who had the ulterior object of getting well paid for what he was about to do, and the old debt due by Ann of Brittany discharged, aided by liberal subsidies from Parliament, assembled an army of twenty-five thousand foot, and sixteen hundred horse, and on the second of October crossed over to Calais, to make conditions on his adversary's soil, never meaning to fight, but by show and menaces, see what he could get.

The conduct of this large flotilla, which arrived at Calais the same day, was under the command of Lord Willoughby de Broke, as Lord High Admiral; a notable piece of seamanship for the age, and shewing that at the time England had a considerable reserve of shipping.

Henry with all the 'pomp and circumstance' of war marched out to Boulogne, then, instead of fighting, the inevitable ambassadors on both sides duly met, and a treaty of peace was signed at Etaples on the third of November. The French king perfectly well knew his antagonist's mercenary longings, and that himself and his army were only there to exact the last golden crown possible, for the conclusion of the matter by monetary consideration was an understanding between them before Henry left England. So Charles agreed to pay Henry an immense sum in discharge of his wife's debt, and also another large amount, arrears of the yearly pension agreed to be paid by Lewis XI. to Edward IV., his wife's father. Thereon the English king retired with his army and treasure, or the promise of it, back to London, the French monarch returned to his young bride at Paris, and the undisputed possession of her dowry the Duchy of Brittany, and Maximilian was left to shift for himself. After this manner therefore ended the war concerning Brittany which began five years before in 1487.

This appears to have been the last foreign service in which Lord

Willoughby de Broke was engaged. We do not find his name among the generals * of the king's army employed in the suppression of the Cornish revolt at Black-Heath, nor otherwise engaged at home, until the landing of Perkin Warbeck at Whitsand Bay in September, 1498, when he held a command in the royal forces under Henry in his march to the west to meet the plebeian pretender to his crown. Lord Willoughby de Broke came to Taunton with Lord Daubeney and others commanding the troops, and after Perkin's return as a captive from Beaulieu, went on with Henry to Exeter. There the king dealt with the insurgents personally, many of whom came with halters round their necks sueing for pardon, and having punished some, to use his own words, "grant unto the residue generally our grace and pardon, and our Commissioners, the Earl of Devon, our Chamberlain, and our Steward of Household, have done, and do dayly, in our County of Cornwall."

The 'Steward of Household' was Lord Willoughby de Broke, and he was peculiarly fitted for the duty, not only on account of his relationship by property with the County, but also by virtue of his position as Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall. This was apparently his last public employment of any note, and probably age was stealing on him, as he died four years afterward.

Of the offices and honours conferred on him by Henry, we find those of Lord Steward of the Household, Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, and alternately that of Captain-General or Marshal of the land forces, and as an Admiral of the fleet, in the king's expeditions to France, also a chief Commander of the forces when engaged at home. He was called to the Privy Council, created a Baron by writ of summons, and subsequently elected a Knight of the Garter.

He twice served the office of Sheriff of Devon, in 1481, and again in 1488. Lysons says "in the reign of Henry VII. the mines of silver and gold (in Cornwall) were leased to Sir Robert Willoughby."

Thus far have we proceeded with Lord Willoughby de Broke's public services abroad and at home; our next care must be to glance at his domestic surroundings, and what constrained him to leave his old ancestral place of Broke Hall amid the breezy altitudes of north Wilts, and find his way to the sheltered banks by Tamar's marge, in south Devon. Nothing in any way singular or unusual, simply that potent cause which has tempted many a young man to stray far away from his father's roof-tree, brought Robert Willoughby down to Beer-Ferrers,—the search for a wife,—and the lady he selected was endowed with one, at least, most attractive charm, eagerly sought after by mediæval knight—and not altogether lost sight of, by suitors in these, in some respects not much-improved mercenary, unchivalric modern days of ours,—she was an heiress, largely dowered with the home possessions of an antient race, of whom she was there the sole representative in right of her grandmother, one of three sisters, coheiresses, its last descendants; while on her father's side she was

* Lysons says he *was* one of the Commanders against them.

also the only survivor of a branch of another of the most time-honoured names in the county.

Blanche Champernowne was the pleasant name of the distaff that Robert Willoughby won for his bride. She was the only daughter of John Champernowne of Beer-Ferrers by Elizabeth Bigbury his wife, which John succeeded his elder brother Roger who died without issue. He was the second son of Alexander Champernowne (who died 30 June, 1441), by his wife Joan, daughter and coheiress of Martyn Ferrers, who, says Pole "was the last of yt name of Ferrers, Lord of Beere-Ferrers." Alexander was son of Sir Richard Champernowne of Modbury, by his first wife Alice daughter of Thomas Lord Astley, and whose second wife was Katharine daughter of Sir Giles Daubeney.

The family of De Ferraris or Ferrers, whose 'name and blood' Blanche Champernowne represented, deserves a short genealogical notice here. They had from very early date been settled in the parish of Beer, one part of which, says Pole, "takes his name of ye family of Ferrers, th' ancient inhabitants, from whence all the Ferrers in Devon and Cornwall issued." Ralph de Ferrers was its lord in the reign of King Henry II., to him succeeded Henry, Reginald, and Sir William who married Isolda daughter of Andrew Cardinham, leaving issue Sir Roger, Sir Reginald, and Sir Hugh the ancestor of the Churston descent. Sir Reginald, of Beer, married Margaret sister and coheiress of Sir Robert le Dennis of Pancrasweek, and had issue Sir William who married Matilda daughter of Roger Carminow. They were followed by their son Sir John, who was succeeded by his son Sir Martyn, who, says Pole, was "the last of that name of Ferrers, Lord of Beere-Ferrers; a person of great honour and integrity, one of the principal persons entrusted with the guard of this shire," corroborated by Risdon, who adds, "he was put in special trust, with others, for the defence of the sea-coast against the invasion of the French in King Edward the third's time."

Sir Martyn left three daughters, Elizabeth married to Hugh Poynings, Lord St. John of Basing, Leva to Christopher Fleming, Baron of Slane in Ireland, and Jone "to whom the mannor of Beer-Ferrers fell in porcion" to Alexander Champernowne. Further notices of this family will occur on our visit to the little sanctuary in the village, which they appear to have originally built, and wherein several interesting memorials to them remain. Their allusive arms were, *Or, on a bend sable, three horse-shoes argent.*

Concerning this prettily named heiress Blanche Champernowne and her family, the prosaic and literal old itinerant Leland, gives us further notice, and, if his description of her be correct, takes much of the romance out of it,--

"There was another house of the Campernulphes more auncient, caullid Campernulphe of Bere. The last of this house left a doughter and heire caullid Blanche, maried first onto Copestan of Devonshire, and after devorcid and maried onto the Lord Brooke, Steward onto Henry the VII, and he had by her a 700 markes of lande by yere.

"John Willoughby that cam out of Lincolnshire and maried the an heire general of the Lord (of) Broke, and after was Lord Brooke hymself, lyeth buried at Hedington, and was a benefactor to that house. As I remembre, the sunne of

this Lord Broke was Steward of king Henry the VII House, and his son was the third Lord Brooke of that—. N.B.—and he had a sunne by his firste wife, and that sunne had ij doughters maried to Daltery and Graville. He had by another wife sunnes and doughters. The sunnes toward yong men died of the sweting syknes."

The genealogy is here somewhat confused, but Leland appears to have been trusting to memory only.

We have made pilgrimage to, and described what remains of the old ancestral home of the knight in Wiltshire, and our steps next lead us to the locality of the new one he possessed by right of his wife at Beer-Ferrers in Devon. Like all places situate on the estuaries of large rivers such as the Tamar, that are tidal, and fringed by creeks that run considerable distances inland, Beer-Ferrers on the land side is only to be reached by a circuitous route from Plymouth, and therefore we elect the easier and more direct approach to it, by aid of the iron horse to Saltash, and thence by boat.

The tide is well up, and a pleasant breeze soon speeds us on our way. We pass the Budshead creek, that extends inland to Tamerton-Foliot, and are soon opposite a second and somewhat larger opening that runs up to Maristow, where, at its far end, the sparkling Tavy, fresh from the granite boulders of Dartmoor, delivereth her waters into the salt bosom of the lower Tamar. At about mid-distance up the creek on its northern shore, a small compact village, with a square battlemented church tower rising in the midst, has its place on the bank that slopes gently down to the water's edge. Thither we steer our way, and making fast our little craft to the pier, or 'quay' as these landing places are locally termed, find ourselves at Beer-Ferrers.

And where shall we discover this new home, you say, that Lord Willoughby de Broke acquired by right of Blanche Champernowne, and when in the flesh possessed and resided in, with surrounding park, and for which mansion or manor-house, his wife's ancestor Sir William de Ferrers had a license to castellate from king Edward III. in 1337, a concession subsequently renewed to his widow the Lady Matilda, and continued to his son Sir John?

Even in Leland's time, immediately after the decease of the last Lord Willoughby de Broke, it seems to have disappeared, for he notes:—"on the east side of this creek is Buckland. And on the west side is Bere, *where the Lord Broke's house and park was.*" We believe nothing now remains to mark its former site but a few undulations in the turf. A graphic picture of the lawlessness of the era of Lord Willoughby de Broke's earlier residence at Beer-Ferrers, and the amenities of social life exhibited between the "betternost folk" of that district, and comparatively neighbours also, is shewn in an account preserved among the muniments of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, describing attacks made on the person, servants and residence of his ancestor Richard Edgcumbe of Cotehele (M.P. for Tavistock in 1468) by Robert Willoughby of Beer-Ferrers, and thus described by the Earl to the members of the Royal Archæological Society in 1876:—

"The document is rather amusing, dated 1470, and is apparently the rough copy of a complaint or information by this Richard against Robert Willoughby,

who lived across the water at Beer Ferrers, of injuries done to him at sundry times. This paper which is remarkable for its wonderful spelling and for the careful way in which every hostile act is estimated at its money value, contains no less than thirteen items or charges, each specifying some distinct outrage on the part of the said Willoughby and his followers, numbering on one occasion '*three score persons, in form of war arraied, with jackes, salettes, bowys, ar'ws, and byelys, who at various times and places contrewayted the said Richard to have mordered him and with force of armes made a great affray and assawte upon him and his servants sometimes to the gret jeperdy and dispayre of his liff*,' always to his hurt and damage of so many pounds. And on another occasion attacked Cotehele House itself and carried off a very miscellaneous collection of articles to the hurt and damage of the said Richard of a great many pounds; and at other times took divers of his servants and kept them for a week at a time in prison at '*Bere Ferrers*,' and '*bete*' and grievously wounded others, especially one William Frost, to the hurt and damage to the said Richard of £20 and more. It is a curious fact that fifteen years later this Willoughby (as Lord de Broke) and Richard Edgcumbe held high places together in the court of Henry VII."

Richard Edgcumbe had a narrower escape however from the vengeance of Richard III., after the suppression of Buckingham's revolt, in which he was a partizan, being strongly attached to the fortunes of the Red Rose. A party of armed men in Richard's interest, headed according to tradition by Sir Henry Bodrugan, otherwise Trenoweth, of St. Gorran in Cornwall, an adherent of the White Rose, made search for him in his own beautiful home of Cotehele. Carew describing the event says,

"he was driven to hide himself in those his thick woods, which overlook the river, what time being suspected of favouring the Earle of Richmond's party, against King Richard the III., he was hotely pursued, and narrowly searched for. Which extremity taught him a sudden policy, to put a stone in his cap, and tumble the same into the water, while these rangers were fast at his heeles, who looking downe after the noyse, and seeing his cap swimming thereon supposed that he had desperately drowned himselfe, gave over their farther hunting and left him at liberty to shift away, and ship over into Brittaine: for a grateful remembrance of which delivery, hee afterwards builded in the place of his lurking, a Chapell."

After the victory of Bosworth, and Henry was seated on the throne, it came to Edgcumbe's chance to turn the tables on his adversary, and this he did most effectually. Tradition further relates, according to Lysons quoting from Tonkin, that,

"Sir Henry Bodrugan was in arms in Cornwall against the Earl of Richmond, (Henry VII.) that he was defeated on a moor, not far from his own castle by Sir Richard Edgcumbe and Trevanion, and that he made his escape by a desperate leap from the cliff into the sea, where a boat was ready to receive him, and fled to Ireland, when all his large estates, including Bodrugan Castle, described by Borlase "that there was nothing in Cornwall equal to it for magnificence" were forfeited to the Crown. Most of Bodrugan's estates, including the manor of St. Gorran (whereon was the castle) were granted to Sir Richard Edgcumbe, and now belong to his descendants."

Two very remarkable and almost identically coincident escapes. The place where he jumped over the cliff at Dodman's Head, is still known as "Bodrugan's Leap."

Edgcumbe was Comptroller of the Household, and of the Privy Council to Henry VII., and died returning from an embassy to

France, at Morlaix on his way home, in 1489. Willoughby, Lord de Broke was his superior officer as Lord Steward of the Household to the same monarch; thus at Court they were closely associated with each other. Subsequently 22 Henry VII. (1497), Lord de Broke obtained of the king a grant in fee of the manor of Trethewye in St. Cleer, and all the lands there, part of the forfeited possessions of Sir Henry Bodrugan, and which were situate near his other property at Callington. So these worthies divided the spoil of their unfortunate neighbour.

As it hath happened to us aforetime, in many of our wanderings, in search of the former earthly habitations of those we were essaying to bring back to the stage of our thoughts, so also here,—successively of Ferrers, Champernowne and Willoughby,—all traces of their olden home have disappeared, and only a site with a name and a tradition remains to identify where stood their antient dwelling-place. Therefore our steps lead us back to that hallowed spot, where they, in common with us all, found their last and final home of eternal rest, there to seek for such memorials of them as may yet remain.

The church of Beer-Ferrers is an antient structure, the chancel and transepts of interesting early-decorated character, and but little disturbed from their original condition. But although used for parochial worship in the ordinary sense of the word, the little sanctuary was of old something more than that, being dignified ecclesiastically as a foundation of collegiate character, and termed an Arch-Presbytery. Of these somewhat uncommon religious establishments there were two in Devon, the other being at Haccombe, founded (about the same time) 1341, by Sir Stephen de Haccombe. This, at Beer-Ferrers, was founded by Sir William de Ferrers, who having rebuilt the church was desirous of making it Collegiate. For this purpose he assigned a sufficient endowment for an arch-priest and four other priests, who were to live in common under the same roof; and provision was also made for an assistant deacon, or sub-deacon, or at least a clerk. The Community were to perform the daily and nightly office in the church, and to offer up perpetual prayers for the prosperity of the Founder and his Lady Matilda during their lives, and for their souls after death. Also for the souls of Reginald de Ferrers and his wife Margery (parents of the Founder) and the souls of Sir Roger and Lady Joan de Carminow (parents of his wife) and the bishops of Exeter living or dead. Bishop Grandison confirmed this foundation 17 June, 1333. The Founder did not long survive his charitable work, for it is found in that prelate's register (vol. ii., fol. 219) that his relict and executrix Matilda obtained from the bishop 15 Dec., 1338, an acknowledgment of having well and faithfully administered to her husband's property, and that only the sum of twenty pounds remained in arrear, "*ad completionem cantarie de Biry.*" (Oliver.)

A glance into the chancel, although five centuries have flown, brings us face to face with the Founder and his wife. There—marvellously preserved—humbly postured on one knee, his glowing tinted proportions, amid the crimson interlacery, and quarrels of pale-

pencilled leaflets, that fill the east window, arrayed in gilded chain-mail, silver genouillères and sword-hilt, with the armories of his race, the dark bend and gleaming horse-shoes traversing both ailette and surcoat. In his raised hands he bears the offering of a grand church, having three spires, and over his head runs a legend that apparently reads "(SYR) E WILL'S FERREYS ME FECIT." Fronting him in the adjoining light, with hands uplifted in prayer, kneels his wife Matilda Carminow, in snowy wimple and cover-chief, pink boddice and sleeves, with the broad bend of her husband's arms embroidered on her golden robe. The inscription above her head, seems to be confused and undecipherable. Studding the borders of the lights, interspersed among other ornaments, are the arms of Ferrers and Carminow, and a grand escutcheon similarly charged, and encircled with beautiful green-foliaged ornament occurs below.

Thus much for the history of the foundation of the arch-presbytery as depicted in the window; immediately beneath on the north side of the altar, upon a raised tomb of plain character, rest the recumbent effigies of the Founder and his wife, carved in stone, and habited almost exactly in duplicate of the figures limned on the glass above. Over them rises a beautiful pyramidal canopy, cusped below, flanked by pinnacles rising from the ground, the whole richly foliaged and finialed. In the upper spandrels are angels swinging censers.* But the peculiarity of this memorial consists in the lower portion of the canopy being cut through the wall, and opening to the side-chapel or chamber that adjoins the chancel on that side, where its elevation is repeated, as in the church, but with much less ornament.

In the transept, which appears to be coeval with the chancel, in the east wall is a piscina, and the moulding immediately adjoining, marks the position of an altar that once had its position there. In a recess beneath a finely moulded arch at the north end under the window, is the effigy of a knight in chain-mail and surcoat, with shield, and hands grasping his sword, cross-legged,—the head raised and supported on a large bascinet-shaped helmet. The legs are destroyed to the knees, and of the lion on which his feet rested, only the paws remain. This figure is of contemporary date with the Founder in the chancel, with great probability is a Ferrers, and may represent his father, who was on the bede-roll of the foundation.

Here concludes our notices of the memorials of Ferrers, the first of the influential families Blanche Willoughby represented. Our next care, will, if it may be, to note any traces of the equally antient race that succeeded them at Beer, and gave to her, her maiden name of Champernowne.

One only, humble but characteristic, remains, now ousted from its original position in the pavement of the church, to the yard outside, where it must speedily pass to decay. It is a flat stone, on which is incised a Calvary cross on degrees, having at the intersection the

* There appears to be only two examples of this fine style of monument found in the county, the other occurring in the Chapel of St. James, in Exeter Cathedral.

Sacred Heart *rayonné*, inscribed with the Sacred Monogram. Below is this inscription,—

Hic iacet Roger Champnow'e Armiger
cui' a'i'e p'p'rietur de' ame'

This was the eldest brother of John Champernowne, to whom he succeeded at Beer, and uncle to Blanche Willoughby. Roger died 14 November, 1422.

Following these, our investigations naturally carry us on to note such remembrances of Willoughby as occur in the sacred edifice. There are several, actual and inferred, but our jottings must be stayed for the present, as the first memorial to that noble race is found elsewhere,—and our steps will return here after a while to conclude them.

Again we have recourse to our little craft, and crossing the bright Tamar, land on the Cornish side, and thence by a circuitous and winding lane of considerable length, find ourselves on the high road about halfway between the old half-maritime, half-inland borough of Saltash, and the equally antient half-mining, half-agricultural borough of Callington. As we steadily climb the gentle but continual ascent that leads to the old tinners' town, a grand and varied prospect surrounds us. Immediately in front looms the immense pyramidal mass of Hingston Down and Kit Hill rising over it, in all near eleven hundred feet above the tidal marge of the blue sea that gleams behind us, its crest garnished with many a tall chimney stack, the out-growth of that glamour of wealth so invincibly dear to the Cornishman's heart, that is always coming, but so seldom arrives, and whose witchery has been handed down from countless generations even long before old Leland's foot passed over it, and he made note of it as "being a hy hylle, and nere Tamar yn the easte part, baryn of his self, yt it is fertile by yielding of tynne both by water and dry warkes." Hence the distich,

"Hengston Down well yrought,
Is worth London Town dear ybought,"

but whose smokeless chimneys now stand as the witness-ghosts of the hundreds of thousands of buried treasure sunk aforetime within its vast bosom, yet nevertheless rich to a degree in mineral wealth, and boundless resource of granite and clay of the finest quality, from which considerable returns have been made. To the right in the far distance rise the shadowy tors of Dartmoor in successive range, melting back and merging into the grey realms of cloud-land. On the left, clear cut into the bright evening sky, appears the magnificent boldly outlined mass of the Caradons, behind which the sun has just dipped, and a blue ærial haze of singular beauty and varying density, stretches down their side and unites them to the broad valley beneath. We pass the skirt of Viverdon Down, an immense common, susceptible of better cultivation, but now a fastness for game only, and rough food for young animals; albeit gay in its appointed season with

wealth of heather and gorse, and, if neglected by man, glorified by the unseen touch of the Infinite,—

"How full of love must He
In all things be,
Who strews with beauty e'en the waste and wold,
Who gives the moorland lark
His purple heath-bower dark;
The mountain bee, his wilderness of gold."

Quietly continuing our way, a short distance further brings us to the apex of the ascent, and as we begin to descend, before us is the 'tynner's towne' of Callington, with its granite-built, expressively-pinnacled church tower rising well above the clustering houses that surround it.

Here, at Callington, Lord Willoughby de Broke held another large property by right of his wife as a descendant of Ferrers, and also at South-Hill, as being himself the representative of the family of Stafford. Lysons says,—

"The manor of Callington was in the Ferrers family when the market was granted in 1267 by Henry III.; Joan daughter of Martyn Ferrers, brought it into the Champernowne family, Lord Willoughby de Broke became possessed of it by marrying their heiress. It appears that he occasionally resided, and that he died, at the Manor-house of Callington, for he directed in his will he should be buried in the church of that parish in which he should die. From Willoughby it passed by successive marriages to Paulet, Marquis of Winchester (who married his grand-daughter Elizabeth), Dennis, Rolle, Walpole, and Trefusis. At Southill, two-thirds of the great manor or franchise of Callilond or Kalliland, to which the church of Southill is appendant, which belonged formerly to the baronial family of Stafford, and passed by a coheiress to Willoughby Lord Broke, and now vested in Trefusis."

Where the Manor-house mentioned by Lysons was situate cannot now be determined, but it is surmised to have been a building, which has long wholly disappeared, and was called Chickett-Hall, that formed Lord Willoughby de Broke's residence at Callington, and where he presumably departed this life. He was patron of the important benefice of South-Hill, and in its daughter church of Callington he was buried. But according to Sir R. C. Hoare he died at Wardour Castle, Wilts, which he had purchased.

Lord Broke made his will 19 August, 1502, and "*ordered his body to be buried in that parish wherein he should happen to die appointing that part of the issues and profits of Mitton and Kelmesham, &c., Co. Worcester, and the Manors of Helmingham, Thorpe-Latimer, Skredyngton, Heckington, Ledynghall and Swyne-head in Com: Lincoln (then lately belonging to Lord Latimer) should be employed by the space of twenty years next after his decease, to the finding of a priest to sing in the parish church of Hoke in Com: Dorset, for that term, taking for his salary every year ten marks, and to the relief of fourteen poor men and women, by the space of the said twenty years, to pray for his soul, as also for the soul of Blanche his wife, and the souls of his father and mother.*" Probate, 25 December next ensuing. (Dugdale.)

Lord Willoughby de Broke is buried on the north side of the chancel of Callington church, and his monument—perhaps the finest of its kind in Cornwall—consists of his effigy recumbent on a high-tomb, both composed of alabaster. He is habited in complete plate armour, collar and apron of mail, and broad-toed sollerets, and is armed with sword and miséricorde. The hands are in gauntlets, the head—which rests on a helmet—is uncovered, the hair cut short across the forehead, but flowing by the sides of the face, to the shoulders. The helmet is mantled, and surmounted by the crest *a Saracen's head affronté, couped at the shoulders, ducally crowned, and with ear-rings.* The feet are on a lion, and behind the soles, are two monks, or weepers, their heads bowed and inclining toward each other, resting on one hand, with the other they hold a rosary. The Garter appears below the left knee, and over the armour he wears the Robe and Collar of the Order, on the left shoulder is embroidered the Shield encircled by the Riband, the Collar is composed of roses within a garter, and garter-knots alternate, and from it is suspended the George.

The tomb below is formed of panels filled with rich tracery, having in their centres shields with carved armorial bearings, and twisted pillars were at the corners; of these two remain. No inscription is visible, it was probably only painted on the verge of the ledger-moulding, but traces of colour and gilding are faintly discernible on the figure. The effigy is in a fair state of preservation, but wretchedly disfigured on the surface, by legions of names and initials, barbarously cut into, and scratched on it.

The shields,—two of which are encircled by the Garter,—are charged with the arms borne by Lord Willoughby de Broke, as derived from Willoughby de Eresby with due difference. Quarterly: first grand quarter 1 and 4, *Sable, a cross engrailed or* (Ufford); 2 and 3, *Gules, a cross moline argent* (Bec or Beke), at the intersection *a crescent for difference;* second, *Gules, a cross patonce or* (Latimer); third, *Gules, four fusils argent, on each an escallop sable* (Cheney); fourth, *Or, a chevron gules, within a bordure engrailed sable* (Stafford). On the styles between the panels appears the *rudder*, surmounted by the *rose* of his patron Henry VII.

It is singular that no armorial alliance allusive to his wife appears on the tomb, but only his own family achievement with its proud distinguishment conspicuously displayed, finds place thereon. Yet Blanche Champernowne was an heiress of no mean descent, and richly dowered also, being the representative of the two very antient races of Ferrers and Champernowne, west country names of remote descent, and wide-spread renown, whose property she inherited. The more to be noted also, as he was presumably buried and his monument occurs in the church at Callington, whose manor formed a portion of her possessions. Where Lady Willoughby de Broke was buried does not appear. At Beer-Ferrers the *horse-shoes* of Ferrers do find position of equal consequence with her husband's, but largely superimposed with the *rudders* of Willoughby. Champernowne does not appear in either church, but on her descendant's tomb at Alcester,

both Ferrers and Champernowne are carefully marshalled among the elaborate heraldic display.

Stay thy foot, friend of mine, a short while, ere thou passest out of the sacred enclosure, and scan yon venerable churchyard cross—how rich is Cornwall in these reminders—slightly leaning, yet hale in the strength of the almost imperishable granite, and with the age-worn imagery of the Great Sacrifice, still plainly discernible, insculped on one of the faces of its pediment. There it was before the honour-bedizened noble—whose tomb we have been just surveying—found his way to Callington to enjoy the portion of his great possessions, situate near it; and who shall say he may not many a time have bowed his head in silent prayer, and crossed himself reverently at the sight of its solemn appeal, when in life he passed in front of it, as he entered the adjoining sanctuary for worship, ere he finally found therein his grave. And here also it is to-day, speaking the same eternal lesson to us, who are seeking to gather back from the woof of the Past, ravelled threads of his memory; and there it will doubtless be found, when we also are merged into the things that were. Such is

THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS.

Hoary and worn and frayed,—
Old cross,—
By ruin's hand arrayed,
Time's dross:—
What message never stayed,
Speaks from thy lips decayed?

"Strife of the years is gone,
Not me,—
Drooping, bereft, and lone,
Here see
Pilgrim, by days undone,
Heaven's pleading-still, milestone.

"Ah! many eyes as thine
Have come,
Met this old gaze of mine,
Then home,
Would their glad steps incline,
Bearing my tale divine.

"Where are they now? O say—
No sound,—
Ask the memorials gray,
Around,—
They came again this way,
And down beside me lay."

Lord Willoughby de Broke by his wife Blanche Champernowne, left one son Robert, his heir, and a daughter Elizabeth, married (as his second wife) to William Fitz-Alan, seventeenth Earl of Arundel, K.G. who died in 1543, and was buried at Arundel.

Robert Willoughby, the second Lord Willoughby de Broke, married first Elizabeth, eldest of the three daughters and coheiresses of Sir Richard Beauchamp, second Lord Beauchamp of Powyke, who died

1503, by his wife Elizabeth daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, knt.

This marriage of Lord Beauchamp and Elizabeth Stafford, took place in the private chapel of his manor-house of Beauchamp's-Court near Alcester, by special license of the Bishop of Worcester.

The manor of Alcester belonged to the Beauchamps. Walter de Beauchamp, brother to William de Beauchamp, the first Earl of Warwick of that line, purchased a moiety of the manor, and had one of his seats at Beauchamp's-Court near that town, the other being at Powyke, in Worcestershire. His descendant Sir John de Beauchamp, K.G., who was created Baron Beauchamp of Powyke, 2 May, 1447, by Henry VI. and who was also Lord Treasurer of England, purchased the other portion of the manor of Thomas Bottreaux, a representative of the antient Cornish family of that name, who had held it for several descents. He died in 1478, and at his death left the whole manor to his son and heir, Richard, the second baron; and he at the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth with Robert Willoughby, settled its reversion, subject to his own life, upon her.

By this his first marriage, Robert, the second Lord Willoughby de Broke had one son Edward. More concerning him presently.

Secondly he married Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, K.G.—by his wife Cicely, the heiress of the Lords Bonville and Harington. By her he had two sons Henry and William (who died young of the sweating sickness) * and two daughters, Elizabeth married to John Paulet, second Marquis of Winchester who died in 1576, and Anne wedded to Charles Blount, fifth Lord Montjoy, who died in 1545, son and heir of William, fourth Lord Montjoy, whom her mother Dorothy Grey subsequently married as her second husband. Of the public services of this nobleman we hear little beyond his being attached to the expedition under the command of his father-in-law the Marquis of Dorset, sent to Spain early in 1512 by Henry VIII. on behalf of Ferdinand of Arragon, and which returned to England somewhat ingloriously in the November of the same year. He survived his son Edward, and gave a considerable portion of his large property to the daughters of his second wife. He made his will 1 Oct., 1521, and "*bequeathed his body to be buried in the Hospital called the Savoy, in the suburbs of London, before the image of St. John the Baptist, appointing a priest of honest conversation should be provided to sing and pray for his soul, as also for his wife's soul, and*

* Bacon thus describes the pestilence:—"This disease (Sweating Sickness) had a swift course both in the sick body, and in the time and period of the lasting thereof, for they that were taken with it, upon four and twenty hours escaping were thought almost assured. It was a pestilent fever but as it seemed not seated in the veins or humours, for that there followed no carbuncle, no purple nor livid spots, or the like, the mass of the body being not tainted, only a malign vapour flew to the heart and seized the vital spirits, which stirred Nature to strive to send it forth in an extreme sweat. And it appeared by experience that this disease was rather a surprise of Nature, than obstinate to remedies, if it were in time looked unto; for if the patient were kept in an equal temper, both for clothes, fire, and drink moderately warm, with temperate cordials, whereby Nature's work were neither irritated by heat, nor turned back by cold, he commonly recovered. But infinite persons died suddenly of it, before the manner of the cure and the attendance were known."

all his ancestors souls for ever, in the place where he should be buried taking for his yearly salary seven pounds." After making bequests to his illegitimate children, he gives "*to his son Henry, all his harness, bows, arrows, and all other his weapons defensive, to the intent he should be therewith ready to serve his prince, in time of need.*" "And departing this life shortly after by a pestilential air 10 Nov. 13 Henry VIII.—1521,—was buried in the church of Beer-Ferrers." (Dugdale.)

Edward Willoughby, son of the foregoing, married Margaret daughter of Richard Nevill, second Lord Latimer † of the second creation (by Anne Stafford his wife), who died in 1530. By her he had three daughters, Elizabeth, Anne, and Blanche. Anne died unmarried, Blanche married Sir Francis Dautry, knt., and dying leaving no issue, Elizabeth the eldest was left at length, says Collins,—

"sole heir to the last Lord Broke, her grandfather; also to her grandmother Elizabeth, eldest of the daughters and coheirs of the last Lord Beauchamp of Powyke; and thus in her own person, united the illustrious successions of those two noble families. As the sole heir to her grandmother, she came to be seized in fee of the whole manor of Alcester, in consequence of which, letters-patent of exemplification were granted 3 Elizabeth, to her then a widow, confirming all the grants of fairs, markets, &c., made in the time of her ancestors. And as the sole heir of her grandfather, it appears by an inquisition taken after her death, that she died seized in fee, not only of the manor of Alcester, but of sundry other manors and lands, in the counties of Warwick, Worcester, Lincoln, Leicester, Somerset, and divers others; the whole amounting to so great a value, that she might well have been esteemed one of the richest heiresses of her time, as well as one of the best descended."

Here was a lady rivalling in illustrious birth and immenseness of possessions the famed west country heiress Cicely Bonville, one of whose daughters her grandfather had married as his second wife. What fortunate youth was destined to make prize of this high-born and wealthy orphan,—with whom was to reside the influence of the bestowal of her hand, fortune, and let us hope also, her heart?

There resided not far away from the home of this fatherless, richly-dowered girl, an old and well descended race of gentlemen called Greville. Leland, who wrote his itinerary contemporary with the little lady's existence in the flesh, thus describes them,—

"Sum hold opinion, that the Gravilles cam originally in at the conquest. The veri ancient house of the Gravilles, is at Draiton by Banburi, in Oxfordshire.

† Memorable also is this Richard, Lord Latimer, for the dispute he had with Robert, Lord Broke, touching the Barony of Latimer; to which as next heir in blood to John, Lord Latimer of Danby, who died without issue 9 Henry VI., he claimed a right. But to end the contention the Lord Broke was informed by an herald, that Sir George Nevill, grandfather to Sir Richard, was created Lord Latimer by a new title, which therefore lineally descended to Richard, by Henry, son and heir of the said George; and that the Lord Broke had made a wrong claim; who should have claimed his style from William Latimer, first created Lord Latimer of Danby, (the head manor of this Barony) temp. Edward II; on this, the Lord Broke perceiving his error, and having a title of his own, was contented to conclude a match between their children, and Richard suffered a recovery on certain manors and lordships demanded by the Lord Broke, with which adjustment both parties were well satisfied.—Banks.

But ther is an nother manor place of the chief stok of the Gravilles, caullid Milcot, yn Warwickshire, where a late is a newer, fairer and more commodious house. And court rolles remayne yet at Draiton, that the Gravilles had landes ons by yere 3300 marks. And Gravilles had Knap Castel, and Bewbush Parke, and other landes in Southfax, by descentes of their name.

"Grevill an ancient Gent. dwelleth at Milcote, scant a mile lower than Stratford towards *Avon ripa dextra*."

This "ancient gent" residing at Milcote, only a comparatively short distance from Beauchamps-Court, Sir Edward Greville by name, although of considerable social standing, did not rank in influence with the Brokes and Beauchamps. He appears to have been an assiduous attendant at the Court of Henry VIII.,

"was in the commission of the peace for Warwickshire, and in 1514 at the seiges of Terouen and Tournay, also at the battle that ensued, called by our historians the Battle of Spurs, from the swiftness of the French running away. He received the honour of Knighthood 13 October for his valiant behaviour. In 1523, he was appointed one of the Knights to attend the King (Henry VIII.) and Queen to Canterbury, and from thence to Calais, and Guisnes, to the meeting of the French king; every one of that degree having a chaplain, eleven servants, and eight horses."

Sir Edward married Anne, daughter of John Denton of Amersden in the county of Bucks, died in 1529, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Anne in the church of Weston-upon-Avon. By his wife he had four sons, John, Fulke, Thomas, and Edward, and like a prudent far-seeing father, he naturally looked about for good matches for them, and one prize at least was in view, and near at home, if he could obtain her reversion. So making use of his Court influence, on his return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he

"in 13 Henry VIII., 1522, obtained the wardship of Elizabeth, one of the daughters and coheirs, and eventually the sole heir of Edward Willoughby the only son of Robert, the second Lord Broke; a grant which in its consequences, greatly contributed to aggrandize his family as will appear from what followed."

Theoretically it would be presumed the "obtaining a wardship from the Crown," was simply that of a philanthropic trusteeship, but practically it meant something of a much more sordid nature, even the disposal of the person and possessions of the ward, for its own selfish uses and purposes, a monstrous privilege, or rather power, which was the chief object of their acquisition, and as a rule duly enforced. Therefore in accordance, we learn further that

"Sir Edward intended her for John his eldest son, but she preferred in affection Fulke his younger son, and we get the following account of this marriage from a manuscript entitled '*The Genealogie, Life, and Death of Robert, Lord Brooke*,'—wrote in 1644, and in possession of Francis Earl Brooke,*—'In the days of king Henry the Eighth, I read of Sir Edward Grevill of Milcote, who had the wardship of Elizabeth, one of the daughters of the Lord Brook's son. This Knight made a motion to his ward, to be married to John his eldest son; but she refused, saying, that she did like better of Fulke his second son. He told her, that he (Fulke) had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the King's service of warre,

* Collins, *Peerage*, edition 1756, and probably now among the muniments of the Earl of Warwick.

beyond the seas, and therefore his returne was very doubtful. She replyed and said, that shee had an estate sufficient for both, for him, and for herselfe, and that shee would pray for his safeties, and waite for his coming. Upon his returne home, for the worthy service he had performed, he was by king Henry honoured with knighthood; and then he married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Lord Brooke's son.' "

After all, Sir Edward did not have it exactly his own way, some little romance was mixed up with this "matter of mere attorneyship," and the evidently high-spirited girl had a will of her own, and preferred the sailor youth, to the more prosaic stay-at-home son. It is well perhaps her inclinations did not lead her for choice outside Sir Edward's family circle, and doubtless the knight was sufficiently reconciled to find one of his boys in possession of the heiress.

By this marriage Sir Fulke settled himself at Beauchamp's-Court, and with his wife's large property, and others acquired afterward by purchase, became of high distinction and position in the county of Warwick, and it further appears that

"he was an affectionate husband and tender parent; that he had encountered great difficulties, in securing the inheritance of his wife (the daughters of the late Lord Broke, claiming as coheirs), and that he was remarkably accurate in his accounts, and adhered strictly to justice in all his transactions, appears by the whole tenor of his will, dated 12 Elizabeth, in which towards the end he thus expresses himself, '*and my especial requests to my executors (his wife and eldest son) for the love I have borne them, and for the travel I have taken in establishing the hole inheritance, with my great costs also to be considered, I most earnestly require them, and on God's behalf charge them, that my debts be paied, if I die before the accomplishments thereof.*' "

So it fortunately turned out, that the Lady Elizabeth was happily wedded to a kind, honourable, and just man. She bore him seven children, three sons and four daughters,—Fulke, who succeeded his father,—Robert, of Thorpe-Latimer, Lincolnshire, ancestor of the Earls Brooke and of Warwick,—Edward, of Harrold Park, Waltham-Abbey, Essex, whose line terminated in two daughters coheiresses,—Mary, married to William Harris of Hayne, Devon,—Eleanor, to Sir John Conway, of Arrow, and Ragley, in Warwick, who died in 1603, father of Edward, first Baron Conway,—Catherine, to Charles Read, of the county of Gloucester, and Blanche who died unmarried.

This evidently attached couple did not long survive each other, Sir Fulke died 10 Nov., 1559, and his wife followed him to the tomb the year following—1560.

They were buried under a magnificent monument that originally stood at the end of the south aisle, near the chancel in Alcester church, but which is now removed to a position near the tower at the west end.

Considering Alcester church was almost wholly rebuilt about a century and a half since, at an era when memorials of the dead were not too circumspectly cared for, this noble tomb with its recumbent figures, and wealth of ornament has been wonderfully preserved from injury. Except that the coloured decoration is somewhat softened by Time, it is otherwise but little mutilated, and displays all its antient splendour almost unimpaired.

KENSINGTON
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Here lyeth the bodyes of Edward Willoughby, eldest son & heyre of Robert Willoughby Lord Brooke & Lord Chamberlain of the
the daughters & coheyres of the lord Branchamps of Powycke which Elizabeth deed the
deed of November 1580 and the said Lady Elizabeth lyes Wyff departed the day of
Here lyeth the bodyes of Edward Grevyle Esquyer & Joan Grevyle his wyfe
Roscoe Gibbs del.

On a black marble table are their effigies in alabaster, richly painted and gilded. Sir Fulke, bare-headed, is in full armour, two chains around the breast, from the lower depends a Maltese cross (or star) of five arms, sword and miséricorde, feet in broad sabbatons puffed at the toes, and resting on a lion,—rings on his fingers, head reclining on a helmet, with crest *a greyhound's head couped at the shoulders sable, collared or.* Lady Elizabeth wears a close fitting cap, hair parted in the centre and brought across the brow, ruff, three small chains around the neck, gown with collar, sleeves having dependant lappets, and puffed, knotted and slashed at the shoulders, with robe over fastened across the breast with cordon and tassels. Her head rests on double cushions, rings are on her fingers, and from her girdle, suspended by a chain, a gold pomander or pix, with double rose ornament on the lid. By her left foot is a little dog, sable and collared. The effigies are in a fine state of preservation, and around the edge of the table this inscription :—

> Here lyeth the bodyes of ſ ffoblke grebile knyght & lady Elizabeth his wefe the doughter & heire of edward willoughbye esquyre the sone & heyre of Robert willoughbye knyght lord of broke & lady Elizabeth one of the doughters & coheyres of the lord beauchamps of powycke whiche ſ ffoulke dyed the x day of november a'no d'ni M° d° lix and the seid lady Elizabeth hys wyff deperted the day of in the yere of o^r^ lord god M° d° lx of whose soules god habe merey amen

On the sides of the tomb below are a series of small figures, and an elaborate heraldic display, which claims special notice. Under the knight are seven figures: 1, a knight in full armour, bareheaded, sword, and chain round neck; 2 and 3, two ladies, with black hair, chains round their necks, their gowns red, lined with black. On the other side of the large shield, four figures: 4 and 5, two ladies with black hair, gold chains, and black gowns lined with red; 6, apparently a chrism child, with hood and clothes wound round in red, laced across the chest, knees, and ankles with a black band; 7, another lady clothed as 1 and 2. Under the cornice eight small shields :—1. *Sable, a cross engrailed or* (Ufford).—2. *Gules, a cross moline or* (Bec).—3. *Gules, a cross fleurie or* (Latimer).—4. *Sable, a fess between three fleurs-de-lys or.*—5. *Gules, four fusils in fess or,* each charged with an escallop sable* (Cheney).—6. *Gules, three mullets pierced, or.*—7. *Azure, a cross fleurettée or* (Paveley ?).—8. *Gules, a lion rampant or.* Below them inscribed in the centre,

Arma Edwardi grebile de milcote militis.

under the inscription a large escutcheon quarterly of four,—1 and 4.

* Gold is used throughout the heraldry on the monument to represent either metal. The shields are here blazoned as they actually appear.

Gules, a fess between six martlets or.—2 and 3. *Or, on a fess azure, three fleurs-de-lys of the first.* Round the shield on a blue riband,

DONA PACIENCIA DIEN ME

On the other side under the lady are eight figures: 1 and 2, are ladies in gilded caps and cuffs, black gowns lined with red, and sleeves similar to those worn by Lady Greville; 3, a chrism child habited exactly as that on the opposite side; 4, a lady clad similar to the first two. On the other side of the central shield, four ladies apparelled as the other three, their gowns red lined with black. All the figures stand on little pedestals and have their hands raised in prayer. Under the cornice eight small shields:—1. *Sable, a fret or* (Maltravers).—2. *Azure, two bars gemells or* (Cifrewast).—3. *Per fess gules and azure, three crescents or* (D'Aumarle).—4. *Gules, a saltier vaire, between twelve billets or* (Champernowne).—5. *Or, on a bend sable, three horse-shoes of the first* (Ferrers).—6. *Azure, an eagle displayed or* (Bigbury).—7. *Gules, a fess between six martlets or.*—8. *Or, on a fess azure, three fleurs-de-lys of the first.* Inscribed below them in the centre,

Arma Robert Willoughbye domina de broke.

Under the inscription a large escutcheon quarterly of eighteen:—1. *Sable, a cross engrailed or* (Ufford).—2. *Gules, a cross moline or* (Bec).—3. *Gules, a cross fleurie or* (Latimer).—4. *Sable, a fess between three fleurs-de-lys or.*—5. Cheney.—6. *Gules, three mullets pierced or.*—7. *Azure, a cross fleurettée or* (Paveley?)—8. *Gules, a lion rampant or.*—9. *Or, a cross fleurie gules.*—10. *Or, three bars gules.*—11. *Or, a chevron gules, within a bordure engrailed sable* (Stafford).—12. *Or, six lioncels rampant gules, three and three.*—13. Maltravers.—14. Cifrewast.—15. D'Aumarle.—16. Champernowne.—17. Ferrers.—18. Bigbury.—Around the shield the riband of the Garter with motto,

HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE

At the head of the tomb, four small shields * on the cornice:—1. *Sable, on a cross within a bordure both engrailed or, nine pellets of the first* (Greville).—2. *Erminois, a fess checquy or and azure.* 3. *Quarterly per fess dancetté, 1 and 4 or, 2 and 3 azure, in the dexter chief a crescent gules.*—4. Greville. Below them inscribed in the centre,

Arma Fulconis grevile militis & domini Elizabeth uxoris eius.

under, a large escutcheon supported by nude alabaster figures of boys, —*baron*, quarterly of four charged as the shields on the cornice above, impaling *femme*, quarterly of twenty, eighteen of the charges as on

* Commencing with these, the series of small shields round the tomb, numbering twenty-four in all, follow the same sequence as the corresponding number of quarterings on the escutcheon below them.

the large shield below the lady, and 19. *Gules, a fess between six martlets or.*—20. *Or, on a fess azure, three fleurs-de-lys of the first.* Around the shield on a blue riband the motto as under the knight.

At the foot of the tomb, four shields on the cornice:—1. *Or, a cross moline gules.*—2. *Or, three bars gules.*—3. STAFFORD.—4. *Or, six lioncels rampant gules, three and three.* Inscribed below them,

Arma Richardi d'ni de bello Campo baronis de powick et d'ni de Alcester.

Underneath are two shields and a lozenge,—one above two. On the first, quarterly of four, as under the knight; on the second, quarterly of four as *baron* at the head of the tomb, *in the fess point a mullet for difference.* On the lozenge twenty quarterings as *femme*, —as at the head of the tomb.

Twisted pillars occur at the corners of the tomb, and on each side of the large escutcheons, and the whole composition is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Fulke, the eldest son of Lady Elizabeth, was a most accomplished man, and the great friend and biographer of that "mirror of knighthood," Sir Philip Sidney. He married Ann, daughter of Ralph Nevill, fourth Earl of Westmoreland who died in 1549. By her he left one son Fulke, and one daughter Margaret, married to Sir Richard Verney of Compton-Mordak, Warwickshire. Sir Fulke died in 1606.

Sir Fulke, the grandson of Lady Elizabeth, was really the heir through her to the barony of Broke, but at that time, it did not appear to be a point clear in law, that after an honour had been for some time in abeyance in the female line, it could be afterward claimed by the heir. He was greatly in favour at the Court of Elizabeth, who rewarded him liberally, and he obtained from king James I., in the second year of his reign, a grant of Warwick Castle and its dependencies, then in a ruinous state, which he gradually re-edified and restored at great cost, and, January 29, in the eighteenth year of the same reign was advanced to the title of Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp's-Court, a dignity further enhanced to an Earldom of the same name 7 July, 1746, followed by that of the Earldom of Warwick 13 Nov., 1759. Sir Fulke, the first Lord Brooke, was unfortunately murdered at his house in London, by one Haywood his servant, who hearing Lord Brooke had not included him for a legacy in his will, as he had his other servants, Lord Brooke not considering him entitled to it, resented the omission, and after angry expostulations, stabbed him in the back, in his bedchamber. The assassin then rushed into another chamber, locked the door, and destroyed himself. Lord Brooke lingered a few days, and expired 30 Sep., 1638.

It was to the descendants of Margaret Greville, sister to Sir Fulke the first Lord Brooke, and grand-daughter of the Lady Elizabeth, that the title of Willoughby de Broke, was destined to be restored. She married Sir Richard Verney, of Compton-Murdack in Warwickshire,

the then representative of that very antient and distinguished family. Sir Richard died 7 Aug., 1630, and Lady Margaret 26 March, 1631. They had issue four sons and four daughters. Sir Greville ob: 1642, the eldest son of Sir Richard, had also four sons,—Greville, the eldest; John, who died young; Richard, of Belton; and George. This descent of Greville (the eldest son of Sir Greville) became extinct on the death of his son William in 1683, leaving no issue.

The succession was now vested in Richard of Belton in the county of Rutland, third son of Sir Greville. He was a person of considerable culture and influence, and Sheriff and Knight of the shire for Warwick. As descendant through the heiress of Greville, from Robert Willoughby, Baron of Broke, he laid claim to that title, which was allowed him in Parliament 13 February, 1695,—8 William III., and on the twenty-fifth of that month, had summons by writ to the house of peers, and on the twenty-seventh took his seat accordingly as the third Baron Willoughby de Broke,—the original title being granted 12 August, 1492,—7 Henry VII. He married two wives, lived to the great age of ninety, and was buried at Compton-Verney, Warwickshire. The title is still held by his descendants.

Here ends our direct genealogical and biographical details, and we retrace our steps to the church of Beer-Ferrers, where the second Lord Willoughby de Broke was buried. We have described such remembrances as remain there to the families of Ferrers and Champernowne, and it now becomes our province to make note of the memorials that exist to their successors the Willoughbys.

The first traces that meet the eye are on the bosses of the roof of the south porch—whereon are shields charged with the arms of Ferrers, Cheney, Latimer, &c.; and a glance within the church shews us a pleasing array of bench-ends, of well designed tracery and uniform design, except the two easternmost, which are ornamented with shields of arms, referable to their presumed donor. On one is the achievement of Willoughby de Broke, similar to the escutcheon on the tomb at Callington, on the other the *bend and horse-shoes* of Ferrers, here made *four* in number, and saltierwise across them, are *five rudders*,—that descended to and was adopted by Willoughby. Both porch and bench-ends are of late fifteenth century work. We pass into the north transept, and there on the north side of the position of the antient altar once therein, and standing at right angles from the wall, is a large high-tomb of Purbeck marble. The massive cover stone is plain, but around its edge is a deeply sunk indent in which was originally the inscription either on brass or painted within it. Below in panels are shields with classic wreaths around them, boldly sculptured,—there are no charges on the escutcheons, and they appear to have been originally covered with brasses, on which the charges were emblazoned.

The era may be referred to the first half of the sixteenth century, and with great probability it may be considered to be the tomb of Robert, the second Lord Willoughby de Broke, who died in 1522.

Before we leave the sacred edifice, a chastened thought creeps over us, as we take a last look at the fine old glass in the east

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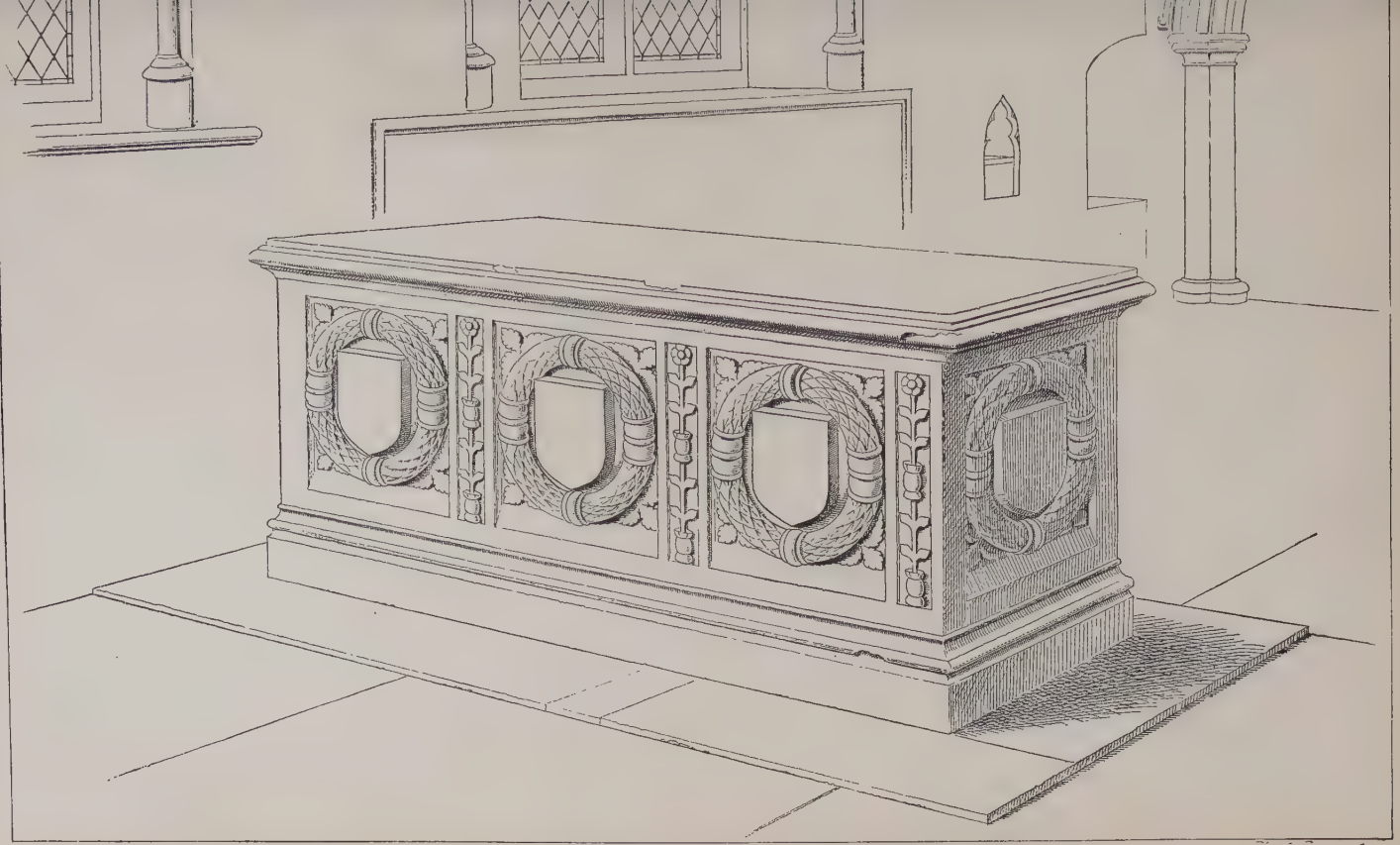
BENCH-ENDS, BEER-FERRERS CHURCH, DEVON.



PRESUMED TOMB OF ROBERT, SECOND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, BEER-FERRERS CHURCH, DEVON. Circa 1530

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window. Just seventy years a-past, a gifted student in the pursuit we also at humbler distance love, made pilgrimage here, and was engaged in making a drawing of its interesting painted story, when death suddenly stayed the work of the artist, snapping the very pencil in his fingers, and instantly translated him, from picturing the earthly image of the Founder of these courts below, into his immortal presence in the great temple above, and the company of all those who "have died in His faith and fear." Gratefully we note, appreciative minds have placed a small brass in the pavement, where, on the 28 May, 1821, Charles Alfred Stothard met with his sad, and to mortal sight, untimely end. His cunning fingers are mouldering in the dust below, and moss and decay are stealthily obliterating his record outside, but the fidelity and truth of his works remain bright and undimmed, forming his best and most enduring monument,—for

> "It is the gods that die, not God;
> It is the arts that perish, not Art;
> And beauties may disappear, but Beauty herself
> Is immortal."

The arms proper of Willoughby appear to be *Or, fretty azure*, and with regard to the badge of *the rudder*, although it has been questioned, still the evidence of investigation goes far to prove it to be by ancestral descent, the peculiarity of this family. Leland makes special note of their appearance at Broke-Hall, and also in Westbury church. It first occurs in connection with Cheney on the tomb at Edington, also with Willoughby at Callington, is well marked on the bench-end at Beer-Ferrers, and again—out of compliment—appears in similar situation in Landulph church, on the opposite side of the river. It is found in Lychet-Matraver's church in east Dorset, on the font and over the windows, accompanied by the golden *fret* of Matravers; here it follows Elizabeth, sister of Lord Willoughby de Broke, who married William Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, Baron Matravers of Lychet, and lord of the place, who died in 1543. The church was evidently rebuilt about that time, and displays the characteristics of late, almost debased Perpendicular.

Another memory concerning Willoughby de Broke yet remains for us to chronicle, and we must spirit you away, gentle reader, from Tamar's oozy marge to the dry undulating chalk hills of central Dorset, and invite you to enter the well-cared-for little church of Hooke. Descending to him through his grandmother Anne Cheney, as representative of the families of Stafford and Matravers of Hooke, Lord Willoughby de Broke held large properties in this and the adjoining parishes, eleven manors (as enumerated by Hutchins), and where also he had a seat, of which, says Coker, "Humphrey Stafford who married Matraver's heir, was the great builder of it," then the residence of the Marquis of Winchester, descendant of the Willoughbies; "but his successors have not thought so well of it, wherefore it is like to run to decay." On its site now stands a modern mansion, with a few antient vestiges interwoven, and around it is a fair-sized park. It was in Hooke church that the first Lord

Willoughby de Broke by will endowed the priest for twenty years to pray for his soul; and within the edifice, on the south side, is a small chantry, which opens to the church by an arch of late character, richly decorated with a course of quatrefoil panels having in their centres shields, and edged on each side with a string-course of foliage. There are no bearings on the shields. Here, doubtless, the masses *pro bono statu* of the deceased nobleman's soul were regularly sung and said for the time specified. No memorial to Willoughby is visible in the chantry, excepting a small brass, that probably had its original station within it, but is now affixed to the opposite wall, which records the following,—

> Of yor charyte pray for the soule of Edmond Semar late le'b'nt to Robt wylughby knyght late lord Broke whiche Edmond decelled ye xiii day of January the yer of or lord m be xxiii on whole soule Jhu haue mercy amen

William Willoughby succeeded to the Arch-Presbytery of Beer-Ferrers 21 April, 1533,—patron *Walter Seymour*, by virtue of grant from Lord de Broke. He died 1565, and the Arch-Presbytery expired with him. Both probably were members of the same family.

A review of the life of the first Lord Willoughby de Broke exhibits no salient features, beyond those associated with the social distinctions and worldly prosperity, usually conferred on and accompanying the faithful subserviency, that follows in the wake of a conqueror. His public functions scarcely reached in importance those exercised by his companion at Court and in arms, and fellow west-countryman Giles, Lord Daubeney; but in the main they were much alike; each served Henry as a military commander, both on sea and land, abroad and at home, were the envoys entrusted to negociate his crafty, vacillating, compromising policy in missions to foreign potentates, and held respectively the highest positions at his court, the one as Lord Chamberlain, and the other as Lord Steward of his Household. Although the Edgcumbe episode seems to pourtray him in his younger years as a daring and lawless marauder on his neighbour's peace and possessions, large allowance must be made for the disorganized state of society in that distracted age, where every man essayed to be a law unto himself, and might became right, in a very large sense of the word. In after years—like Lord Daubeney—when Henry was firmly seated on the throne, and order largely restored, Lord Willoughby de Broke was probably a careful and cautious courtier, steering clear of the intrigues that stalked about Henry's court (and infested the Tudor dynasty to its close), one who studied the mercenary, selfish policy of his royal master, and made himself generally useful as opportunity and circumstance occurred, and in return was rewarded with honours, accompanied by grants of his neighbour's confiscated lands, which cost the generous monarch he served, nothing to bestow. His name, somewhat prominent from the functions he exercised, helps to fill up the middle distance of the picture, that environs the advent of the first Tudor king.

Concerning the history of the subsequent possession of the antient home of the Willoughbies de Broke,—Charles Blount, the fifth Lord Montjoy, who married Anne the daughter of Robert, the second Lord Willoughby de Broke by his second marriage, had in her right, livery of the manor, 31 Henry VIII., 1539. He was of eccentric turn, served in the rear guard of the army sent to France in 1544, and by his will made at that time, he ordered a stone to be set over his grave in case he was there slain, with the following epitaph, as a memento to his children, to keep themselves worthy of so much honour as to be called forward to die in the cause of their king and country—

"Willingly have I sought
And willingly have I found,
The fatal end that wrought
Thither as dutie bound:

Discharged I am of that I ought
To my countrey by honest wound;
My soul departyd Christ hath bought;
The end of man is ground."

and further devised some extensive charitable bequests. He died in 1545, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Aldermary, London (Weever)—his grandson Charles Blount, eighth baron (raised to the dignity of Earl of Devonshire, and K.G. in 1603),—sold Broke Hall and Manor to William Jones, of Edington, Wilts, gent, in 1599.

Yet one more remembrance of the Willoughbies and of the same house as the Lords Willoughby de Broke, waits notice, and our little chronicle concerning them is concluded. In Southleigh churchyard in east Devon, close to the chancel end of the church is a high-tomb, erected evidently to a person of some position; on the end panel is incised the grand achievement of Willoughby de Eresby, as on the tomb at Callington, and with the *crescent* for difference, shewing that he was of the same descent. The form of the letters in the inscription is of an extraordinary uncouth kind, and tell us

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF HENRY WILLOUGHBY
WHO DYED THE 28 DAY OF SEPTR. 1616.

but we have been hitherto unable satisfactorily to place him in the Willoughby pedigree; the following however may be added.

Sir William Willoughby, second son of Sir John Willoughby of Broke, and brother to Robert, Lord Willoughby de Broke, was of Toners-Piddle near Bere-Regis, Dorset, and by his will dated 28 November, 1512, proved 13 February, 1512-13, ordered his body to be buried in the church of St. John the Baptist at Bere-Regis. He endowed a Chantry at Edington in Wilts, and gave to the Abbey of Milton in Dorset fifty marks. Nicholas Willoughby his son was also of Toners-Piddle, where, says Hutchins, "he held this manor and advowson, and four hundred acres of (plough) land, two hundred of mead, three hundred of wood, and two thousand of furze and heath, there and in Snelling and Chilborough, of Lewis Mordant as of his manor of Duntish, in free socage and by fealty." In 1546 Robina his widow instituted John Brikill to the rectory. By his will

dated 15 May, 1542, he ordered his body to be buried in the church of Bere-Regis, as did also Leonard Willoughby his son. "At the upper end of the north aisle," Hutchins remarks, "are two altar tombs of grey marble, but the brass plates, effigies, escutcheons, and inscriptions gone; perhaps they belong to the family of the Willoughbies." In 1653 Sir Robert Willoughby and Elizabeth his wife sold the capital mansion-house, farm, and advowson of Toners-Piddle to Robert Lewen. Toners-Piddle church "was re-built in 1759, the little aisle of the Willoughbies was not re-erected. There were no inscriptions in it, that family generally burying at Bere." Christopher Willoughby, another son of Sir William, married Isabel daughter of Nicholas Weeks of Dodington, Gloucester, and he had a son named *Henry*, who married Jane daughter of Dauntsey of Lavington, Wilts.

Richard Willoughby, third son of Sir John Willoughby of Broke, was of Silton, Dorset, having married Isabel daughter of John Bedyke of that place, who brought the manor to her husband. He died 1523, she 1524, and both by their wills ordered their bodies to be buried in the church of St. Nicholas there. They left several descendants.

Henry Willoughby's tomb at Southleigh, has been carefully and substantially repaired by a representative of the family.

Back to Beer-Ferrers again our thoughts return, and recall the memory of our last visit to the antient home, successively of Ferrers, Champernowne, and Willoughby, names all now extinct, that had relationship there. Evening is creeping on, as we leave the little jetty and find ourselves afloat, slowly making way out into the Tamar proper. How many a story speaks to us of the past, from its dim cliffy banks, that history and tradition have preserved, how many more, silent and forgotten, are lost for ever. Such the doom and fate of human life, little episodes on the stream of time, successive and evanescent as the wavelets that rise and die against the bosom of our little craft. Of Willoughby de Broke, a larger remembrance remains, but it only points in a fuller sense to an often recurring issue of human life, graphically summed up concerning them by the quaint old historian Westcote,—"but this family fading in his very blossom, soon came to his period."

TAMAR'S FLOW.

O Tamar's flow! lowly I bend mine ear,
  And listen to thy lisp that greets the shore,
Bearing Tradition's burthen soft and clear,
  From the dim portals of the never more;—
Two voices spell me from thy mingled tide,
  One, mighty ocean's whisper, murmurous, deep,
Telling of ventures glorious, that hide
  Within its billowy bosom rocked in sleep;—
The other, rippling from thy crystal fount,
  A tinkle sweet of elves, and fays, and flowers,
Legends borne down from woodland, vale, and mount,
  Departed homes, and haunted shrines and towers;—
Flow on,—until this trancèd ear shall be,
But one more memory that is merged in thee!

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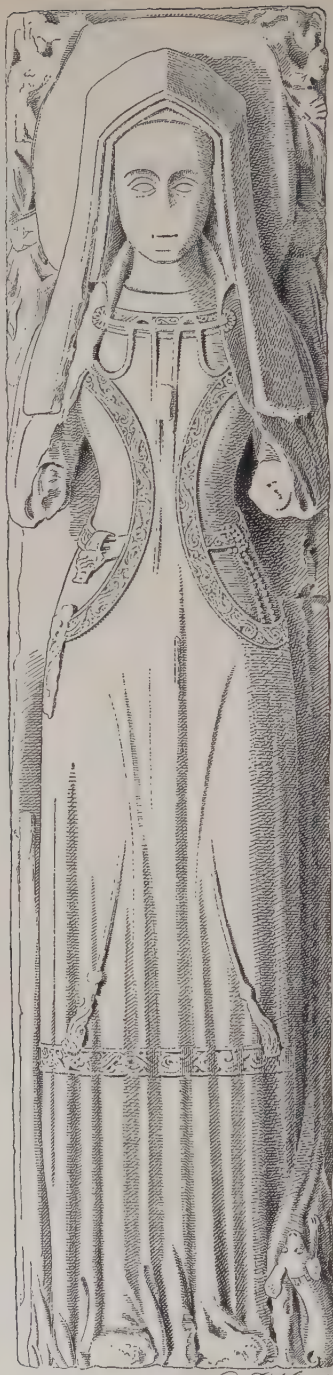

Effigy, presumed to represent

CICELY BONVILLE, MARCHIONESS OF DORSET.

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EXTINCT, FOR THE WHITE ROSE.

LEAVING the antient town of Colyton by its south-western approach, the broad turnpike-road that leads over the hill to Sidmouth, at about half-a-mile's distance up its ascent, a turn to the right takes us into the trackway of a winding and somewhat narrow Devonshire lane. A pleasant prospect opens across the valley below, through which the Coly sparkles along with sinuous course, and immediately in the mid-distance appears the old ruinous cradle of the Courtenay family, Colcombe Castle, grey-walled, ivy-clad, and orchard environed. Beyond and just under the further fir-topped hill-line, another grey dot strugglingly emerges from among the dense garnishing of foliage that surrounds it, and shews us what remains of old Shute House, while to its left, across the far valley, rises the beautiful tree-crested acclivity of Shute Park; localities of special importance pertinent to the interests of our little narrative, to be referred to by and by. In front a delightful and typical Devonian landscape extends itself. Sprinkled over with the deserted homes of the olden lesser squirearchy, the antient lords of the vale, and picturesquely varied alternate with copse, plantations, and well-timbered hedgerow, the two valleys of the Coly and the Brinkly bifurcate just at this point, meeting under the shadow of the remarkable pyramid-shaped hill, Waddon Pen, and then stretch away, variously broken into lesser knoll and vale, until lost in the misty outline of the high, far-distant curtain of the Farway hills, with their tiny clumps of trees that just break the even contour, and stand like sentinels on the rampart-appearanced outline against the grey sky. They recall also for the moment to the historic memory, the burthen of a pleasant story, connected with its breezy, and comparatively unfrequented altitude, one of the numberless traditions that throng the hills and vales of the olden region of the Danmonii.

A rest for awhile on the parapet of the bridge spanning the little Morganhayes brook, hastening to join the Coly a few fields' distance below; a rivulet whose banks at Spring time are almost fairy-land with abundance of some of our finest wild flowers, broad stretches of daffodils, myriads of white-starred anemones, gleams of pale primroses

and bleached lady-smocks, and sheen of golden-cups in their succession, but specially, when uncertain April brings her tears and sunshine, the haunt of the most gorgeous of them all

THE MEADOW RANUNCULUS.

Close by the rippling streams' translucent marge,
Ranunculus of gold,
Bright to the sun in constellation large,
Thy glowing stars unfold.

'Mid all the wealth Spring scatters without stint,
By meadow, bank or stream,
Gay daffodil, or king-cup's myriad glint,
Spread like a golden dream;—

She brings no rival whose attractions may
With thee in all compare,
Brave thy full beauty in its strong array,
And matchless clusters dare.

No, nor sweet Summer when adown the land
Her flower-sprent steps incline,
Bearing the sceptred iris in her hand,—
The glory still is thine.

Continuing our pilgrimage, about a mile's distance further brings us to a bridge spanning another small stream, also flowing down to meet the Coly below at a place appropriately named Bournehayne, and immediately at the entrance of the little village of Southleigh. Passing under the shadow of some fine old yews, our steps lead up a little acclivity to the left, into the churchyard. There we halt for a minute to scan the Willoughby tomb, with its grand escutcheon and uncouth caligraphy, and then look inside the little sanctuary, where, owing to the necessity of almost entire rebuilding, only one monument of importance remains, preserved in the chancel, to be further referred to in the course of our little story. On the porch threshold the eye is arrested momentarily by an almost obliterated seventeenth-century flat stone, bearing the still-traceable yeoman-gentleman name of Starre of Beer, and the fragment of another leaning against a grave near, of contemporary date, inscribed with the patronymic of Clode—a name still existent in the parish,—and whose earthly calling is described as '*goldsmith*,' a strange vocation to find chronicled here in this rural vale, and the memorial probably of one who practised the craft in busier scenes elsewhere, and returned to his native parish, when he finally laid down burnisher and graver, to find his last resting-place.

Down a small meadow below the church, to the rill we crossed on entering the hamlet, and our path inclines along its banks up the valley through which it flows, and a right pleasant vale it is, flanked on the left by extensive plantations of almost every species of useful conifer, which stretch down, exhibiting great luxuriance of growth, their different habits finely contrasting, and adding the great charm of variety; while the opposite ascent is also picturesquely wooded with

ordinary foliage. So we leisurely continue a full mile or more, when the valley somewhat expands. Here some fine trees are scattered park-like in appearance around, with a small modern mansion in their midst, and this brings us to our present destination.

Who would imagine, viewing the peace and retirement of this delightful rural solitude, so far removed from the ken and the movements of busy, anxious, restless, ambitious man, and where only the voice of the thrush, the flicker of the butterfly, the hum of the bee, the rustle of the coney, the song of the lark, the bleating of the flock, or the low of the kine, is seen or heard, that a story of wondrous historic interest and significance "take hys begynnyng" from this spot? Yet an apt symbol of how small and comparatively unknown beginnings, at times end in being engrafted into the largest results, lies close beside us. Who shall predict the ultimate destiny of the humble ripple of water that sparkles along at our feet? Down through this valley it hastens to the Coly, then on to join the larger Axe, thence to mingle with the salt tide and be merged in the blue expanse of the Channel, and finally be found adding its tiny tribute to the grandeur of the great Atlantic.

As of the stream, so of the story that has origin here on its banks, and from him who was one of the earliest settlers thereon, back in the twilight of the days of the early Plantagenets, when a country gentleman with no recorded pretension to influence or fame, beyond the inalienable witness of Norman descent, betrayed by his name, to this place found his way and fixed his abode. After sundry generations the descendants of his race, although still holding their original home here, travelled far afield, away from the quietude and peace of these sylvan scenes, lured into the dangerous path of ambition, and became prominent actors in the great, stirring, troublous drama of mediæval English history, as active and devoted partizans in the contending factions, fighting to the death amid the strife of its kings, and shedding their blood unstintedly in the conflict. Then followed the great but dangerous honour of kinship with royalty and its fatal glamour, culminating at last in their aspiration to the possession of the crown itself, with the result, finally, of laying one of their last and most guileless representatives, headless on the steps of the throne to which they laid claim. A relation of real incidents that needs no garnishing of romance to enhance its extraordinary interest.

Wiscombe,—Wescombe, probably originally West-combe, is the name given to these historic precincts. The very earliest mention of its ownership assigns it as among the possessions of the Abbey of St. Michael de Monte, *in periculo maris*, in Normandy, and was at the beginning of the thirteenth century held of its Abbot by Roger de Daldich, of the family of Daldich of East-Budleigh. After awhile came a change of ownership, and then we get the first mention of the name of the family, the outline of whose succeeding generations we propose to attempt, albeit imperfectly, to chronicle. A story, nevertheless, of surpassing interest, even among the crowd of great traditions that form the historic heritage of the famed county of Devon.

This was, according to Pole, its grant, or sale. with the reservation of twenty shillings yearly rent, "about ye middest of the raigne of kinge Henry III.," by the aforesaid Abbot and Roger de Daldich to Nicholas de Bonville, evidently a gentleman of that era, and whose name—*de bonne ville*—'of the fair or good village'—unmistakably pointed to the original birthplace of his family, as being found in the land immediately beyond the southern sea, from which his ancestor doubtless also migrated in the train of the Conqueror.

All we know of the life of this Nicholas de Bonville, presumably the first of his name as possessor of Wiscombe, is that he married a lady named Amicia, and it was probably he, who in accordance with the religious custom of the age, was the donor of a rent-charge at 'Tuddesheye,' now Studhayes, in Kilmington, to the Abbey of Newenham, in the adjoining valley of the Axe, and in its Conventual church was buried, as described by Mr. Davidson, "lastly against the north wall of the choir, lay Sir Nicholas Bonville, a benefactor to the abbey who died in 1266." * He left a son named William.

But according to another account of the early generations of Bonville, the first recorded was Nicholas Bonville who was living in 1199. To him his son William Bonville (not Nicholas), who married Amicia, did homage for lands in Somerset, 6 Feb., 1265, and was succeeded by his son William, who married Joan, a widow. †

William Bonville wedded a lady named Joan,—in a list of the Guild Merchants of the antient borough of Totnes, dated 1260, and still preserved, the third name that occurs is *Will's de Boneuille*, but whether to be identified with an owner of Wiscombe of that name, may not be determined, but the era accords. Of him we learn nothing further beyond the date of his death 2 Edward I., 1273; and that he was succeeded by his son Nicholas.

Nicholas de Bonville was styled also "of Shute," by right of his wife Elizabeth de Pyne, of whom and her dower a few words.

The first recorded owners of Shute, and from whom it received its name, were Sir Lucas and Sir Robert de Schete, who held it early in the reign of Henry III. From them it passed to Sir Robert and Sir Thomas de Pyne, of the "antient progeny" of Pyne in east Devon. Sir Thomas who was Sheriff of Devon 56 Henry III., and successively 6, 9, and 10 Edward I., at his death left two daughters coheiresses. One of these distaffs, Matilda (otherwise Hawise), wedded Nicholas de Bonville of Wiscombe, to whom she brought Shute as her portion. "In this place (Shute) the famylye of Bonvill," says Pole, "made their principall dwellinge, which had (longe before this Nicholas had the mansion howse, and mannor of Shute) divers lands within Shute, namely Sir Nicholas Bonvill (his grandfather) had Leggeshayes, and other lands their, his dwellinge beinge at yt tyme at Wiscombe." The policy of this marriage is therefore apparent. Himself and wife appear to have both died the same year, 23 Edward I., 1295. They left a son and heir named Nicholas, and another son John, who married Joan, daughter of

* *History of Newenham Abbey.* † Vivian's *Visitations of Devon.*

Waryn Hampton of Musbury, and she married secondly John Sachville, and thirdly John Faringdon of Faringdon.

Sir Nicholas Bonville of Shute and Wiscombe, married Johanna, daughter of Sir Henry Champernon of Clyst-Champernon (who died in 1320), by his wife Johanna daughter of Henry Bodrugan. He was two years old only at his father's death, but the date of his own decease does not appear. There were four children, of whom Sir William was the eldest son and successor.

Alexander, the second son, married Hawise, daughter of Henry de la Forde in Musbury, and had a son Nicholas, styled "of Forde," whose daughter Edith, married Richard Okebeare, through whose descendant, Pole, afterward of Shute, was the representative, before he purchased the Bonville's forfeited inheritance, and through whom they quarter the arms of de la Forde; *Sable, a poppy with roots and fruit or*, and Bonville.

Isabel, who married Sir Roger de Nonant of Broad-Clyst, and last of that name; they left two daughters, Alice who married John Beauchamp of Ryme, and Eleanor. The beautiful monument with effigy in Broad-Clyst church is supposed to represent this knight, who reclines in a recess on the south side of the chancel, and is clad in plate armour with bascinet, mail-gorget, surcoat, and ornamented baudrick. The feet rest on a lion, the head on a tilting helmet, and angels are at the shoulders. A richly foliated canopy of screen-like character fronts the figure on the side toward the church.

Anne, the second daughter became a nun at Wherwell.

Sir William Bonville, of Shute, "a very sweet and noble seat, adorned in those days (as it still is) with a fair park and large demesnes," the first prominent representative of this family, and who added greatly to its social status, was a wealthy and munificent man. He married first Margaret, daughter and coheiress of Sir William d'Aumarle of Woodbury, Devon, who died 15 Nov., 1361, by his wife Agnes de Meriet, daughter of George de Meriet, of Merriot, Somerset. By her he had four sons, and two daughters. She died 13 May, 1399.

Early in the succeeding century Sir William married secondly Alice (whose surname has not been recovered), widow of Sir John Rodney, who died 19 Dec., 1400. Sir William Bonville was her *fifth* spouse, for she had wedded three husbands previous to Sir John Rodney. Firstly, John Fitz-Roger, lord of the manor of Chewton-Mendip, Somerset; by whom she had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married John Bonville, her last husband's eldest son by his first wife; secondly, she married Sir Edmond de Clyvedon, of Clyvedon, Somerset, who died 13 Jany., 1375-6; and thirdly, as his second wife, Sir Ralph Carminow of Menheniot, Cornwall, who deceased 9 Oct., 1386. Sir Ralph who is said to have been "by a brase of Greyhounds pulled over a Cliff and died," was buried in Menheniot church, where there is a small brass,—probably the earliest remaining in Cornwall—to his memory, thus inscribed,—

Orate pro anima domini Radulphi Carmynow militis,
cuius anime propicietur deus Amen.

Lady Alice Bonville survived all her husbands nearly twenty years, and died 27 March, 1426.

A glance at the numerous ventures of this much-married lady will give the uninitiated in the study of genealogy some idea of the difficulties which beset it, in sifting, tracing, and separating the tangle of relationship that wove together the leading families of the west during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It was the custom to marry very early in life, often at fifteen or sixteen, and that short widowhoods and remarriage almost invariably followed decease on either side, and not uncommonly resulting further also, in the children of the previous marriages matching together, a "matter of mere attorneyship," probably in many cases entered into to consolidate the family estates.

Beside his "mansion howse" at Shute, which was his principal residence, Sir William, as was usual, had a town house or hotel, in the parish of the Holy Trinity, Exeter. On 17 April, 1404, Bishop Stafford licensed John Govys rector of Holy Trinity, as the parish church was being rebuilt at the time, "*ut in aula infra mansum domini Willelmi Bonevyle, militis, infra parochiam dicte ecclesie Sancte Trinitatis situatum, divina possis celebrare, ac per presbiteros ydoneos facere celebrari, necnon parochianis tuis quibuscumque Sacramenta et Sacramentalia conferre et ministrare valeas.*"

Of Sir William's sons, Richard the eldest died without issue before 1397. John the second son became his father's heir and successor.

Thomas Bonville, third son, married Cicely, daughter of Sir John Stretche of Sampford-Arundell, Somerset, who died 6 Aug., 1390, by his wife Katharine daughter of Sir John Beaumont, of Sherwill, North Devon. They had two sons, William who died 28 Aug., 1412, and John in 1426. Both were styled "of Merriot, Somerset," property that descended to them through their great-grandmother, and died without issue. He, Thomas, died about 1401, and his widow soon after married Sir William Cheney of Broke, Wilts, and died 18 Oct., 1430.*

William, the fourth son, died without issue; we hear nothing of him beyond his being a witness to his stepmother's will.

Katharine, the eldest daughter, married first Sir John Cobham, of Blackborough, Devon, by whom she had a daughter Elizabeth, married to Walter Charleton. Secondly she married John Wyke of Nynehead-Florey, Somerset, and thirdly Humphry Stafford of Grafton, Worcestershire. She died 1 Aug., 1416.

Elizabeth, second daughter, married about 1390, Sir Thomas Carew of Ottery-Mohun, who died 25 Jan., 1431. She died 8 Feb., 1450-1.

Sir William who was Sheriff of Devon 13 Richard II., 1400, died on 14 Feb., 1407-8, and was buried before the great Cross in the choir of Newenham Abbey Church. Beside him was afterward laid Alice his second wife. This was during the abbacy of Leonard Houndalre, who presided over the Community 1402-13.

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* See page 5.

He bequeaths by his will,—a very long document written in French,—and made

"on the Saturday next before the feast of the Assumption of our Lady, 1404, my body to be buried before the High Cross of the church of Newenham; to Alice my consort my mansion at Exeter for her life, all my books, vestments with other apparel belonging to my chapel, all kinds of necessaries belonging to my hall, chambers, pantry, buttery, kitchen and fish-pond, within my manor of Shute, and all other chattels on my manors of Wescombe, &c., &c., elsewhere, 100 marks in money, and the half of my silver vessels, &c.; 100 marks, to assist in making and repairing the bridges and roads that are weak and fallen within my lordships of Devon and Somerset; to alienate by mortmain 50 marks of land and of rent per year for a *Maison Dieu* in Combestreet at Exeter, for 12 poor men and women to be lodged there always, also 300 marks to the said Maison Dieu in honour of God, and to sustain the said house, and the aforesaid poor men and women, all my rents in Exeter, except my mansion;—to Dame Anne Bonville, nun of Wherwell, 10 marks, a *hanapp* (drinking cup) with silver cover, and my best *hoppelond* (great coat) with the fur. To William my son 200 marks to assist him in getting married; to Thomas son of John Bonville £20 in money; to John son of Thomas Bonville to assist him in getting married 100 marks. To my daughter Dame Katharine Cobham £20; to my daughter Dame Elizabeth Carew, £20. I devise that all my debts be duly and fully paid, and if any offences or extortions by me have been committed against any persons I will that they be restored to them, according to the greatness of the offence; 24 torches of wax, and 24 poor men be clothed the day of the interment of my body, and to other poor people coming on the day of my burial £10, that each who comes may have one penny; and that my mansion and my retinue be kept just as it is for one quarter of a year after my death. Appoints Alice my consort, and six clerks executors; Monsieur Thomas Brooke and John Strecch, surveyors; nothing to be done without the counsel and assent of the said surveyors."

There is also included a very large number of religious bequests to pray for the good estate of his soul, at various places, and legacies in money and kind, to the poor on his extensive estates.

John Bonville, son and heir of Sir William and Margaret d'Aumarle, married Elizabeth, only child and heiress of John Fitz-Roger, daughter of the first husband of his father's second wife. She was heiress-general to the Fitz-Rogers and brought the manor of Chewton-Mendip, near Wells, Somerset, and much other property into the family. In the south aisle of the chancel of Chewton-Mendip church, on a high-tomb are the recumbent effigies of a knight and lady,—the knight in chain and plate armour, with bascinet, mail-gorget, baudrick and spurs. On his surcoat are embroidered *three lions rampant*, the arms of Fitz-Roger. The lady is in long robe, wimple and cover-chief. The armour and costume are assignable to this era. John Bonville had two sons, William eldest and heir, Thomas, and one daughter Isabel.

Thomas the second son, who was Sheriff of Cornwall, married first Johanna eldest daughter of Hugh de St. John, eldest son of Thomas de Poynings, Lord St. John of Basing, by his wife Elizabeth daughter of Martyn Ferrers of Beer-Ferrers. By her he had one son John. Secondly, he married Leva, daughter and heir of John Gorges of Tamerton-Foliot, Devon, and widow of John Wibbery. She died 16 Dec., 1461. Thomas died 11 Feb., 1467.

John Bonville son of Thomas, married first Johanna Wibbery daughter of his father's second wife, by her first husband John

Wibbery. By her he had two daughters, Anne married to Philip Coplestone, and Joanne married to John Elliot of Coteland. Secondly, he married Katharine, by whom he had two daughters, Florence who married first Sir Humphry Fulford, K.B., and secondly, Thomas Hext; and Elizabeth who married Thomas West, Lord Delawarr. John Bonville died 24 Aug., 1494.

Isabel, only daughter of John Bonville, son and heir of William Bonville, married Sir Richard Champernowne of Modbury, son of Sir Richard Champernowne, who died 26 Feb., 1418-19, and Katharine daughter of Sir Giles Daubeney, and who were both buried at Dodbrooke, near Kingsbridge.

John Bonville, her father, died in the lifetime of his father, 21 Oct., 1396, and Elizabeth Fitz-Roger, his widow, married secondly Sir Richard Stuckley of Trent, Somerset.

Leland thus speaks of the "maner places" of the Bonvilles, Wiscombe, and Shute:—

"on the west part, over an hille byyond Seton is Wiscombe, a fair maner place, sumtyme the Lord Bonvilles; now longging to the Marquise of Dorsete. The parkes and maner places of Wischum and Shoute abowte Axminster in Devonshire were the Lord Bonevilles, and after a knightes of that name or ever they came to the Marquis of Dorsetes hand."

In Sir William Bonville, the eldest son of John Bonville and Elizabeth Fitz-Roger, we reach the most celebrated individual of his race, and practically the last male in the direct line, as his son and grandson died in his lifetime. His father having died in 1396, when he was quite a child, and his mother being married again to Richard Stuckley, it is probable the boy was in the custody of his grandfather at Shute up to his death in 1407, and subsequently in the guardianship of his step-grandmother the Lady Alice until his coming of age, and taking possession of his large property in 1414, which year his mother died, but his step-grandmother lived twelve years afterward, dying in 1426.

The particulars as to the birth and baptism of this wealthy and unfortunate man, as they were deposed to by the witnesses appearing before the escheator at the enquiry held to make proofs as to his coming of age, are very homely and interesting.* This was taken at Honiton on "Tuesday, All Hallow's Eve, in the first year of the reign of King Henry the Fifth after the Conquest, before Henry Foleford, the Lord the King's Escheator in the county of Devon." Numerous witnesses were examined, and John Cokesdene and two others deposed,—

"that William the son of John, is of the age of 21 years and upwards, having been born at Shute, on the last day of August in the 16th year of the reign of the Lord Richard, late King of England, the Second after the Conquest (1393), and baptized in the parish church of the same vill on the same day about the hour of vespers. And this they well know to be true, as they the said jurors were, on the said last day of August, together elected at Honiton, on a certain 'Love Day' to make

* From *The Porlock Monuments*, by the late Mrs. Halliday, a very able and comprehensive monograph of Harington, with much collaterally of Bonville.

peace between two of their neighbours, and on that very day there came there a certain Lady Katharine, widow of Sir John Cobham, knight, and then wife of John Wyke of Nynhyde, an aunt of the said William the son of John, proposing to drive to Shute, thinking that she should be Godmother to the said infant, and met there a certain Edward Dygher, servant to the said Sir William Bonevile, who was reputed to be half-witted in consequence of his being loquacious and jocular, and who asked her whither she was going. Who answering quickly said: 'Fool, to Shute to see my nephew made a Christian,' to which the said Edward replied, with a grin, in his mother tongue, 'Kate, Kate, ther to by myn pate comystow to late,' meaning thereby that the baptism of the child was already over. Whereupon she mounted upon her horse in a passion, and rode home in deep anger, vowing that she would not see her sister, to wit the said child's mother, for the next six months, albeit she should be *in extremis* and die."

Thus much for the Lady Katharine's appearance, her disappointment and displeasure at not being able to be present at the child's baptism, although she had adjournied so far for that purpose, and her immediate return. Then a certain John Prentys and two others testify that

"all the matters as to the said Lady Katharine are true, inasmuch as the whole took place in the said John Prentys' house, where they themselves were present at the time, and saw and heard all."

Then comes an interesting testimony shewing the lord of Shute still kept full interest in the older home of the family at Wiscombe, and at the date of his grandson's birth was engaged near there in a business transaction with squire Walrond of Bovey, living thereby. Richard Lutrell and John Prustes relate,—

"on that day Sir William Bonevile was at his manor of Southleigh busy in setting up certain boundary marks between a parcel of his own land called Borcombe to the same manor belonging, and the land of one William Walrond, on which occasion the aforesaid Richard and John were present at the special request of the said Sir William Bonevile. And then and there came Andrew Ryden, a servant of the same Sir William, and told his master that his son John had a son born to him, upon hearing which the said Sir William rejoicing exceedingly lifted up his hands, and thanked God, and immediately mounting upon his horse rode home."

Following this is the evidence of those who witnessed the ceremony of the christening in the little church on that summer evening, William Hodesfelde, and Richard Damarle, probably a relative of the child's grandmother. They also speak of the grandfather's delight and the present he made his grandson thereon, and say,

"they were present in the said church on that day at the time of the solemnization of the baptism of the said William the son of John, to hear vespers, and as soon as the ceremony was over there came one Walter Walsche, the said William Bonevile's bailiff of his manor of Stapyldon in the county of Somerset, and told his master that he had well and finally completed the autumn gathering, both of his said manor of Stapyldon and his manor of Sokke, and had brought with him 400 lambs of that year's produce of the manor of Sokke aforesaid, of which said lambs the said William Bonevile immediately gave 200 to the said infant then and there baptized."

Finally we get the information as to who were the child's sponsors and of the high ecclesiastic who was one of them, and doubtless

came across specially from Newenham Abbey to perform the ceremony, making his distinguished godson a commensurate present. Thomas Bowyer and Ralph Northampton remember

"that they were personally present in the said church, and saw there three long torches burning, and two silver basins, with two silver ewers full of water, John Legge then Abbot of Newenham and Sir William Bonevile being the godfathers and Agnes Bygode the godmother of the same child, upon whom the said Abbot there bestowed a silver gilt cup of the value, as it was said, of 100 shillings, with 40 shillings in money told, contained in the same, which as it appeared to them was the most beautiful they had ever beheld in a like case."

Poor child! The lambs bleating outside, and the glittering gift cup,—"the most beautiful they had ever beheld,"—and filled with silver pieces! The costly christening vessels and flaming torches, the abbot in his robes, the knights and ladies in their splendid apparel, the clustering parishioners gathered round, curiously and respectfully to witness the baptism of the heir, and the solemn evening twilight softly stealing through the casements of the little sanctuary. What a suggestive picture of country wealth and peace thus surrounding the first hours of the child, and what a contrast to the scene that was destined to environ that child's last hours, of whose bitterness, what seer, had he been then present, would have been bold enough to predicate? When crushed by misfortune, his son and grandson having fallen by the sword before his eyes a few weeks previously, and although bowed by age, yet still attracted by the glamour of the deadly conflict,—far away from these happy precincts, with a captive king in his keeping as a ransom, but powerless to save him,—he stood an unfriended prisoner alone in the hands of a relentless enemy, surrounded by the ghastly wrecks of a battlefield, and then hastily perished amid the ghastlier paraphernalia of the scaffold, the axe and block, the executioner in his mask and the jeering soldiery. With what boundless mercy are the ultimate issues of these lives of ours hidden from us!

Being in possession of his large property, it was not likely that a young man of his distinguished station, in those stirring times should long remain "with idle hands at home." Accordingly we find him three years afterward, in 1418, employed in the military service of his country, for "being then a knight" he proceeded to France in the retinue of Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., in that king's expedition to Normandy. In the first year of Henry VI., 1422, he served the office of Sheriff of Devon.

In 1428 we get an interesting incident recorded, of amenities passing between Sir William and his neighbour the Lady Joan Brooke, widow of Sir Thomas Brooke, of Weycroft, near Axminster, and Holditch Court, Thorncombe, "on the 14th April of that year Nicholas Wysbeche, Abbot of Newenham," says Mr. Davidson,

"was appointed with five of his neighbours a mediator in a dispute between Sir William Bonville of Shute, and Joan widow of Sir Thomas Brooke, arising from the obstruction of several public roads and paths in the formation and enclosure of the park at Weycroft by the lady and her son. The transcript of an instrument has been preserved which recites the circumstances of the case at great

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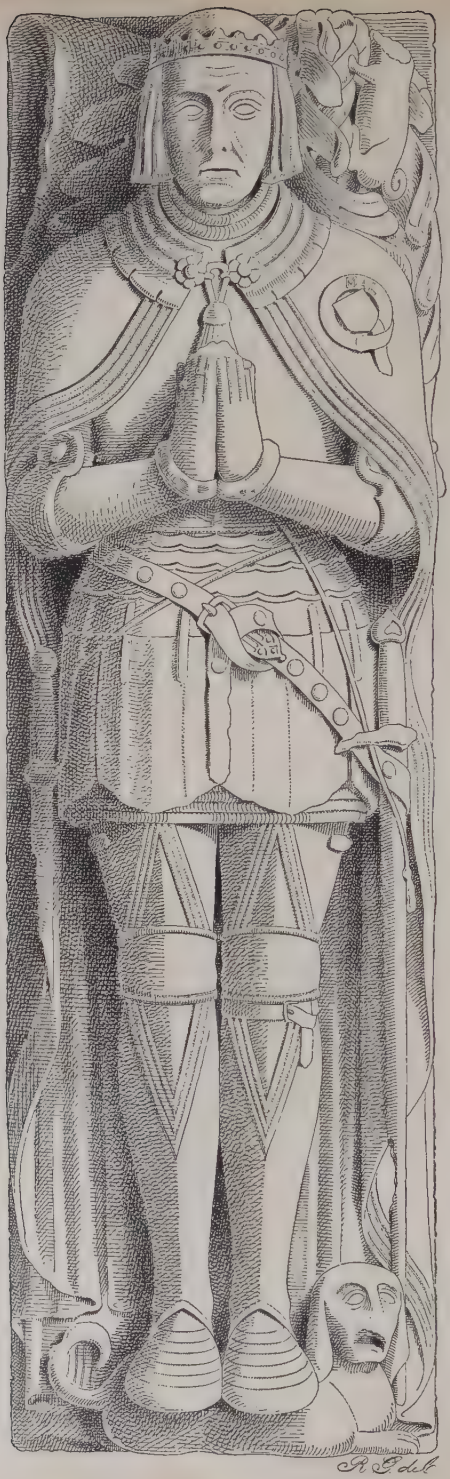


EFFIGY OF JOHN TALBOT, EARL OF SHREWSBURY, K.G.

length, and concludes with an award, which as the abbot was nominated by the lady Brooke, does credit to his justice as an umpire, as well as to his hospitality; for after deciding on every point in favour of Sir William Bonville, and directing all the ways in question to be thrown open to the public, that the knight and the lady should ride amicably together to Newenham Abbey on a day appointed, where they should exchange a kiss in token of peace and friendship and dine together at the abbot's table. The deed is dated at Axminster 13 August, 1428."

The brass effigies of Sir Thomas and his lady are in Thorncombe church, still very perfect.

Amicably and pleasantly settled, and justly too withal by the good Abbot Wysbeche, and with proper regard to the rights of way exercised by the public at large, which seem to have been duly cared for and protected by the lord of Shute.

Nearly fourteen years now elapse before we hear further of him, and then in 1442, he appears to have held a maritime command, and "sailed from Plymouth to Bordeaux with twenty-five ships and four thousand men," and the year following was employed on land service, being "retained by indenture to serve the king a whole year with twenty men at arms, and six hundred archers, and was made Seneschal of Acquitaine."

In 1449, he was commissioned "to serve the king upon the sea, for the cleansing of robbers and pirates," and the same year he held Taunton Castle, but was compelled to surrender it to the Duke of York. In 1450 a letter was sent to him amongst others, by the king requesting help for the preservation of Lower Normandy from the French.

Doubtless in consideration of these military and other services, actively and faithfully rendered to Henry VI., he was by that king raised to the honour of the peerage, by writ of summons dated 23 September, 1449,—26 Henry VI.,—to Parliament by the title of Baron Bonville of Chewton (from Chewton-Mendip in Somerset), where he inherited a large property, derived from his mother as heiress of the Fitz-Rogers. He was also created a Knight of the Garter, being the one hundred and eighteenth in the succession of that noble Order.

In 1453 he was ordered to France with a force sent for the relief of Guienne. While there it is probable he was a participator in the engagement wherein the gallant Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, lost his life. The same year "in consideration of his further services he was constituted Governor of the Castle of Exeter, and the year following, 1454, made Lieutenant of Acquitaine."

From this partial relation of his public services, our thoughts wander for a time, to the domestic surroundings of his home life.

Lord Bonville married first a lady named Margaret, but who she was the labours of investigators have as yet failed to discover. By her he had one son, William, and two daughters,—Philippa, who married William Grenville, brother to Sir John, and second son of Sir Theobald Grenville, by Margaret daughter of Sir Hugh Courtenay of Haccombe, by his third wife Matilda daughter of Sir John Beaumont, and was thus grandson to Earl Hugh and Margaret Bohun of Colcombe,—and Margaret, second daughter, who married Sir

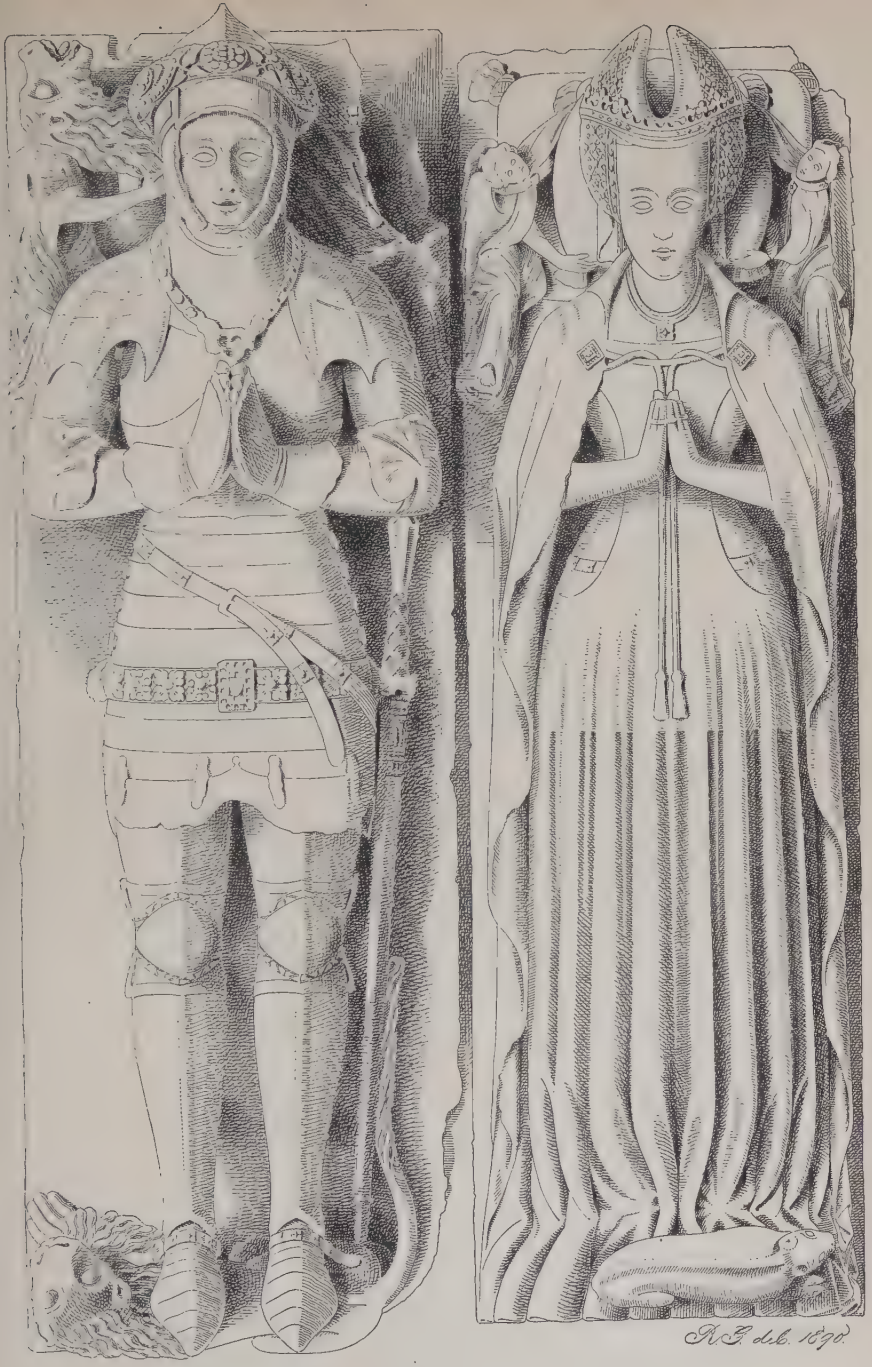
William Courtenay of Powderham, Sheriff of Devon in 1483, and who died in 1485.

Lord Bonville wedded secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Courtenay, third Earl of Devon, known as "the blind Earl," who died in 1419, and was presumably buried at Ford Abbey; by his wife Matilda, daughter of Thomas Lord Camoys. She was then the widow of Sir John Harington, fourth Baron Harington of Aldingham in the County of Lancaster, and who died 11 Feb., 1417-18. She died 28 October, 1471, thus surviving her second husband ten years, and her first husband fifty-three years!—and was probably buried with her first husband in Porlock church, where they founded a perpetual Chantry, and where their splendid tomb still exists, with effigies recumbent; moved probably from its antient position, and now much shorn by time and ill usage of its original glory, but still displaying ample evidence of the taste and skill of the mediæval craftsman. By his second marriage Lord Bonville left no issue.

The figures on the monument at Porlock are sculptured in alabaster, and Lady Harington-Bonville wears cote-hardie and gown, with mantle over, fastened across the breast by cordon and tassels. Around the hips is a rich cincture, and a double chain with dependant jewel encircles the neck. The head-dress is horned, the hair secured in a reticulated caul splendidly embroidered, and with jewelled ornaments filling the interstices. Just over the brow is a band-coronet, studded with pearls and crested by fleurs-de-lys, and her fingers are ornamented with rings. Angels support the cushions on which her head rests, and an animal, probably intended for a boar, as allusive to her family, is at her feet. Lord Harington is in plate armour, orle around his bascinet, plate gorget, large epaulières with deeply scolloped terminations, diagonally placed sword-belt with sword, rich baudrick across the hips with anelace, small tuilles, gauntlets, and about his neck a chain of ornamented link-work, with the usual trefoil clasp and small pendant. The head reclines on a helmet with crest of *a lion's head couped at the shoulders*, and angels were originally on each side supporting it. The feet rest on a lion. The armour is of an interesting character, and of later date than that worn at the death of the knight, being referable to what was in use about the middle of the fifteenth century, accounted for by the appearance of his wife by his side, who survived him more than half a century. There is a fine canopy over the effigies.

We broke off our little personal history in the year 1454, when presumably Lord Bonville had returned from Aquitaine, of which province he had been made Lieutenant. The next glimpse we get of him is in the year following, and the incident, that brings him before us, is quite in keeping with the belligerent spirit of the times, and which seems to have invaded both public and private life at this turbulent and lawless era. The old historian, Westcote, gives a succinct outline of this remarkable quarrel,

"In this parish (Colyton) are yet remaining the two antient seats of two illustrious families, Colcombe of Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, and Shute alias Sheet, of the Lord Bonvile; each of them having their parks and large lati-funds



EFFIGIES OF ELIZABETH COURTENAY, LADY BONVILLE,

AND HER FIRST HUSBAND, JOHN, FOURTH BARON HARINGTON OF ALDINGHAM,

PORLOCK CHURCH, SOMERSET. — A.D. 1417-71.

KENSINGTON
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(broad-acres), but seldom any good neighbourhood, familiarity, or friendship between them. This emulation increased at length to a quarrel, and eagerly taken a both sides, about a couple of dogs, or hounds, if you will, which could not by any mediation of friends, or intercession of their equals, be qualified or appeased, until it was valiantly tried in a single combat (which is now by a fitter word termed a duel,) upon Clist-Heath, which manfully and constantly performed by both parties, and after they had well tried one the other's strength and valour, and with their sharp swords, they at last lovingly agreed and embraced each other, and ever after there continued great love and amity between them."

Shute was antiently part of Colyton, its church being a dependant chapelry,—it now forms a distinct parish.

A very singular spectacle, this valiant performance, between these noble neighbours, and ending according to the gossiping topographer in genuine three-volume style. Dugdale says, Lord Bonville had the best of the encounter, and Prince, after narrating the bellicose transaction and "the great love and amity" said to have existed between the combatants afterward, naïvely adds, "which I can hardly believe for a reason, which hereafter may be observed in reference to this Lord." Cleaveland however gives probably the truer version of its cause, observing

"But Hollingshed and others do say, that several men on both sides were slain in the quarrel, and that the Lord Bonvile prevailed and went to Exeter, and had the gates opened to him. And this is most likely to be true, for there was a great animosity between those two great men, before this quarrel happened, they being engaged in different parties; the Earl of Devonshire was zealous for the house of Lancaster, and the Lord Bonvile for the house of York, and the civil war between these houses did then begin to break out, and no wonder the city of Exeter opened its gates, to the Lord Bonvile, for the Duke of York had at that time all the power in his hands, and no doubt the city favoured those of the prevailing side. But whoever had the better of it in this quarrel, both the Earl of Devonshire and Lord Bonvile were great sufferers by that bloody and unnatural war, for the Earl's three sons, successively Earls of Devon, lost their lives for that quarrel for the house of Lancaster, and it is said by some the Earl himself came to an untimely end by it. And the Lord Bonvile lost both his son and grandson in the battle of Wakefield, and the Lord himself was put to death after the second battle of St. Alban's. The Earl's family became *extinct* as to the first branch of that illustrious house, and the Lord Bonvile's became *wholly extinct*."

A large and melancholy history in a few lines, and a pertinent illustration of the effects and horrors of civil war, but this new position of affairs requires careful scrutiny, as far as the slender means at disposal afford.

Up to 1454, at least, Lord Bonville's allegiance must have been true to the interests of the king, Henry VI. He had been employed, as would be usual with men of his position and military aptitude, in the warlike expeditions of the time abroad, and in the command of the forces on land and sea, at home. In this respect he was evidently esteemed an able and trusted servant, and the king had rewarded these services by conferring on him a peerage, and investing him with the order of the Garter, two of the highest honours at the sovereign's disposal, and it would be presumable, in view of the foregoing, that Lord Bonville's sympathies would naturally be on the side of Henry VI., and the cause of the Red Rose, in the bitter conflict then just beginning to be developed.

Although we have no direct testimony to the contrary in the earlier stages of the warfare, as to Lord Bonville's then actually throwing in his lot with the partizans of the White Rose, still the inferential evidence remaining seems to point to it. The quarrel between Courtenay and himself, although said to be over a couple of dogs,—if it really happened as described,—had its basis probably in the absorbing social questions that then stirred men's hearts to the deepest. A strange and fierce development of ill-feeling, such as is related, between neighbours and almost relatives of such distinguished station, could scarcely arise except over some very weighty cause. Lord Bonville was then married to the aunt of the Earl Thomas Courtenay he is said to have fought with, and it is also fairly presumable they were close neighbours, living within a mile of each other, the one at Shute and the other at Colcombe. The Earl of Devon had married Margaret Beaufort daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, and grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; three of their children were buried at Colyton, and the beautiful monument in the church is considered to be the memorial of his wife, the Countess Margaret herself, so the Earl and his family must have been in residence there about that time.

Beyond this encounter, presumably begotten through the combatants holding opposite views in the contending factions, we have no direct evidence for four or five years as to Lord Bonville's active participation in the fortunes of the White Rose.

Before proceeding further, we had better resume our notes as to the family relationships following in Lord Bonville's domestic circle, and their possible influence eventually on him.

William Bonville, Lord Bonville's only son by his first wife, was probably born about 1416-17, soon after which date his father wedded his second wife, Elizabeth Courtenay, widow of John, fourth Lord Harington.

He married about 1440, Elizabeth sole daughter and heir of William, fifth and last Lord Harington of Aldingham, who died 3 March, 1458, brother and heir to his stepmother's first husband. One son, William, was the issue of this marriage; the mother appears to have died in the lifetime of her father, Lord Harington, for at the *inq. post mortem* following his death, held April, 1458, this grandson William, son of his daughter Elizabeth, was found his next heir, and then aged 16 years. The above William Bonville, the father, fell at the battle of Wakefield, 31 Dec., 1460, fighting on the side of the White Rose. Between the date of his wife's father's death in March, 1458, and his own decease in Dec., 1460, he would by courtesy bear the title of Lord Harington, *jure uxoris*.

William Bonville, only son of the foregoing William Bonville, *jure uxoris* Lord Harington, and grandson of Lord Bonville, was born about 1441-2.

He made a distinguished match indeed, having married Katharine, fifth daughter of Sir Richard Nevill, K.G., eldest son of Sir Ralph Nevill, K.G., the first Earl of Westmoreland, who died in 1425, by

his second wife the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Katharine Swynford.

Her mother was the Lady Alice Montacute, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas de Montacute, K.G., Earl of Salisbury, Baron Montacute and Monthermer, who died 1428,—by his wife the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas, and sister of Edmund, Earl of Kent; and in her father Sir Richard Nevill, was revived in 1442 the title of Earl of Salisbury, and the Baronies of Montacute and Monthermer.

Thus the Lady Katharine Bonville was sister to Richard Nevill, the "great Earl of Warwick, the king-maker," and aunt to his daughters, the Lady Isabel who married George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV., drowned in a butt of malmsey in the Tower, whose son Edward was cruelly beheaded by Henry VII., and whose daughter Margaret, the aged Countess of Salisbury was remorselessly butchered by Henry VIII.; and also to the Lady Anne, married first to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI.,—so foully slain by Edward IV. and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, or by their orders, immediately after the battle of Tewkesbury,—and to whom, as that poor prince's widow, Gloucester, afterward king Richard III., was subsequently married.

The Lady Katharine Bonville was also sister to George Nevill, Bishop of Exeter, between 1455-65,—and afterward Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor. Of this prelate the only remaining remembrance of his ten years' supervision of the diocese appears on the shield in the east window of Branscombe church.

William Bonville, her husband, only son of William Bonville, Lord Harington *jure uxoris*, — and grandson of Lord William Bonville, K.G.,—also fell with his father at the battle of Wakefield, fighting on the side of York and the White Rose, and when he could have been scarcely twenty years of age.

He left one infant daughter, Cecilia or Cicely Bonville, at her father's untimely death probably under a year old.

Lady Katharine Bonville married secondly Sir William de Hastings, the first Lord Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. He was the eldest son and heir of Sir Leonard de Hastings, who died in 1456, by his wife Alice, daughter of Thomas, Lord Camoys. The career of this prominent man, and his tragic death, form one of the most remarkable episodes in English history, is strangely, but directly interwoven with our little narrative, and the relation of which, however well worn, could not be passed over here.

He acted a conspicuous part in the political events of the time, was a devoted Yorkist, to whom Edward IV. was greatly attached, and who literally heaped appointments, honours, and possessions upon him. He was constituted at various times, Master of the Mint (coining, during his term of office, the first new gold piece, value eight shillings and four pence, called the "Noble"), Steward of numerous Royal manors, and Ranger of Royal Forests,—Constable of Leicester, Nottingham, and several other Castles,—Captain of Calais and its dependencies, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Lord

Chamberlain of the Household, and Chamberlain of Wales. On 26 July, 1461,—1 Edward IV.,—he was created by patent Baron Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and afterward invested with the dignity of the Garter.

Then comes a curious and special bit of family history, strongly reflecting the habits and policy of the age, that has a most interesting bearing on our annals. On 14 April, 1464, he entered "into an agreement with Dame Elizabeth Grey, late wife of Sir John Grey, knt., son and heir of Edward Grey, late Lord Ferrers, that he should have the wardship of her son Thomas (afterward Marquis of Dorset), on whose part it was stipulated, that he should, within five or six years afterward, *marry the eldest daughter of Lord Hastings that might then be living.*"

A monstrous arrangement, thus to betroth young people, mere children often, *nolens volens*, but a very common one at the period. Now it so happened that the mother of Thomas Grey became Queen to Edward IV., and Lord Hastings had married the Lady Katharine Bonville, whose only child by her first husband was Cicely. It is true that by Lord Hastings she subsequently had another daughter, Anne, who married George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, but Cicely Bonville was one of the greatest heiresses in England, which the young man's mother, the Queen, and her husband, Edward IV., were quite aware of. Thomas Grey, however, Lord Hastings' ward, who must have been considerably older than Cicely, does not seem to have waited for her, but married first, Anne daughter of Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter,—she however appears to have died sufficiently in time for him to marry Cicely. Lord and Lady Hastings had been legally constituted the guardians of Cicely, together with the custody of her estates, and her coming of age was fixed at sixteen years. Immediately after this, which would be about 1476-7, she appears to have been married to the Marquis, but at the time the "arrangement" for her marriage was entered into by her step-father, Lord Hastings, she could not have been more than four or five years old.

Thus one nice little family compact was negociated, and contained the secret of Cicely's alliance, which altogether turned out to be happy enough. The agreement of marriage with the eldest daughter of Lord Hastings was thus construed to include his wife's also, if that was not really intended to be the essence of the contract in the first instance. The step-son of the king was to be married to the step-daughter of his friend and favourite, a rich heiress in her own right and also to the titles of Bonville and Harington.

The ward, or guardianship, of fatherless or orphan children of noble parentage, was a trust practically vested in the king, or crown, and by him was usually given to some Court favourite, being eagerly sought after as a rule, because it generally conferred the almost absolute control both of the ward's property and future destiny, and of wedding him or her, if desirable, to a child of the guardian nominated. Lord Hastings, from his position and influence, appears to have acquired and exercised this questionable position to the utmost, as will be seen.

For this was only one of the wardships obtained by Lord Hastings, because he had sons as well as daughters to be wedded. He further procured the wardship of Mary, only daughter of Sir Thomas Hungerford, who was tried and beheaded at Salisbury, 8 Edward IV., and entered into an agreement with her mother and step-father, that Edward his son and heir should in due time take her to wife, and in the event of Edward's death, then George or Richard, the younger brothers. Edward Hastings however lived to marry Mary Hungerford, sole heiress of the elder descent, and to the baronial titles of Hungerford, Bottreaux, Molyns, and Moels, which were afterward revived in his person by Henry VII.

We have mentioned Lord Hastings had one daughter also, by his wife Katharine Neville-Bonville, named Anne, and she had to be provided for. The Marquis of Dorset had been allotted to his step-daughter Cicely Bonville, and therefore from a clause in his will we learn that he had yet another "ward and marriage to him granted," in the person of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and if George should die, then the contract was to extend to his next brother Thomas. But George lived to marry the young lady. So these family compacts were arranged and went merrily forward. Property, honours, and influence, appear to have been the sole objects of these unnatural arrangements; love and natural predilection not considered at all, and nowhere, being evidently not deemed of the least importance,—marriage being treated in all respects as a "matter of mere attorneyship." And do not these transactions afford a clue to the amours and intrigues that infested the age? The vengeful results of outraged hearts, and the sure outcome.

Shakspeare well describes this 'brokerage' of marriageable maidens, in the fourth act of the third part of *Henry VI.*—

> Hastings. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
> Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
> Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
> And with their helps only defend ourselves;
> In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
>
> Clarence. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
> To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
>
> King Edward. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
> And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
>
> Gloucester. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
> To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
> Unto the brother of your loving bride;
> She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
> But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
>
> Clarence. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
> Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
> And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
>
> King Edward. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
> That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
>
> Clarence. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;
> Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
> To play the broker in mine own behalf;
> And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

In 1470 Hastings accompanied Edward IV. in his hasty flight from Lynn, in Norfolk, to Holland, when he also so narrowly escaped capture by the Easterlings, and the king had nothing beyond his "gown lined with martens" to pay the captain of the ship for his voyage. He also returned with that monarch, when he landed at Ravenspur, to reclaim the kingdom,—the place where Henry of Bolingbroke, a century and a half previously, had disembarked to dethrone Richard II. Although his wife's brother was the 'king-maker,' and engaged in the opposite interest, Hastings remained loyal to Edward IV., and at the battle of Barnet, on April 14, which ended so disastrously for Warwick, was one of the king's principal commanders. So also he took active part in the decisive action at Tewkesbury on 4th of May following. Then comes the darkest episode in this nobleman's career. The Queen Margaret and her son, the Prince Edward, were made prisoners, and the royal youth was ushered into Edward's presence, who, flushed with success, ungenerously asked him "How he dared to invade his dominions," to which question, the answer was proudly but perhaps imprudently given, "To claim my father's crown and mine own inheritance." Stung probably by the conscious truth and nobleness of the reply, Edward unmanfully struck the youth on the mouth with his gauntlet, whereon the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the Lords Hastings and Dorset, taking this as a signal for further violence, hurried the prince away from Edward's presence, and despatched him with their swords. Pity evaporates over any misfortunes that may overtake men guilty of such deeds as this. In 1474 he got leave from the king to 'unpark' some seven thousand acres at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and elsewhere, and to 'fortify' his mansions on his different manors, specially the magnificent castle he erected at Ashby. He was in the retinue of Edward at the inglorious peace of Pecquigny, and got his share of the spoil, "his French Majesty at one time making him a present of plate valued at ten thousand marks." He is said to have refused at first to accept the pension awarded him on this occasion by the king of France, but "after some courteous and friendly correspondence" consented to receive it in a left-handed way, refusing to give any receipt for it, saying, "put it (the gold) here into my sleeve, for other acknowledgment you get none from me, for no man shall say, that king Edward's Lord Chamberlain hath been pensioner to the French king, nor that my acquittances be found in his Chamber of Accounts." So these 'great' men magnanimously salved their qualms of conscience, and satisfied the questions of their pride; and it is further added, his pension was ever after paid without further acquittance.

Then came his amour, or rather passion, for the beautiful Jane Wainstead, afterward Jane Shore. It is related he was smitten by her charms while still under her father's roof, and his attentions aroused the suspicions of her father, who thereupon, to save his daughter, got her suitably married to Mr. Matthew Shore, the goldsmith of Lombard Street. Hastings not to be baffled, followed his prey after her marriage, until on an occasion, when he attempted

to pass the boundary of honour, he got indignantly discharged and interdicted all future communication. Thereon he is said, out of revenge, to have sent the royal spoiler on the track, with a success but too well known. Hastings' old affection however appears to have survived, and at Edward's death he took her,—all sullied in reputation as she was,—under his protection, until the day of his own death, his acquaintanceship with her being made a chief accusation against him by the relentless Gloucester.

Although so devoted to the king, Edward IV., he was by no means friendly disposed toward his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, and at king Edward's death this dislike evidently greatly increased, which was in great measure the Queen's fault, as she manifested considerable antipathy toward the older nobility, being much wrapt up in the welfare of her own family, but recently ennobled. Doubtless Hastings and others saw this, and it had its due influence on them; but he was perfectly loyal to the king's children. Almost immediately after Edward's decease Hastings and Buckingham were sent for to confer with Gloucester at Northampton, the young king being then with his uncle and governor the Earl Rivers at Ludlow Castle, and his brother, the Duke of York, with the Queen-mother in London. At this meeting was urged the danger of the Queen-mother's influence, the necessity of removing the young princes from her control, the advisability of Gloucester's assuming the Protectorate, and the securing and, if necessary, destroying the persons of the Rivers and Grey families as dangerous to the common peace. All this the well-pleased and astute Gloucester cleverly managed, and Hastings was sent on to London to pacify the city, where he had great influence, and when the citizens in alarm at hearing of the apprehension of Rivers and others, the young king's attendants, and that they had been sent northwards toward Pontefract, he deceived them with the assurance that they were simply transported thither for conspiring against Gloucester and Buckingham, and would be duly put on their trial; and Gloucester completed the illusion by bringing the young king with much ceremony to London. Soon after, Hastings "readily gave his assent" to the execution of the Earl Rivers and others in custody at Pontefract, although still ignorant of Gloucester's final design, and still more so of the grim fate that was hanging over his own head, for it was also agreed on by those in the secret, that he himself,—whose interest for the young king was well known,—should be gained over in harmony with the project, or dispatched out of the way, if necessary.

Although Hastings does not seem to have seen through Gloucester's designs, his companion and friend Lord Stanley, "a man of deep penetration," appears to have comprehended the whole situation, and spoke his mind fully thereon to his colleagues, then assembling day by day making preparations for the young king's coronation, of which council Hastings was a member with others, the young king's friends, but Hastings, it is related, still doubted Gloucester's plotting, and also that the other council, sitting under Gloucester's presidency at Crosby Place, were engaged in no design against the young king, and

that he would "pawn his life" if anything detrimental to the youthful monarch were transacted there, he should be instantly informed of it by a trusty member thereof, devoted to the king's interests; moreover he was still prepossessed of Gloucester, and believed his council were only desirous of humbling the Queen's party, whom he, Hastings, so greatly disliked.

This 'trusty member' was none other than Richard Catesby, "a lawyer, who had, through Lord Hastings' means, been placed in a position of considerable trust, in the counties of Northampton and Leicester, where Hastings' property lay," and this man, his friend and confidant as he supposed he was, eventually betrayed him. Stanley's fears, it seems, were greatly modified or allayed by Hastings' assertions, and they quietly proceeded with their arrangements for the coronation, while Gloucester was carefully doing all he could to prevent it, and secretly and busily laying his dark plans for a very different issue. Catesby, who had become the creature of Gloucester, unknown to Hastings, was despatched by Gloucester to sound Hastings, "with all the caution imaginable," most carefully guarding the grand secret. The part was well played, and Hastings, not distrusting Catesby, told him of Stanley's suspicions, and that for himself, rather than the late king's children should be deprived of their rights, he would see ruin and destruction overtake Gloucester and Buckingham, and that he would employ every means in his power, even to his very life, to prevent its succeeding.

All this intelligence Catesby carefully transmitted to Gloucester. Its receipt appears to have greatly embarrassed him, as Gloucester greatly desired to secure Hastings' adherence, knowing the importance his assistance would afford. Wishing therefore to be perfectly assured of the attitude Hastings was likely to assume, and to a considerable extent fearing his influence if exerted for the king, Gloucester sent Catesby to him a second time, with instructions to get as complete an answer as possible. Catesby appears to have spoken plainly in this second interview of Gloucester's designs, and to have received similar answer to that given at their first parlance, and he left Hastings with the knowledge that he had discovered Gloucester's intentions, and also revealed to him his own treachery. Gloucester in due time was made acquainted with the fact that in Hastings he had, under the circumstances, now only an adversary to deal with. The Protector's mind was soon made up, and Hastings' death resolved on; no one was to stand between him and the throne, and live.

On June 15, 1483, Gloucester called a council at the Tower, ostensibly to finish the preparations for the king's coronation. Rapin, from information condensed from the various old chroniclers, thus circumstantially describes the final scene,—

"The Protector came himself at nine o'clock in the morning with a cheerful countenance, courteously saluting the lords, as if he had nothing in his mind that gave him the least uneasiness. After that he went out and desired the council to continue their deliberations in his absence.

"About an hour after, he returned with an angry countenance, knitting his brows, and biting his lips, and shewing all possible signs of perturbation of mind.

Remaining some time without speaking, he broke silence with these words,—'*My Lords, what punishment do they deserve who have plotted against my life?*' The Lords not immediately answering, Lord Hastings replied, '*Whoever is guilty of that crime ought to be punished as a traitor.*' The Duke answered, '*It is that sorceress my sister-in-law, with her accomplices.*' These words astonished many of the council who favoured the Queen, being afraid this accusation concerned them. But the Lord Hastings was far from any such fear. All knew he was a sworn enemy to the Queen, and consequently there was no likelihood of his joining her in such a design. Besides, he had lately approved of the order sent to Pontefract to behead the lords prisoners, who were to be executed that very day.

"After a short pause the Protector, unbuttoning his left sleeve, shewed the Council his arm, dried and withered, saying with extreme emotion, '*See what that sorceress, and Shore's wife have done by their witchcrafts. They have reduced my arm as you see, and my whole body would fain have been the same, if by God's mercy their infamous plot had not been discovered.*' These words caused a greater surprise than the former, the whole Council knowing the Duke's arm had long been in that condition; besides, if the Queen had framed such a project, Jane Shore would have been the last person she would have imparted it to, since of all women she most hated her.

"The Lord Hastings who, since Edward's death, had kept Jane Shore, perceiving she was involved in the accusation, could not forbear to shew how much he doubted her being guilty by saying, '*If they had committed such a crime they deserved to be punished.*

"Then the Protector raising his voice said, *What, dost thou answer me with 'Ifs' and 'Ands,' as if I forged this accusation? I tell thee they have conspired my death, and thou thyself art accessory to the crime.*' As he ended these words he struck the table twice with his fist, and immediately the room was filled with armed men.

"As soon as they were in, the Protector turning to Lord Hastings said to him, '*I arrest thee for High Treason.*' '*Who, me, my Lord,*' answered Hastings. '*Yes, thee traitor,*' replied the Protector. At the same time he delivered him to the custody of the soldiers.

"During the bustle one of the soldiers would have cleft the Lord Stanley's skull, with a battle-axe. But he avoided part of the blow by sinking under the table, however he was dangerously wounded. Probably the soldier had orders to kill him as it were by chance, under pretence that he would have defended the Lord Hastings. It is not hard to guess why the Protector desired to be rid of him. Having missed his aim, Stanley was arrested with the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, it being the Protector's interest to put it out of their power to hurt him, whom he knew to be zealously affected for the young king.

"As for the Lord Hastings, he would scarce give him time to make confession to the next priest that came, swearing '*By St. Paul,—he would not dine until his head was struck off.*' Accordingly he was beheaded upon a log that was found on the green before the Tower Chapel, the time fixed by the Protector being too short to erect a scaffold."

So miserably and brutally perished the Lady Katharine Bonville's *second* husband, one of the chief friends and favourites of Edward IV., through the remorseless malice aforethought of that king's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. Lord Hastings was a prominent, it may be said, representative character of that age of intrigue and unscrupulous ambition. Although loyal to Edward and his sons, he was a "sworn enemy" to Queen Elizabeth Woodville, notwithstanding his wife's daughter, Cicely Bonville, was married to her eldest son, and he is said to have "greatly contributed" to the execution of the prisoners at Pontefract, Anthony, Earl Rivers, and Richard, Lord Grey, the Queen's brothers, and near relatives of his step-daughter Cicely Bonville's husband, the Marquis of Dorset; by a most remarkable retribution he was awarded a similar fate to theirs,

said to have occurred on the same day, and at the same hour. His hands too are reputed to have been imbrued with the blood of Margaret of Anjou's unfortunate youthful son. His amour with Jane Shore was made the handle of Gloucester's accusation, and sudden and cruel as his fate was, it was perhaps merciful as compared with the suffering that was reserved for her. While Hastings, her protector, lived, her position was one of comparative safety, but at his death none dared befriend her, and true to the hideous completeness of the part Gloucester was acting, she was to be the next victim. Then the poor, frail, beautiful and withal amiable creature,—Edward used to call her the 'holiest' of his three mistresses, the other two being respectively the 'wittiest' and the 'merriest'—one to whom a king, and 'the handsomest man in Europe' to boot, had paid court, amid unstinted opulence and luxury, was dragged forth and exposed to the gibes, jeers, and insults of a vulgar mob, with studied opprobrium publicly disgraced, and finally with contumely driven away to eke out the remainder of her days in the most abject poverty, misery, and distress. The purist,—forgetful his mother was a woman, —may say the degradation was deserved; but there is no human shortcoming that gives justification for unmanliness, the most detestable of all crimes.

By his wife Katharine, widow of William Bonville, and daughter of Richard Nevill, Earl of Salisbury, Lord Hastings had issue four sons:—1. Edward, eldest son and heir; he married Mary, granddaughter and heiress of Robert, Baron Hungerford, Bottreaux, Molyns, and Moels, and in right of his wife was summoned to Parliament, though still a minor, in 1483, by the title of Baron Hastings of Hungerford; he died in 1507.—2. Sir Richard.—3. Sir William.—4. Sir George; and one daughter, Anne, married to George Talbot, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury.

Lord Hastings made his will 27 June, 1481, bequeaths his body to be buried in the "*Chapel of Seynt George at Wyndesore*," and "*that there be ordeigned a tumbe convenient for me by myne executors, and for the costs of the same I bequeath c marks.*" After many religious bequests,—"*also when George, Erle of Shrewsbury, whose warde and marriage to be, me is granted, &c.,—hath married Anne my daughter, I woll that if the same Erle should die, which God defend, &c., that then Thomas brother of the said Erle take to wife, her the same Anne, &c.,*"—gives to "*Kateryn myn entirely beloved wyff*," sundry manors and constitutes her one of his executors, and "*ordaynes John, Lord Dynham,*" a contemporary of west-country fame, as one of the surveyors.

Katharine, Lady Hastings, made her will 22 Nov., 1503, and orders her body "*to be buried in our Lady Chapell, within the parish church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch,*" gives numerous religious bequests, and "*where I owe unto Cecilie, Marquesse Dorset, certain summes of money which I borrowed of her at diverse times, I woll that the said Cecilie in full contentation of all summes of money as I owe unto her, have my bed of arres, tittor, tester, and counterpane, which she late borrowed of me; and over that I woll that she have my tabulet of*

gold that she now hath in her hands for a pledge, and three curtains of blew sarcionet, and three quishons of counterfeit arres with imagery of women, a long quishon, and two short of blew velvet, also two carpets;" and "*makes and ordaines Cercell, Marquis Dorset, widow,*" one of her executors. She died in 1504.

Lord Hastings was buried in the Chantry erected by his widow, and dedicated to St. Stephen, in the north arcade of the choir of St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle. The screen that separates it from the aisle, is of three stories, the two upper of open work with tracery. Above is a cornice with Tudor flower cresting, and in the centre, an open-vizored helmet with mantling, supporting the Hastings' crest, *from out a ducal coronet, a bull's head affrontée, couped at the shoulders.* Below are the arms of Hastings, *a maunch sable,* and this device with the Garter appears in a series below. The screen was originally richly painted and gilded. There is no monument within it, and probably there never was such. In general design the Hastings' Chantry has much in common with Canon Oxenbridge's, on the opposite side of the choir.

To return to Lord Bonville. We have thus traced as clearly and succinctly as may be, this somewhat tangled genealogy of their descents, and its bloodstained surroundings, to clear the ground, and get a more comprehensive view of the circumstances that may have had their influence on the last years of Lord Bonville's life, and also to afford some reason as to when, and why, he finally transferred his influence and allegiance from the Red to the White Rose.

Our last glimpse of him was in 1455, when he was said to have "valiantly performed" the duel on Clyst-Heath, with Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon, the real basis of which quarrel it is inferred, but not authenticated, was his presumed sympathy then with the cause of the White Rose, and so raised the anger of his antagonist, who was warmly interested on the side of the Red.

Apart from this rather apochryphal incident, there does not appear to be any direct evidence of his identification, at least actively, with the cause of York for the next five years. There were reasons why perhaps this might not be so. He was then married to his second wife, a Courtenay, the member of a family strongly identified with the fortunes of the Red Rose. She was the widow of a wealthy peer, and her present husband's son was married to the heiress of her first husband's house, in the person of her niece, the only daughter of his brother; and there does not appear to be any evidence as to which way the Haringtons leant toward the impending struggle, that may have influenced him. Lord Bonville may from conviction have passively inclined toward the interest of York, but no mention is made of his being at the first battle of St. Albans (which took place the same year as the duel on Clyst-Heath) 22 May, 1455, nor as to his being in any way concerned with the fluctuating aspects of the strife during the next four years, up to and including the battle of Bloreheath, which occurred 23 Sep., 1459.

But about 1458-9 a new and very powerful factor found admission into Lord Bonville's family, in the marriage of his grandson with

Katharine Nevill, the sister of the king-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, the central point around which the hopes of the White Rose concentrated, while her other brother George Nevill presided over the diocese of Exeter. It is difficult to estimate the important influence this relationship would naturally exercise on the Bonvilles, especially if already inclined that way, and doubtless it did add considerable weight to turn the scale promptly, and as it turned out irremediably, on the side of York, as immediate events shew.

Taking the foregoing speculations and surmises, however, only for what they are worth, by the middle of the year 1460, there could be no doubt as to the side Lord Bonville had taken, whether by the "subtile insinuations" of his grandson's wife's family or otherwise. The battle of Northampton took place 10 July, 1460, and the unfortunate half-demented Henry VI. being taken prisoner, we are told by Prince, with probable correctness, the king was, "among others, committed to the care and custody of the Lord Bonvil."

Doubtless afterward, Lord Bonville, accompanied by his son and grandson, found distinguished places in the retinue of the king-maker, in their triumphal march back to London, escorting the captive monarch in the train.

Short spell of success and victory, soon to be followed by a terrible nemesis! The scared but determined Margaret of Anjou, and her son Edward had escaped into Scotland, and presently the dark war-clouds were again gathering north and south for another sanguinary conflict. Six months of preparation brought the combatants together, and on the 31 Dec., in the same year, the frightful and merciless battle of Wakefield shattered, for the time, the hopes of York to the centre.

Among the nobles fighting on the side of Queen Margaret, was Lord Bonville's neighbour and old antagonist, Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon; and on the other, arrayed in the cause of York, were the three generations of the Bonvilles, two of whom were destined never to come out of that fearful conflict alive. Whether in the thick of the battle, or in the pursuit that followed, may not be related, but both son and grandson perished, and Prince intensifies its horror by relating "that both were slain before his (the grandfather—Lord Bonville's) face."

In the carnage fell also Richard, Duke of York, whose head Margaret, in womanish revenge, then caused to be struck off and displayed over one of the gates of York, decorated with a paper crown; while immediately after, his second son, the Earl of Rutland, a beautiful boy of thirteen was stabbed to the heart by the savage Clifford. Eleven years intervened of ceaseless anxiety, and then at Tewkesbury, Margaret's own son Edward shared a similar dreadful fate at the hands of his captors.

In the pursuit that followed the battle of Wakefield, during the night, the Earl of Salisbury—the Lady Katharine Bonville's father—was captured, taken to Pontefract Castle, and the next day beheaded. The brother also, Sir Thomas Nevill, was killed in the engagement,—

so that she lost husband, father, and brother in the fight; misfortunes almost greater than Lord Bonville's.

Thus died in the prime of life William Bonville (Lord Harington), the father,—and also before he had scarcely emerged from his teens, William Bonville the son. Probably both found common sepulture on the battle-field, or unrecorded graves in some sanctuary near. The Earl of Salisbury's body, and that of his son Thomas, were subsequently conveyed to Bisham Abbey in Berkshire, and there interred, with others of their ancestors and kindred.

It would be supposed that the aged Lord Bonville, satiated and stunned with these accumulated horrors, would have quietly withdrawn from the desperate dangers of further participation in these conflicts, and devoted the remainder of his declining days to a more peaceful life, and the preservation and guardianship of his baby great-grand-daughter, the last green branch of his antient stock, the infant Cecily. But no, his very name was now practically extinguished, his son and grandson were not, and the iron of misfortune had probably entered and seared his soul. Determined and perhaps reckless of the future on thus seeing all his hope and ambition blasted, he still followed on, for good or for evil, to the bitter end, regardless of consequence, the fortune of the cause he had espoused, and for which he had sacrificed so much. Who may enter into, or estimate fully the feelings that convulsed the stricken heart of this old man, under such an avalanche of misery?

But this misery, sharp as it was, was mercifully of short duration. Six weeks only intervened, in which interval it is probable Lord Bonville retreated from Wakefield, with such of the discomfited army that remained unslain, back to join the Earl of Warwick, then waiting on the outskirts of London to effect a junction with the forces of Edward, Duke of York, who had just fought and won a decisive victory over Jasper and Owen Tudor, with a Lancastrian army at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford.

Before however this could be accomplished, the energetic Margaret, flushed with success, and hurrying southward in hope to secure the metropolis, was upon him; and the furious battle of St. Albans on the 18 Feb., 1460-1, was the result. There she at first received a check, but by turning the position she fell on Warwick's army, and the combat was carried on over the undulating country, between St. Albans and Barnet, in which two thousand Yorkists are said to have perished. At nightfall, Warwick found himself beaten at all points, and made precipitate retreat, leaving the King, who was accompanying the army as a prisoner, behind.

It would require no seer to divine the vindictive thoughts of Margaret, on regaining possession of her captive husband, and the consummate danger environing those in whose custody she found him, whether for preservation or otherwise. The Queen and her son discovered the helpless man in his tent with one personal attendant only, Lord Montague his Chamberlain. But there were at least two other distinguished men near, who were said to have remained to guard him from the lawless soldiery, one was the brave Sir Thomas

Kyriel, and the other Lord Bonville. Both could doubtless have fled with the rest of the fugitives, had they been so minded, but it is recorded, that out of chivalrous feelings, when urged by the King to remain by him and protect him, they did so, under the assurance from him that their lives should be preserved.

A fatally hazardous undertaking in those days of merciless reprisals, and so it turned out. Whatever the well-meaning King may have promised and perhaps really wished, his wife, the determined Margaret, was the "master of the situation," and the arbiter of their destiny; nor was she probably wanting in prompters calculated to urge her to wreak the worst vengeance upon her husband's guardians. However that may be, it is recorded, that as she turned from the battle-field in the evening, she left orders for their decapitation the next day, and the barbarous sentence was promptly carried out.

Weever says,—

"Sir *Thomas Kiriell* was beheaded with the Lord *Bouvile* the day after the second battell at St. *Albons*, in the raigne of king *Henry* the sixth: or slain in the battell according to John Harding.

'The Lords of the north southward came,
To Sainct *Albones*, vpon fasting gang eve
Wher then thei slewe the Lord Bouvile I leve
And Sir *Thomas Kyriell* also of Kent,
With mekell folke, that pitee was to se.'"

The old chronicler Hollingshed describing this unhappy transaction tells us with greater truth,—

"When the daie was closed, those that were about the king (in number a twenty thousand) hearing how euill their fellowes had sped, began utterlie to despair of the victorie, and so fell without anie long tarriance to running awaie. By reason whereof, the nobles that were about the king, perceiving how the game went, and withall saw no comfort in the king, but rather a good will and affection toward the contrarie part, they withdrew also, leauing the king accompanied by the Lord Bonneuille and Sir Thomas Kiriell of Kent, which vpon assurance of the king's promise, tarried with him and fled not. But their trust deceived them, for at the queenes departing from Saint Albons they were both beheaded, though contrarie to the mind and promise of her husband."

No record exists of Lord Bonville's burial place. At the first battle of St. Alban's, in 1455, the Abbot craved the bodies of the slain nobles from the victors, and buried them in the choir of the Abbey Church. But after this second engagement, Margaret's ill-paid, freebooting soldiers pillaged the town and abbey, so that probably those that perished were hastily interred near where they fell. This plundering the abbey "entirely changed the worthy Abbot Whethamstede's politics, and from being a zealous Lancastrian, he became a Yorkist."

Lord Bonville's ancestors in the direct line were mostly, if not all, buried in the choir of Newenham Abbey Church, near Axminster, of which hardly a trace now remains.

At the death of Lord Bonville, his brother Thomas of Tamerton-Foliot, was still alive, and survived until 11 Feb., 1467. He left one son John, who deceased in 1494, leaving a daughter Anne, married to

Philip Coplestone. Some years anterior to this, the little child-heiress of Shute, Cicely Bonville, grown to woman's estate, was wedded,—and so, before the fifteenth century had closed, the antient and influential name of Bonville was extinct. *

It is with feelings of relief that we turn away, at least for a time, from these scenes of horror. The Wars of the Roses appear to us, we regret to say, to have been imbued with very little, if any, chivalry. They were in the main, only fought for the selfish purpose, lust of power, and as a consequence, were attended by the congenial sinister characteristics of cruelty, treachery, and revenge. It is noteworthy however, that notwithstanding so many of the common people shed their blood and lost their lives thus freely, and it may be added ignorantly, partly lured and partly compelled probably to take part in these conflicts, at the bidding of their superiors in station and wealth striving for the mastery, it was not upon them as a class the great social misfortunes of the war fell. As a general result, the engagements being over, their little houses and surroundings were scarcely ever ravaged or destroyed, the humble partizans in these sanguinary encounters, if victors, do not seem to have laid waste or appropriated their beaten neighbours' possessions, but simply kept their legions together, until their antagonists had time to rally, and again gather themselves in array for another trial of strength; an extraordinary, in its way, but by no means uncommon hallucination, that has first and last, in the world's history, cost millions of lives, wasted to determine the unmanly and degrading sentiment as to who should be a nation's master and rule over them;—a totally opposite aspiration to a people engaged fighting against a tyranny for liberty. But not thus comparatively scatheless, did the great actors in and promoters of this sanguinary drama, come off from the effects of the internecine strife. These men were desperate gamblers for high stakes, and the loss of the game to them was a fatal mischance, resulting in the deprivation of their lives, the confiscation of their estates, and occasionally—as with Bonville and the elder strain of Courtenay, extermination of their race also. No such terrible social quarrel ever convulsed England, nor heart-rending dissension so bitter, sown between the nearest and dearest relatives and friends, that the very commonest ties of humanity were outraged, dyed in blood, and trampled under foot, until at last the majority of the most illustrious families in the land were wrecked in misery and destruction.

Over such a relation as this, friend of mine, fraught with contingencies and evils so desperate, let us close the record for awhile.

* * * *

* There was a natural strain of the Bonvilles, settled at Combe-Ralegh, and later at Ivybridge where, "by virtue of a remainder, this land came unto William Lord Bonvill, which gave it unto John Bonvill, his naturall sonne, begotton on his concubine Elizabeth Kirkby, which John Bonvill, having only daughters, gave it to his natural son, &c." (Pole). There were several generations of them, and used for their arms those of Bonville with the addition of *a bend sinister;* they also became extinct.

Old Shute Park! A royally descending gift of demesne,—as such, sacred from the intrusion of despoiling hands, and therefore happily preserved to us undesecrated of Nature's abounding charms and native beauty.

Here we are, seated on one of its pleasant knolls, throned in luxuriant ferns, surrounded by magnificent trees, and a calm, sunny, summer evening. Overhead a congregation of noisy rooks are flapping about, quarrelling with us apparently for thus intruding on the solitude of their domain. Below, across the openings of a densely foliaged avenue, a shadowy train of flying horn and bounding hoof has passed noiseless as an apparition into the adjoining covert, where they presently assemble in timorous conclave, at safer distance, alert and watchful.

> "Gold of the reddening sunset, backward thrown
> In largess on these old paternal trees,
> Thou with false hope or fear did'st never tease
> His heart that hoards thee; nor is childhood flown,
> From him, whose life no fairer boon hath known
> Than that which pleased him earliest, still should please:
> And who hath incomes safe from chance as these,
> Gone in a moment, yet for life his own?"

Such is the commentary Nature suggests, as we linger on this delightful acclivity. But what to us is the inspiration of the hour, whose minds are now busy in contemplation of the olden doings of her sons?

Look along that glade of venerable oaks, huge, gnarled, and twisted, the duration of whose lives may be reckoned by centuries, yet still hale, vigorous and leaf-arrayed, whose outward and visible aspect during the little cycle of mortal existence that at present looks upon them, has shewn no appreciable change, and will probably with unvarying regularity continue to display their perennial Spring garniture, to many succeeding generations, long after the eyes that now behold them have closed for ever.

Among them yonder is a veteran with a regal appellative—called after him, surnamed of Lackland,—"King John's Oak," with which monarch, tradition delivers it was in existence contemporary. And who is to say the legend is not correct, especially as every lineament of this aged grandee of the forest's appearance, goes to confirm it. Could a tongue be given thee, old tree, what a history mightest thou relate. Then, probably in the vigour of early youth, thou mayest have witnessed the *first* Bonville, that claimed the ownership of this acclivity, pass cross-bow in hand under thy branches. His influential descendant who lies at rest in the valley of the far distance, and his still more celebrated but unfortunate grandson—both, when in the flesh,—with little doubt thou hast seen. Aye, even the little Lady Cicely—the *last* hope of their unfortunate race,—may have toddled and prattled beneath thy shade, and afterward escorted by her noble husband, accompanied by his august relative, the moody and astute Henry VII., and followed by her fine family, rested beside or near

thee, when that monarch and his host exercised their skill as bowmen in these delightful glades.

Then a season of desertion and gloom fell for a time over these erstwhile pleasant precincts; but when the star of the last Tudor sovereign was in the ascendant, then it again became thy destiny to welcome the new owner of this historic and time-honoured appanage, and thenceforward from time to time to greet each succeeding inheritor down to its genial possessor of the present hour. Here, may we not appropriately say,

"Beneath thy shadowing leafage dense
What stories have been told;—
Perchance of booty won and shared
Beneath the starry cope,—
Or beauty kept an evil tryste,
Ensnared by love and hope,—
Of old intrigues,
And privy leagues,
Of traitor lips that muttered plots,
Of kin who fought and fell;
Performed long generations since,
If trees had tongues to tell."

Notwithstanding all the devices of man, for perpetuity of remembrance,—Nature, changing yet changeless, silent, unobtrusive and unobserved, often continues and preserves the clue that binds all our generations together, long after our own mortal schemes and efforts, though projected with the utmost care, have passed away; and carefully and lovingly bridges the void of Time, if not by actual record, by the even more true and gracious message of association.

And well it is so; in her tender keeping alone the memory of Bonville is now seemingly vested, for of their former existence, residence, or sepulture, otherwise not a vestige recalling their direct line, we believe, remains. On the capitals of the pillars of Powderham church, are shields displaying the *torteaux* of Courtenay, impaling the *mullets* of Bonville, allusive to the marriage of Sir William Courtenay, the Lord of Powderham, who died in 1485, with Margaret Bonville, daughter of the noble and unfortunate victim of St. Albans, and a further shield similarly charged, having relation to the same alliance, is found on the capital of a pillar in Stockland church. Beyond this, and until the girl-heiress of Shute had been many years married, if not in her widowhood,—mementos which in due time will engage our attention—no further trace has been discovered.

We descend from our pleasant elevation, and our steps lead us a short distance over to what is now called Old Shute. The church stands on a little acclivity to the left, but in addition to the tower, whose supporting arches are of Early English type, coeval probably with the first Bonville,—and were in being when the interesting christening ceremony, previously recorded, took place,—there is apparently little of the fabric that was in existence when the name was extinguished.

It is equally doubtful if any part of the present Old Shute House was erected by them. The portion of the main fabric remaining, as

also the gate-house, are both of Elizabethan origin, and retain evidence of having been erected by William Pole, Esq. (whose initials W. P. occur in the spandrels of one of the doorways), who purchased the Bonville's confiscated inheritance here of Secretary Petre, to whom Queen Mary gave it, after the attainder and execution of the Duke of Suffolk, last male representative of the Bonville blood.

And the mention of the name of the Duke of Suffolk brings us back again to our little annals, and to Cicely, the girl-possessor of this antient inheritance and a vast accumulation of other family property, a baroness with the two titles of Bonville and Harington,—altogether an heiress of the first magnitude.

After her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather's untimely deaths, her mother the Lady Katharine, and her second husband Lord Hastings, were constituted, as we have mentioned, her legal guardians, and had custody of her estates until she was of age, which was fixed at the mature period of sixteen. But this was considered quite a marriageable age at that era; and which would have arrived at about 1476-7. We have also described how her stepfather Lord Hastings had the wardship of her future husband, and so it fell out that in due time "a convenient marriage was purveyed for her."

Thomas Grey was the eldest son of Sir John Grey of Groby, by his wife Elizabeth,—daughter of Richard Widville, afterward Earl Rivers,—who subsequently became Queen to Edward IV. Sir John Grey was killed fighting on the side of the Red Rose at the second battle of St. Albans, 18 Feb., 1460-1, the same engagement, after which Cicely's great-grandfather lost his head.

He was first created Earl of Huntingdon 4 Aug., 1471, a title he afterward relinquished on his being advanced to the Marquisate of Dorset, an honour which was performed with great state ceremony 18 April, 1475, "*per cincturam gladii, et capæ honoris et dignitatis impositionem*, the coronet being omitted. Upon which day he sate in his habit at the upper end of the table among the knights in St. Edward's chamber."

The rich girl-bride was his second wife, and presumably he was considerably her senior in years. His first wife was both of royal descent and alliance, being his step-father's niece, Anne daughter of the unfortunate Henry Holland, the last Duke of Exeter, found drowned between Calais and Dover in 1473,—by his wife Anne, daughter of Richard, Duke of York, and sister to Edward IV. There does not appear to have been any issue of this marriage.

By his second wife Cicely Bonville, the Marquis is said to have had the large family of fifteen (Leland makes it only fourteen) children, seven sons and eight daughters.

Of the sons, Thomas the eldest succeeded his father to the title.

Leonard, was in 1536 created Viscount Graney in the peerage of Ireland, and same year authorized to execute the office of Deputy of Ireland under Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son of king Henry VIII., by Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Blount, and widow of Gilbert, Lord Talboys. In 1540 he was recalled, and the next year articles of high treason were exhibited against him, and

OLD SHUTE GATEWAY.

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although he had shewn the king good services formerly both in France and Ireland, was charged with a purpose to join Cardinal Pole and other the king's enemies, and to that end had left the king's ordnance in Galloway, and consented to the escape of his nephew Gerald (son of his sister Eleanor), and being brought to trial confessed all. He was thereupon beheaded on Tower Hill, and attainted by the Parliament then sitting.

This nephew, he had consented to the escape of, was Gerald, his sister's eldest son, who subsequently became the eleventh Earl of Kildare. He was born in 1525, and at the time of his half-brother's execution about ten years of age. Henry VIII., "being very averse to his whole family, and offering large sums of money for his apprehension," the poor youth's peril was imminent, and his escapes almost marvellous, from the treachery that environed him, and plots laid to get possession of his person; besides disease and accidents of extraordinary nature that otherwise threatened his existence. But he contrived to keep safe until after the death of Henry VIII., when Edward VI. reinstated him in much of his forfeited property, and Queen Mary, at the intercession of Cardinal Pole, restored him, 13 May, 1554, to the titles of Baron Offaley and Earl of Kildare.

George was in holy orders. Edward and Anthony died young, and John, of whom we have no further account.

Of the daughters,—Dorothy married first, Robert, the second Lord Willoughby de Broke, and secondly, William Blount, seventh Lord Montjoy, who died in 1594.

Cicely married John Sutton, seventh Lord Dudley,—"a man of weak understanding, who became entangled in usurer's bonds, and at last became exposed to the charity of his friends for subsistence, and spending the remainder of his life in visits among them, was commonly called *Lord Quondam*."

Mary, as his first wife, to Walter Devereux, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, and Bourchier, created first Viscount Hereford, 1549, and K.G.

Margaret, as his second wife, to Richard Wake, of Hartwell, Northamptonshire, second son and heir of Roger Wake of Blisworth in the same county, who died 19 Henry VII., 1504.

Elizabeth, as his first wife, to Sir John Arundell of Lanherne, Cornwall. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Arundell, K.B., who died 1 Oct., 1485, by Katharine, third daughter of Sir John Dinham, and coheir to her brother John, Lord Dinham; their daughter Elizabeth was wife of Giles, Lord Daubeney, K.G. "Sir John Arundell was made a Knight of the Bath on the eve of All Saints, 31 October, 1494, Knight of the Garter, 1501, and Knight Banneret in the expedition to Terouenne and Tournay at the battle of 'the Spurs,' in 1513, Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall in 1506, and Receiver General for life, 1509" (Dunkin). He died 36 Henry VIII., 1545. Their second son Thomas was ancestor of the Lords Arundel of Wardour.

Their splendid and originally richly enamelled brass still exists in the church of St. Columb-Major, Cornwall, in a fairly complete state,

the knight bare-headed, but otherwise in complete armour, between his two wives (the second was Katharine, daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville), in gowns, mantles, and pedimental head-dresses. Below them were two smaller male figures, one partly perfect in armour, and underneath again, six female children, of whom two remain. The inscription, partly missing, is on a ledger-line,—

✠ John Arundell Knyght of ye Bath and Knyght Banneret Recey ..... ye Duchye of Cornewall firſt Ma ..... Elizabeth Grey Daughter to the Lorde Marques Dorſet & after Kateryn ye Daughter of Syr Thomas Gre .... ght of ffebruary the xxxbi yere of the raigne of Kyng Henry the Eyght an° domine 1545 and ye yere of his age

There were formerly eight shields of arms; of these six remain quartered as follows,—

(1.) *Baron*, quarterly of six: — 1. Arundell. — 2. Dinham.— 3. Arches.— 4. Chideock.— 5. Carminow.— 6. Arundell; — impaling *femme*, quarterly of eight, — 1. Grey. — 2. Hastings. — 3. Valence. 4. Ferrers of Groby. — 5. Astley. — 6. Widville. — 7. Bonville. — 8. Harington. For Sir John Arundell, and the Lady Elizabeth Grey, his first wife.

(2.) *Baron*, quarterly of six as before, impaling *femme*, quarterly of four: — 1 and 4. Grenville. — 2 and 3. Whitley. For Sir John Arundell and Katharine Grenville his second wife.

(3.) *Baron*, as before, impaling *femme*, quarterly of four:— 1. Howard.— 2. Brotherton. — 3. Warren. — 4. Mowbray. For Sir Thomas Arundell (second son of Sir John), and his wife Margaret Howard, daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, and sister of Queen Katharine Howard.

(4.) *Baron*, quarterly of four:—1 and 4. Edgcumbe.—2 and 3. Holland; — impaling *femme*, Arundell and other quartered coats as before. For Richard Edgcumbe and Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Arundell.

(5.) *Baron*, quarterly of eight:—1. Ratcliffe.—2. Fitz-Walter. —3. Burnell.— 4. Botetourt.— 5. Lucy.— 6. Milton.— 7. Mortimer of Norfolk. — 8. Culcheth?; — impaling *femme*, Arundell with quartered coats as before. For Mary (daughter of Sir John Arundell and his second wife Katharine Grenville;) and her *first* husband, Robert Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex.

(6.) *Baron*, quarterly of four: — 1. Fitz-Alan. — 2. Fitz-Alan of Bedale.— 3. Widville. — 4, quarterly, 1 and 4 Maltravers. 2 and 3 Clun;—impaling *femme*, Arundell, &c., as before. For Mary Arundell, as above, and her *second* husband, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel.

Although, from his memorial brass, Sir John Arundell is presumably buried here, Weever, in his notice of St. Mary Woolnoth,

London, gives this inscription as being found in that church for him,—

> "HERE LIETH SIR *JOHN ARUNDELL* KNIGHT OF THE BATH, AND KNIGHT BANERET, RECEIVOR OF THE DUCHY..... GREY DAUGHTER TO THE LORD MARQUESE *DORSET*, WHO DIED 8 FEBR: THE 36 OF THE REIGNE OF KING *HEN.* THE 8."

Of the three remaining daughters of Cicely Bonville, Marchioness of Dorset, Eleanor married as his second wife Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, for a considerable time Lord Deputy of Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII. In his prime, he is said to have been "one of the fairest men then living," and led a very eventful and troubled life, was greatly disliked by Wolsey, who twice got him cited to England and sent to the Tower on charges of maladministration, and on his third committal in 1534 to that fortress, he never emerged again alive. During his incarceration his son—"called 'Silken Thomas,' of tall stature, comely proportion, amiable countenance, flexible and kind nature, and endowed with many accomplishments and good qualities"—together with his five brothers, engaged in open insurrection in Ireland. The news of this so "oppressed him with grief," that it is said to have hastened his death, which took place in 1534. Six months afterward, the five brothers and their nephew, his son, "were all six condemned to suffer the punishment of traitors, and were accordingly executed at Tyburn, on 2 Feb., 1535-6,—being hanged up, cut down before they were dead and quartered." The Earl was buried in the Tower Chapel, and on digging a grave therein for Ralph, son of Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower in 1580, his coffin was found with this inscription on it,—

> HERE LYETH THE CORPES OF THE L. GERALD FITZ-GERALD, EARLE OF KYLDARE, WHO DECEASED THE 12TH OF DECEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD M.CCCCC.XXXIIII. ON WHOSE SOLE JESU HAVE MERCY

Of this Earl, Hollingshed relates that he was

> "A wise, deep, and far reaching man; in war valiant and without rashness; and politic without treachery; such a suppressor of rebels in his government, as they durst not bear armour to the annoyance of any subject. He was so religiously addicted to the serving of God, as what time soever he travelled to any part of the Country, such as were of his chapel should be sure to follow him. He was also well affected to his wife, as he would not at any time buy a suit of apparel for himself, but he would suit her with the same stuff; which gentleness she recompensed with equal kindness; for after that he deceased in the Tower, she did not only ever after live a chaste and honourable widow, but also nightly before she went to bed, she would resort to his picture, and there, with a solemn *congé* she would bid her lord good night."

Not the least interesting, and almost romantic account, of one of the many of Cicely Bonville's daughters. The poet Earl of Surrey's 'Fair Geraldine' was one of this Earl's children.

Of the Marchioness's two remaining daughters, Anne was married to Richard Clement; and Bridget died young.

Leland, making note of this large family, remarks,—

"The sole doughtar of the Lorde Harington cawlid (Cecily) was maried to Thomas the first Marquese of Dorset that favorid the cummynge of Henry the vii, and he had by hir a 14 children, bothe men and wimen of excedinge goodly parsonage, of which the first sune lyvyd not longe, and then had Thomas the name of Lorde Harington, and aftar was the second Marquese of Dorset."

The Marquis of Dorset with Lord Hastings commanded the rear-guard at the battle of Tewkesbury, and after the engagement was over, and the young Prince Edward taken prisoner, who being introduced to Edward's presence, and interrogated, was brutally struck by him on the mouth with his gauntlet, and was thereupon dragged out of the king's presence and murdered by the attendant nobles, the Marquis of Dorset is said to have been among the savage conclave. Mercy and pity appear at the time to have fled from the earth.

Naturally all went well with the Marquis during the reign of his father-in-law, Edward IV., but at that king's death the machinations of Gloucester, Buckingham, and Hastings, the entrapping Earl Rivers, and getting possession of the persons of the young king and his brother, placed him in considerable peril. The Duke of York was under his custody in London, as Governor of the Tower, but on the approach of Gloucester to London, with the young king, the Marquis, together with the Duke of York, the Queen-Mother and her family at once took sanctuary at Westminster.

Events rapidly succeeded each other. Gloucester got first named Protector, a stepping-stone merely to his assumption of the Crown; the Earl Rivers and his companions, and Lord Hastings, were mercilessly disposed of; the young king and his brother sent to the Tower. Nothing now remained calculated to give Richard any cause for uneasiness, or lie in the way of his ambition, but the fact that these two poor boys, his nephews, were still alive. This difficulty did not exist long, and they perished under the influence of the same hideous resolve.

But the retribution was surely coming, if delayed for a time. Buckingham had retired in dudgeon to his castle at Brecknock, and his astute prisoner Morton, soon became the capturer of his gaoler, at least in mind, and then bade him adieu. Then followed the series of intrigues between Buckingham, the Countess of Richmond, and the Queen-Widow, with Sir Reginald Braye as ambassador, and Dr. Lewis as go-between, which ended in the unfortunate rising of Buckingham, so disastrously extinguished by the Severn flood. The Marquis of Dorset then appears to have quitted sanctuary, and gone into Yorkshire, presumably to raise forces, with the intention of joining the other contingents to be gathered in Kent under Sir Richard Guilford, and from the west under the Courtenays, Cheney, Daubeney, and others, the place of *rendez-vous* being at Salisbury. Before however this could be accomplished, or rather while measures

were being taken in preparation, Buckingham's misfortune took place, and these, the other chief actors, fled for their lives, and were fortunate to escape and get across the channel to Brittany, and to the Earl of Richmond.

Richard promptly attainted the fugitives, and, says Rapin,—

"issued a Proclamation against Buckingham, and the Marquis of Dorset, with others of his adherents, whom he supposed to be in league with him. But as the Marquis had not appeared in arms, and so could not be styled a rebel, he made use of another pretence to involve him in the sentence. He said that having taken oath at his coronation to punish vice and wickedness, he was obliged to punish the Marquis of Dorset, notorious for his debaucheries, who had seduced and ravished several virgins, being guilty of sundry adulteries, &c. A reward of a thousand marks, or one hundred marks a year (in land), was promised to anyone who would bring the Marquis to justice, and sums in proportion for the rest that were named in the Proclamation."

They got safely across however, and so foiled the tender intentions of this amiable potentate. Richmond appeared soon after, returning from his fruitless voyage across the channel, and,

"when he arrived he heard of the Duke of Buckingham's death, and found the Marquis of Dorset, and other English gentlemen who had made their escape. They all swore allegiance to him, and he took his corporal oath on the same day, the 25th of December, that he would marry the Princess Elizabeth, when he had suppressed the usurper Richard, and was in the possession of the Crown."

Richard, however, who was kept well informed of all that went on abroad, had determined if possible to check-mate this scheme of Richmond, by marrying the lady himself,—

"and to that end did his utmost to ingratiate himself with her mother the Queen Elizabeth. He sent flattering messages to her in Sanctuary, promised to advance the Marquis of Dorset and all her relations, and won upon her so much by his fair speeches, that forgetting the many affronts he had cast upon the memory of her husband, on her own honour and the legitimacy of her children, and even the murder of her dear sons, she complyed with him, and promised to bring over her son, and all the late king's friends from the party of Richmond, and went so far as to deliver up her five daughters into his hand. She also wrote to her son the Marquis of Dorset, to leave Richmond and hasten to England where she had procured him a pardon, and provided all sorts of honours for him."

Then, of course, followed the "illness" of Richard's poor Queen, now completely in the way of these delicate arrangements, who hearing

"what was reported against her, believed it came from her husband, and thence concluding that her hour was drawing nigh, ran to him in a most sorrowful and deplorable condition, and demanded of him, '*what she had done to deserve death.*' Richard answered her with fair words and false smiles bidding her '*be of good cheer for to his knowledge she had no other cause.*' But whether her grief, as he designed it should, struck so to her heart, that it broke with the mortal wound, or he hastened her end, as was generally suspected, by poison, she died in a few days afterward."

Thus another victim was removed from this ghastly panorama of treachery and guilt. She was the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, the 'king-maker,' and, when Richard married her, widow of Prince Edward (heir to Henry VI.), so foully murdered after the battle of

Tewkesbury. The Lady Katharine Bonville was her aunt, and Cicely Bonville, her daughter, was the poor Queen's cousin.

Richard's new matrimonial project did not go on so smoothly as he expected, his former Queen "was scarcely cold in her grave, before he made his addresses to the Princess Elizabeth, who held his pretended love in abhorrence, and the whole kingdom averse to so unnatural a marriage,"—she was his own niece. He therefore put off for a time further prosecuting his suit, and "deferred his courtship until he was better settled on the throne."

Richmond, who in his turn had full knowledge of all Richard's proceedings, was quite equal to the occasion, and determined to foil his rival both of wife and kingdom, which he successfully accomplished.

In the meantime the Queen-Mother, to oblige Richard, continued

"to write her son the Marquis of Dorset, to leave Richmond. The Marquis fearing the Earl would not succeed in his enterprise, gave way to his mother's persuasions, and King Richard's flattering promises, left the Earl, and stole away from Paris by night, intending to escape into Flanders. But as soon as the Earl had notice of his flight, he applied to the French Court to apprehend him in any part of his dominions, for both himself and his followers, were afraid of his discovering his designs if he got to England.

"Having obtained license to seize him, the Earl sent messengers every way in search of him, and among the rest Humphrey Cheney, Esq., who overtook him near Champaigne, and by arguments and fair promises prevailed with him to return.

"By the Marquis's disposition to leave him, the Earl began to doubt, that if he delayed his expedition to England longer, many more of his friends might grow cool in their zeal for him. So he earnestly solicited the French Court for aid, 'desiring so small a supply of men and money, that Charles could not in honour refuse him; yet for what he lent him, he would have hostages, that satisfaction should be made. The Earl made no scruple of that, so leaving the Lord Marquis of Dorset (whom he still mistrusted), and Sir John Bourchier, as his pledges at Paris, he departed for Rouen, where the few men the French king had lent him, and all the English that followed his future, rendezvous'd.'"

Rather an ignominious *dénouement*, but doubtless Richmond, quite estimated the quality of his man, and would not allow the Marquis to play any possible double game by taking him to England with the expedition. So he remained at Paris, in this kind of semi-imprisonment, until after the battle of Bosworth, Henry's coronation, and the end of the Parliament in 1485, when the king was possessed of some means to pay off his debt to the French king.

This being obtained, he sent across to Paris and redeemed the Marquis and Bourchier, and invited them over to England. On the 18 Jan. following, Henry married the Princess Elizabeth, half-sister to the Marquis. Soon after the king restored him to all his honours, called him to the Privy Council, and created him a Knight of the Garter, being the two hundred and fortieth in the succession of that noble Order.

Henry however still distrusted him, for on his pilgrimage to Walsingham in 1487,—

"being come to St. Edmunds-bury, he understood that Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, was hasting toward him, to purge himself of some accusations that had been made against him. But the King, though he kept an ear for him, yet was

at the time so doubtful, that he sent the Earl of Oxford to meet him, and forthwith carry him to the Tower; with a fair message nevertheless, that he should bear that disgrace with patience, for that the King meant not his hurt, but only to preserve him from doing hurt, either to the King's service or to himself, and that the King should always be able (when he had cleared himself) to make him reparation."

Very wise of Henry, doubtless, and done in kindness to prevent his not too strong-minded brother-in-law getting into mischief. The Marquis remained in the Tower until after the coronation of the Queen,—when Henry, who had locked him up "rather upon suspicion of the time, than of the man, set him at liberty without examination, or other circumstance."

He was with the large army taken across the channel to France in 1492, in the flotilla under the command of Lord Willoughby de Broke, which was apparently designed, but really never intended, to assist the Emperor Maximilian. The Marquis also held a command in the royal forces in 1497, at the defeat of the Cornish insurgents on Black-Heath.

It is probable also he accompanied Henry into the west, at the suppression of Perkin Warbeck's attempt in October of the same year. Respecting this Mr. Davidson writes,—

"The king left Exeter on 3 November, and passed the night at the College of St. Mary, at Ottery, and on the next day proceeded to Newenham Abbey. At this place the king remained nearly a week until the 10th, when he resumed his progress to London. It is difficult indeed to imagine for what reason the king remained so long a time at Newenham at this period, unless he was engaged in making enquiry for such of the men of consideration in the Counties of Devon and Somerset as had taken part with the rebels, and in appointing the commissioners for detecting them. Among those commissioners the name of Sir Amias Paulet appears, whose residence in Somersetshire was at no great distance from this place. It may be conjectured also, that the king was entertained by the lord Marquis of Dorset, at his manor and mansion of Shute, which is nearly adjoining the Abbey demesnes, for this nobleman appears to have been on terms of familiar intercourse with his sovereign. The following items appear in the king's privy purse expenses;—'*1492, 7 July. To my lord Marquis for a ring of gold, £100.—1495, March 20.—Loste at the buttes to my lord Marques £1.*'"

Four years after Warbeck's rebellion, on the 10 April, 1501, the Marquis died; by his will, without date, he "*bequeathed his body to be buried in his College at Astley, before the image of the Blessed Trinity, in the midst of his closet, within the same College; and that his executors should cause to be said for his soul, in every of the four orders of Friars in London, a hundred masses, and at the time of his burial, one hundred marks to be distributed in alms to the poor people.*"

On a boss over the organ-gallery in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are the arms of the Marquis, quarterly of eight:—1. *Barry of six argent and azure, in chief three torteaux* (Grey).—2. *Or, a maunche gules* (Hastings).—3. *Barry of ten argent and azure, an orle of martlets gules* (Valence). Over these three quarterings *a label of three points ermine*—4. *Gules, seven mascles, three, three, and one, or* (Quincy).—5. *Azure, a cinquefoil ermine* (Astley).—6. *Argent,*

a fess and a canton gules (Widville). — 7. *Sable, six mullets argent, pierced gules* (Bonville). — 8. *Sable, a fret argent* (Harington).

On his banner he bore the same quarterings. The "tenan," *an unicorn ermine.* His standard, *per fess white and murrey.* The badges are "*bunches of daisies, tufted proper*" (this from Widville). The motto, "A MA PUISSANCE" (Willement).

Cicely Bonville, Marchioness of Dorset, married secondly Henry Stafford, second son of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham (by his wife Catherine daughter of Richard Widville, Earl Rivers), who, rising in revolt against Richard III., was beheaded at Salisbury, 1483.

He was created Earl of Wiltshire by Henry VII., in 1509, and constituted a Knight of the Garter by the same monarch, being the two hundred and fifty-eighth on the roll of the Order.

The Marchioness of Dorset was his second wife. His first was Muriel, daughter of Sir Edward Grey,—created Viscount L'Isle, 1483, —brother to Sir John Grey, father of the Marquis of Dorset, and therefore cousin to the Marchioness's first husband. The Earl of Wiltshire left no issue by either of his wives. He died 6 March, 1523, when his title became extinct.

On a boss in the vaulting of the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is his badge, *a Stafford knot argent, differenced by a crescent sable*, and on a stall-plate below are his arms, quarterly:— 1. *France and England within a bordure argent* (Plantagenet).— 2. Bohun. — 3. Stafford. — 4. Bohun, Earl of Northampton; there are no supporters. The crest, *in a ducal coronet, per pale sable and gules, a demi-swan argent, beaked gules, the wings endorsed.* Motto, "HUMBLE ET LOYAL" (Willement).

The carved escutcheon of this Earl, quartered as above, with *crescent* for difference, and encircled by the Garter, was found among the ruins of the Cluniac Priory of St. Mary Magdalene at Barnstaple, and is now preserved in a modern residence built on the site. The *knot and crescent* are found on the churches of Axminster, Ottery St. Mary, and Seaton, and will be further referred to.

We do not hear much more of the Marchioness, but she evidently stood very high in the Court of Henry VIII., for in September, 1533, at the christening of the Princess, afterward Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Queen Anne Boleyn, at Greenwich, Hall relates that "the old Marchioness of Dorset, widow," was one of the child's god-mothers, and in the grand procession the Marquis her son, bore the Salt, and she afterward made the infant-princess "a present of three gilt bowls pounced with a cover."

By her will, dated 6 March, 1528-9. 19 Henry VIII., she "*bequeathed her body to be buried in the Chapel of Astley, in the tomb where her husband the late Lord Marquis lay, and a thousand masses to be said for her soul. That a goodly tomb should be made in the Chapel of Astley over the Lord Marquis her husband, and another for herself, and two priests daily to sing in the said Chapel of Astley by the space of eighty years, to pray for the soul of the said Lord Marquis and her own soul.*"

The exact date of her death does not appear to have been ascertained, but probably before, or by 1530, when she would have been about seventy years old.

With the death of Cicely Bonville—last of her name and race—the main personal interest of our little narrative ceases, and it is not intended, in bringing our story to its conclusion, to give a long detailed account of the two next succeeding generations of the Greys, which belongs rather to national history.

Thomas Grey, eldest son of Thomas Grey, first Marquis of Dorset, and Cicely Bonville, was summoned to Parliament in 1509, as Lord Ferrers of Groby, and in 1511, as the second Marquis of Dorset. He married first Eleanor, daughter of Oliver, Lord St. John, by whom he had no issue, and secondly Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Wotton of Bocton in Kent, by whom he had Henry, his successor;—John, ancestor of the Earls of Stamford;—Elizabeth, married to Thomas, Lord Audley of Walden, K.G., Lord Chancellor to Henry VIII., who sat as High Steward at the trial of Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, and who died in 1544;—Catherine, to Henry Fitzalan, eighteenth and last Earl of Arundel of that family, Lord High Steward to Queen Elizabeth, and K.G., who died 1579;—and Anne, to Henry Willoughby of Wollaton, Nottinghamshire.

He appears to have enjoyed the favour and confidence of that dangerously uncertain despot Henry VIII., and in 1512 was constituted Commander-in-Chief of the expedition sent into Spain, designed as an augmentation of the forces of the Emperor Ferdinand in the invasion of Guienne, and with him were associated the second Lord Willoughby de Broke and other noblemen. In 1514, he was with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in France at the jousts of St. Denis, and acquired considerable renown; as afterward at the meeting of Henry and Francis in 1521 on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He was one of the lords who signed the celebrated letter to Pope Clement touching the king's divorce, and subscribed to the articles of impeachment against Cardinal Wolsey. Altogether a pliant and observant courtier probably, who carefully noted, studied, and complied with the errant phases of his grim master's will, the only safe way of getting on with him, and keeping his head on his shoulders, but, of course, requiring the aid of a not too-exacting conscience.

He made his will 1530, "*ordered his body to be buried at Astley, near his father, and his executors to make and build a Chapel at Astley, according to the will of his father, with a goodly tomb over his father and mother, and where he himself resolved to be buried.*" Together with further bequests "*to found an alms house for thirteen poor men, who were to have twelve pence a week, and a livery of black cotton yearly at a cost of four shillings, and three honest priests to pray for his soul, &c.*"

Relating to the burial of this nobleman, we append the following, given as a quotation by Burke,—

"The Collegiate church of Astley, founded by Thomas third Lord Astley, whose heiress-general married the ancestor of this Marquis, a most rare and

beautiful piece of workmanship, having fallen down, a new chancel was erected by the parishioners. When on opening the vault where the body of the Marquis was laid, a large and long coffin of wood was found, which at the curious desire of some, being burst open, the body which had lain there for seventy-eight years, appeared perfect in every respect, neither perished nor hardened, but the flesh, in colour, proportion, and softness, alike to any corpse newly interred. The body was about five feet eight inches in length, the face broad and the hair yellow. All which seemed to be well preserved from the strong embalming thereof."

Henry Grey, third and last Marquis of Dorset, was constituted Lord High-Constable of England for three days at the coronation of Edward VI., 1547. In 1551 made Justice in Eyre of all the King's Forests, and in 1552 Warden of the East, West, and Middle Marches toward Scotland, and 11 October of the same year was created Duke of Suffolk, and installed Knight of the Garter.

He married first Katharine, daughter of William, Earl of Arundel, but by her had no issue.

Secondly, he espoused Frances, daughter of Charles Brandon, created Duke of Suffolk in 1514, and K.G.,—by his third wife the Princess Mary, second daughter of king Henry VII., widow of king Lewis XII., and so Queen-Dowager of France. The issue of this marriage was three daughters, Jane, Katharine, and Mary.

The Lady Jane Grey married the Lord Guilford Dudley, son of John Dudley, created Duke of Northumberland in 1551 and K.G.; by his wife Jane daughter of Sir Edward Guilford, knt. The Duke his father, was beheaded on Tower Hill 22 Aug., 1553.

The Lady Katharine Grey, married first Henry, Lord Herbert, eldest son of William, Earl of Pembroke, from whom she was divorced. Secondly she married Lord Edward Seymour, son of the Protector Somerset, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, 22 Jan., 1552. Lord Edward Seymour was created by Queen Elizabeth in 1559, Baron Beauchamp of Hache, and Earl of Hertford. But for marrying the Lady Katharine without the permission first obtained of the imperious and unfeeling Queen, they were both committed to the Tower. He was fined five thousand pounds, and endured nine years imprisonment. His wife bore him three sons during her captivity, and she died while still a prisoner in that fortress 26 Jan., 1567. He died at an advanced age in 1621.

The Lady Mary Grey married Martin Keys, Groom-Porter to Queen Elizabeth.

It is not necessary here to enter into the mournful circumstances of the deaths,—perhaps the most sad in English history—of the youthful Lady Jane Grey and her husband Lord Guilford Dudley,—they are fully known to all who have the slightest acquaintanceship with our national annals. The event occurred on 12 Feb., 1554.

The same remark will apply to the fate of the Duke of Suffolk, her father,—his participation in Wyatt's rising, the story of his fleeing from his pursuers, hiding in a hollow tree in his park at Astley, and betrayal (under circumstances somewhat similar to Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham), by Underwood, one of his own park-keepers to whom he had confided the secret of his life,—need only the outline of relation here, to give semblance of completion to our little history.

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EFFIGY OF FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

He found his death also by the executioner's hand on Tower Hill, 23 Feb., 1554.

The Duchess of Suffolk, his widow, married secondly Adrian Stokes, Esq. She was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, where, on a high-tomb of the same costly material, reclines her effigy in alabaster, clad in the rich costume of the period, with a crowned lion at her feet. On one side of the tomb is this inscription,—

HERE LIETH THE LADIE FRANCES, DVCHES OF SOVTHFOLKE,
DOVGHTER TO CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SOVTHFOLKE,
AND MARIE THE FRENCHE QVENE;
FIRST WIFE TO HENRIE, DUKE OF SOVTHFOLKE,
AND AFTER TO ADRIAN STOCK, ESQVIER.

and on the other the following,—

IN CLARISS: DOM: FRANCISCÆ SVFFOLCIÆ QVONDAM DVCISSÆ EPICEDION.

MIL DECVS AVT SPLENDOR, NIL REGIA NOMINA PROSVNT
SPLENDIDA DIVITIIS, NIL JVVAT AMPLA DOMVS;
OMNIA FLVXERVNT, VIRTVTIS SOLA REMANSIT
GLORIA, TARTAREIS NON ABOLENDA ROGIS.

NVPTA DVCI PRIVS EST, VXOR POST ARMIGERI STOKES;
FVNERE NVNC VALEAS CONSOCIATO DEUS.

Below in panels are sculptured the arms of France and England, Brandon and Stokes with numerous quarterings.

Of this lady says Dean Stanley,—

"She had thrown herself headlong into the Protestant cause. She had dressed up a cat in a rochet to irritate the bishops; and had insulted Gardiner, as she passed by the Tower, 'It is well for the lambs when the wolves are shut up.' Naturally in her own turn she had to fly after her husband's and her daughter's bloody death, and lived just long enough to see the betrothal of her daughter, Catherine Grey to the Earl of Hertford, and to enjoy the turn of fortune which restored her to the favour of Elizabeth, and allowed her sepulture beside her royal ancestors. The service was probably the first celebrated in English in the Abbey since Elizabeth's accession; and it was followed by the Communion service, in which the Dean (Dr. Bill) officiated, and Jewell preached the sermon. Could her Puritanical spirit have known the site of her tomb, she would have rejoiced in the thought, that it was the first to displace one of the venerated altars of the old Catholic saints."

The effigy, a very noble one, clasps a book, presumably intended for the Bible, in her hands, doubtless another evidence of her "Puritanical spirit," and which she probably deemed of more importance than the choicest relics of "saints" preserved in the "venerated altars" that teemed around.

Adrian Stokes, or Stock, Esq., who married the Duchess of Suffolk, 1 March, 1555, just twelve months after the Duke's death, is said to have acted as her Master of the Horse. In spite of this disparity of social position, and also of age (he being about seventeen, and the Duchess thirty-two years old at the date of their marriage), the union appears to have been a happy one (she only survived four years), for at her death in December, 1559, she left him in possession

of large estates in Warwickshire and Leicestershire. In 1571 Stokes was returned to Parliament for Leicestershire, having under his charge the Lady Mary Grey, his step-daughter, and about that period, married secondly, Anne, widow of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. He died without issue 30 Nov., 1586. He erected this fine monument to her memory.

His ward the Lady Mary Grey appears to have had no higher ambition in the selection of a husband, than her mother's second venture, having married, as previously related, Martin Keys, Groom-Porter to Queen Elizabeth. It may be, her step-father's social position was against anything better.

The memorials of Cicely Bonville, Marchioness of Dorset, are fairly numerous and interesting. "The walls of many churches," says Mr. Davidson, "in the neighbourhood of this lady's extensive possessions testify by the arms and devices of her family and connections, that she employed a part of her immense wealth by assisting in their erection."

The most considerable of these, is the beautiful Chapel on the north side of the nave of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, at Ottery, and known as the "Dorset aisle," which without doubt she built. It is of considerable size, and its fan-traceried vaulting very rich; on the pillars of the arcade are the arms of Bishop Oldham, and his rebus, *an owl holding a label in its beak inscribed with the last syllable of the prelate's name*, ham,—1504-19; and also of Bishop Vesey his successor, 1519-51. This shews that its erection occurred within those dates, after her marriage with the Earl of Wiltshire, but before her death, which took place about 1530. Studding the moulding under the parapet outside are the family badges, the Harington *fret*, Stafford *knot*, *bull's-head* of Hastings, and Bourchier *knot*, often repeated, while over the porch-entrance are the denuded remains of what was evidently the armorial achievement of this lady. There is a shield surrounded by the Garter, but the bearings are quite undecipherable, except the traces of a *fret*, the supporters appear to have been a *lion* on the dexter side, and on the sinister an *antelope*. Above the shield is a helmet, and remains of a crest. At the top and in the base of the panel is the Stafford *knot*, of large size, and on each side this device is repeated alternately with the *mullet* of Bonville.

These arms together with some other sculpture within the porch, appear to have been designedly mutilated, perhaps after the attainder and execution of the Duke of Suffolk, by order of Queen Mary, similarly to the manner the heraldic achievements of the Countess of Salisbury in her beautiful Chantry in the Priory Church of Christ Church, Hants, were commanded to be obliterated ("*delete*") by Henry VIII., after her savage beheading.

The outer armorial panel is supported by columns with a crocketted canopy, and figures of angels stand on the pillars; at their base are small shields with the *merchant's mark* and *initial* of Goodwyn of Plymtree, who held that manor of the Hastings family at the time. There are several of the original bench-ends within the

Chapel; on one is a large *double rose* and on another *pomegranates*, but they are of comparatively plain character in carved detail.

At the meeting of Henry VIII. and Maximilian at Terouenne in 1515, Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham was "attired in purple satin, his apparel full of *antelopes*, and *swans* (of Bohun) of fine gold bullion, and full of spangles." Henry Stafford, Earl of Wiltshire, his brother, and second husband of Cicely Bonville, bore on his banner the *swan* (of Bohun) amid *semée of Stafford knots*, with the motto, "HUMBLE ET LOYAL."

Knightstone, in Ottery St. Mary, originally the inheritance of the Bittlesgate family, became the property of the Marchioness of Dorset in 1494, the remainder having previously been vested in William, Lord Bonville. On the attainder of her grandson, the Duke of Suffolk, in 1554, it was purchased by Mr. William Sherman, a merchant of Ottery, who died in 1583, and whose brass effigies are on the pavement of the south aisle of the church.

In the church of Limington near Ilchester, Somerset, two memorials are found, but whether they are to be considered mementoes of Cicely Bonville, or of her son the second Marquis, is not so clear. These consist of two finely carved bench-ends, in the chancel. They are of considerable height, having *fleur-de-lys* shaped finials on the top, and below occurs, on one the *rose*, and on the other the *pomegranate*, of Henry VIII. Then follows a large shield, quarterly, —1 and 4, *six mullets pierced, three, two, one* (BONVILLE).—2 and 3, *a fret* (HARINGTON); and under this the initials W. C. joined by a cordon. Beneath are four *roses*, single and very thickly double, alternate.

The Bonvilles acquired considerable property in Limington, Somerset, of the representatives of the De Gyvernay family. The last of them Henry de Gyvernay died seized of the manor 35 Henry III., leaving a daughter Joan married to William de Shareshull. The very fine and well-preserved effigy in the uniquely-groined north transeptal Chantry, was probably placed to the memory of one of them (although the armour and appointments are comparatively late), and the other three earlier effigies on the floor doubtless represent preceding generations.

The initials W. C. on the bench-end evidently allude to Walter Cocks, incumbent of the parish, who was inducted in 1535, patron the Marquis of Dorset. This would be about five years after Cicely Bonville's death, and in the lifetime of her son, but the marshalling of the arms seems to allude more directly to his mother.

On escutcheons in the panels of the carved parapet of Axminster church are the Harington *fret*, and the Stafford *knot, surmounted by a crescent;* this last badge having allusion to Henry Stafford, Earl of Wiltshire, her second husband, he being the second son of Henry, Duke of Buckingham. "As the manor of Uphay in the parish belonged to her," remarks Mr. Davidson, "it is not surprising she should have contributed to the enlargement of the church at Axminster."

Among the shields shewing the descent of Walrond, that formerly had place on a screen in their Chantry in Seaton church, is one

charged with the Stafford *knot* and *crescent*, probably included out of compliment by the squire of Bovey to his noble neighbour of Wiscombe. It also occurs over the tower door at Hawkchurch, together with the arms of Daubeney, and the Abbey of Cerne.

But the most interesting of all, is the presumed effigy of Cicely herself, in the portion remaining of the once beautiful church of Astley, in Warwickshire. This, for a long time fixed upright in the wall of the tower, at the west end of the choir, now reclines on a low tomb. The figure is of alabaster, with pyramidal head-dress, gown richly embroidered and gilt, and mantle, on which are traces of crimson colour, the head rests on a cushion originally guarded by angels. From her girdle are suspended an *aumônière* on the right side and a rosary on the left.

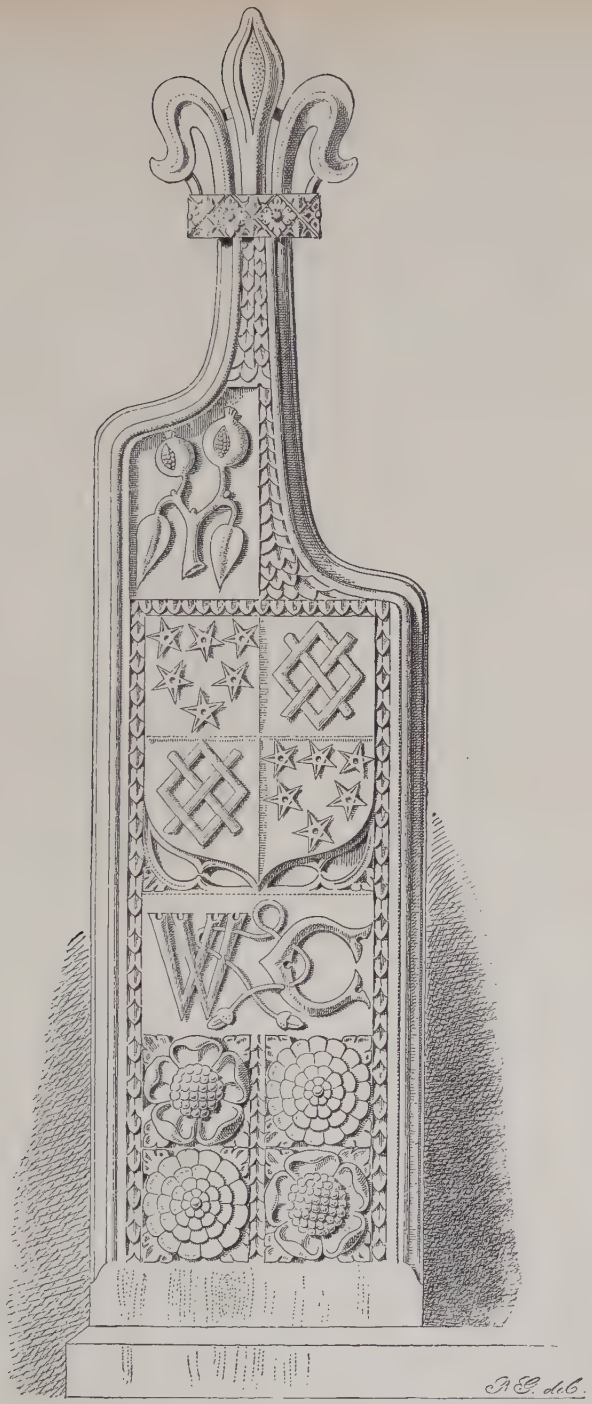
There are two other effigies, also in this church, sculptured in alabaster. One, a knight with hair polled, in full plate armour, and collar of S.S. His head rests on a helmet, and his feet on a lion. The other, a lady, has long flowing hair to the shoulders, on her head a coronet with traces of *fleurs-de-lys* and pearls, necklace, and wearing also the rare Yorkist collar of Suns and Roses, from which is suspended the Lion of March. The remains of angels support the cushions on which her head rests.

The ladies are much shorter in stature than the knight, and the probability is they all occupied separate tombs, which stood in the side chapels originally existing attached to the antient chancel, before it fell down and was rebuilt at the time the body of the second Marquis was discovered, at the end of the seventeenth century.

The knight is apparently the earlier effigy of the three, probably dating about 1480-90, the lady with the coronet next, or about contemporary, and the lady in the pyramidal head-dress considerably the latest, as shewn by her costume, which would accord very nearly with that worn at the era of Cicely Bonville's death.

Sir Edward Grey, uncle to Thomas Grey, first Marquis of Dorset, married Elizabeth, sister and heir of Thomas Talbot, Viscount L'Isle. 15 Edward IV. he was created Baron, and 1 Richard III. Viscount L'Isle, died in 1492, and bequeathed his body to be buried in the new chapel of Our Lady, begun to be built by himself in the College of Astley, where the body of his late wife Elizabeth lay interred. His daughter Muriel was the first wife of Henry Stafford, Earl of Wiltshire, second husband of Cicely Bonville. A guess may be hazarded that these figures represent Sir Edward Grey and his wife Elizabeth.

Before we close our account of the Bonville and Grey memorials, we propose to include—from its uniqueness of example—another remembrance to a presumed second-cousin of the Lady Cicely, that we discovered among the fine series of bench-ends in a visit to the little church of Barwick, near Yeovil, on our way back from Limington. It is one of a pair in the chancel, almost alike, the only difference being—and here note the evident purpose conveyed in all mediæval symbolism—that one shield, the earliest in the succession is suspended by a guige from *a hawthorn tree in blossom*, and the later one from



BENCH-END, LIMINGTON CHURCH, SOMERSET, Circa 1535.

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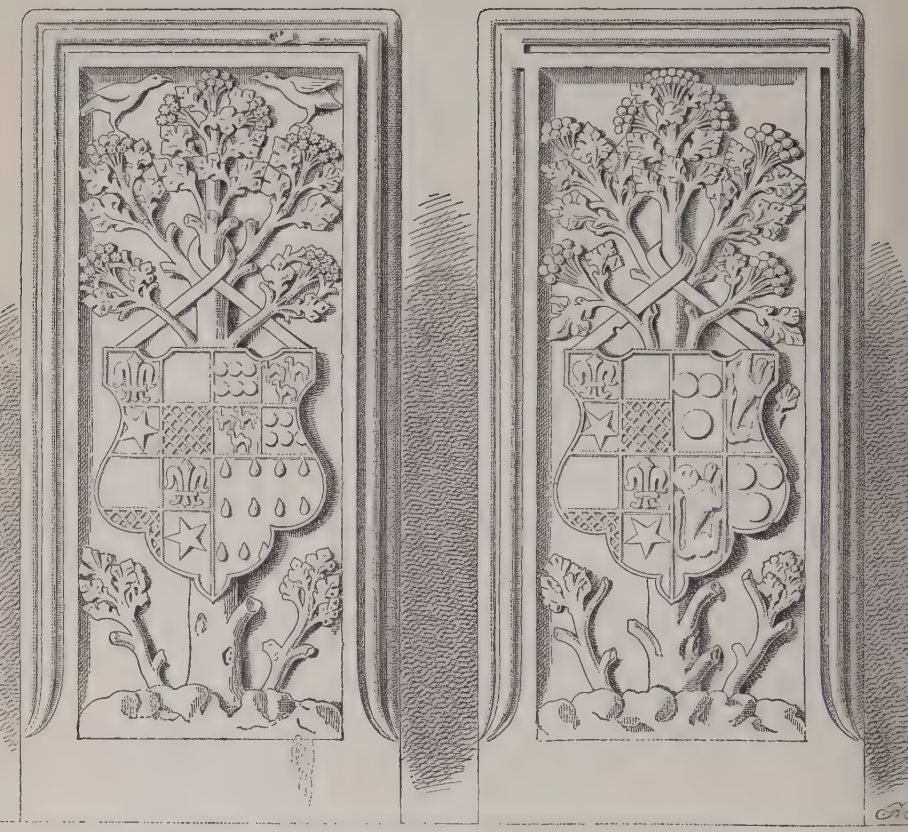

BENCH-ENDS, BARWICK CHURCH, SOMERSET.

a hawthorn tree in fruit. The arms on the first are, dexter, quarterly of four:—1 and 4. *On a chief a fleur-de-lys, in base a mullet pierced* (Rogers).—2 and 3. *Fretty, and a chief* (Echyngham); impaling,—*In chief quarterly, 1 and 4, six roundels, 2 and 3, three camels; in base guttée* (———— ?). On the second bench-end are Rogers and Echyngham, quarterly as before, impaling Courtenay and De Redvers quarterly.

"The family of Roger or Rogers," says Mr. Batten, "whose chief seat was at Bryanstone, Dorset, held Barwick for six generations, extending to the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth." John Rogers married Anne, daughter of Thomas de Echyngham, Lord of Echyngham in Sussex. His grandson Sir John, married presumably —for singularly her name does not as yet appear to be identified in the pedigree—Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham, who died in 1512, by his wife Cicely, daughter of Sir John Cheney of Pinhoe.

Sir William Courtenay's mother was Margaret Bonville, daughter of Lord William Bonville, and so great-aunt to Cicely Bonville, and Elizabeth Rogers of the Barwick panel, was her second cousin.

They were buried at Bryanstone, and on the floor of the chancel of that church, without the rails, says Hutchins, "on the gravestone are the brass effigies of a man and a woman kneeling and their hands elevated. Over are the arms of Rogers and Echyngham quarterly, and under the woman, Rogers impaling Courtenay, and this inscription:—

> Of your charitie pray for the soules of John Rogers esquyer and Elizabeth his wyfe which John decessed the day of in the ye'r md^c^ and Elizabeth decessed the first day of October in the ye'r of our Lord m d^c^ xbiij on whose soules J'hu habe m'cy

on other bench-ends at Barwick are the initials W. H. and date 1533, probably for William Hooper, patron of the benefice at that time. The date of the Limington bench-ends is almost contemporary.

A round-about digression, you will say, gentle reader, but how interesting is it, thus in our little pilgrimage, to connect the relationship of these old sculptures, and make their personal history live again; verily, if there be any charm belonging to these researches into the past, herein it is found.

Of the early inheritances of the Bonvilles, Wiscombe, and Shute, on the attainder of the Duke of Suffolk both fell to the Crown, and Queen Mary granted them to her Secretary, Sir William Petre.

Wiscombe, toward the end of the sixteenth century, appears to have been the residence of Robert Drake, Esq., probably under grant from the descendants of Sir William Petre. He was the son of John Drake, Esq., of Ashe, Musbury, who died 4 Oct., 1558, by his wife Amy daughter of Roger Grenville, Esq., of Stow, who died 18 Feb., 1577-8. He married Elizabeth—daughter of Humphrey Prideaux of Theuborough, north Devon, who died 8 May, 1550, by his wife Joan

daughter of Richard Fowell, of Fowells-combe, in south Devon,—by whom he left a large family.

William, the eldest son, was of Wiscombe. He married Philippa, sister of Sir Thomas Denys, died in 1619, leaving six children, of whom Thomas the eldest succeeded him at Wiscombe, and died in 1661.

Henry was of Childhay, an old picturesque seat in the parish of Broad-Winsor, Dorset. This he acquired by his marriage with Amy, daughter of John Crukerne, of Childhay, and widow of Sir Arthur Champernowne, of Modbury, Devon. He died in 1640.

Nicholas, a pensioner of James I., died 1640. He married Jane, daughter of William Tothill, "youngest of thirty-three children," she died 1622.

Robert, a colonel in the army, together with Humphrey his brother, a captain, were both killed at Ostend early in 1604.

Bernard, also described as of Wiscombe, married Elizabeth Densloe, and John, died without issue. Three of the daughters were named Gertrude, Ursula, and Amy.

The old historian, Westcote, thus refers to the untimely death of these soldier-brothers,—

"Wiscombe; where liveth a generous family of Drake; of which race there were lately two brothers, (besides others) Robert and Henry: (the sons of Robert:) the first, a colonel of much worth and esteem with the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands; and the other a captain: both taken away in the flower of their age: a great grief to their friends and loss to their country."

And Risdon, his contemporary, adds in almost similar words,—

"Here (Wiscombe) now inhabits a generous tribe of the Drakes, of which, besides other brothers, were Robert and Henry, the sons of Robert; the first a colonel in the Netherlands, of great esteem with the Prince of Orange and the States, of his valour, who in all his actions was said to make use of the spur of courage, and the reins of judgment; the other a captain, of much hope, both taken away in the flower of their age, in defence of Ostend, to the great grief of their friends, and loss of their country."

The monument of Robert Drake, the father of these unfortunate men,—and who was mercifully prevented by death from experiencing the great trial of their early decease,—occurs on the north side of the chancel of Southleigh church. It is of Ionic character with arabesque ornamentation, and bears the following inscription,—

ARMIGER AURATUS ROBERTUS NOMINE DRACUS
HIC JACET ILLE PIUS PAUPERIBUSQUE BONUS
SEPTE GNATOS FRUGI ET GNATAS QUINQUE VENUSTAS
PARTURIIT CONJUX ELIZABETHA SIBI
OBIIT 1600. MARCH 30.

Thus translated,—"*An ennobled Esquire, Robert Drake by name, lies here, one who feared God and remembered the poor; his wife Elizabeth bore him seven thrifty sons and five comely daughters. Died 30 March, 1600.*"

Below are five shields:—1. *A wyvern with wings displayed* (Drake), impaling *A chevron enhanced by a fleur-de-lys and charged with two*

roundels, between three crescents. — 2. GRENVILLE. — 3. *A chevron charged with a mullet, a label of three* (PRIDEAUX). — 4. *Ermine, three battle-axes in pale* (DENYS). — 5. *A fess between three fleurs-de-lys.*

Robert Drake was the brother of Sir Bernard of Ashe, who died of jail fever in 1586, and of Richard Drake of Esher, who died in 1603.*

The Wiscombe estate appears to have remained in the possession of the Petre family, until disposed of by Lord Petre in 1794, to Mr. J. M. How.

Speaking of Wiscombe, Risdon says,—

"It some time belonged to the priory of Otterton, which was in the time of K. Hen. 3., by the prior granted unto sir Nicholas Bonvile, kt., which he made his dwelling, and had here a large park for deer, not long since disparked by the Lord Petre whose inheritance it now is."

And Westcote, albeit with no special genealogical accuracy, thus soliloquises,—

"This place is memorable for being the habitation of Lord Bonvile, an unfortunate man: (for unwise I dare not nor may not term him:) yet this may I say by the way, good fortune and wisdom, folly and ill-fortune or mischance, go masked, and that very often under one hood; yea, unmasked do so near resemble one the other, that they are hardly known or rightly distinguished (by those that look them directly in the face) each from other, and therefore one bears very often the other's faults, and on the contrary one steals away the other's praise and commendation; which is truly avered by Athenæus, when he saith,

'Longissime a sapientia sors dissidet
Sed multa perfecit tamen simillima.'

Seldom the traitor, though much haste he make,
Lame-footed vengeance fails to overtake.

The extreme mischief succeeded; first his only son was taken from him by untimely death, and his nephew (the third William, Lord Harrington by his mother's right,) slain at the battle of Wakefield; and immediately after (that his old age might want no kind of misery,) while he waited still and long expected better days, himself was taken (at the battle of St. Alban's,) prisoner, and having now run out his full and long course of nature, could not yet come to the grave in peace, but lost his head; leaving behind him for heir, Cicely, his grandson's daughter; a damsel of tender years, who brought a large and rich inheritance to Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, half-brother, by the mother, to king Edward V."

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* A portrait of this Richard Drake, painted by Zucchero, was shewn in London at the Tudor Exhibition of 1890. Described as "Three-quarter length, life-size, to left, in black armour, ornamented with gold, white ruffs on neck and wrists, black jewelled cap with plumes, gold chain of several strings passing over right shoulder; right hand on hip, left rests on sword hilt, helmet with plumes on table. Below a shield of arms in the back ground, the motto "*Tousiours prest a seruir*"; and this inscription "ANO DNI 1577. ÆTATIS SUÆ 42." He was one of the Esquires of Queen Elizabeth, from whom he received the grant of the Stewardship of the Courts and Leets within the Manor of Woking, with the Mastership of the Game there. He was also Lord of the Manor of Esher, and in September 1600, had the honour of entertaining the Queen at dinner at the Manor House of Esher, where he resided, and where he had from 1588 to 1593 accommodated certain notable Spanish prisoners of war, including Don Pedro de Valdez, and other officers of high rank in the Spanish Armada, with their suites of attendants. They had been captured by Sir Francis Drake, and at his instance remitted to the keeping of Richard Drake at Esher. He died in 1603."

Wiscombe, although disparked by the Petres, and all the old forest trees swept away; their successors in its possession have in comparatively late years planted the hill-sides of the estate with large breadths of the *conifera;* these have flourished with great luxuriance, and it would be difficult at present to find a more richly wooded landscape than it exhibits. The different habits of the trees, fringed and interspersed with those of the ordinary species, form a delightful contrast, especially when clothed in all the varying tints that give such charm to the

AUTUMNAL HOURS.

The quiet Autumn hours,—so cool and calm,
When the bright sun hath stayed his blazing wheels,
And o'er the earth there seems to steal a balm
Of peace full-satisfied, as the heart feels
When after some strong fight, and conquest won
That brings no grief,—we rest and count the spoil,
Rich with the crowned content of something done,
Forgetful of the conflict and the toil.

How blessed comes each change;—with sobering tints
The fading flowers have to rich fruitage turned,
The golden leaves lit with faint sunny glints,
Flame mid the dews like patient martyrs burned,—
The robin pipes his lay,—the bee speeds home,—
And o'er the soul a sweet repose doth come.

Shute also became the property of Secretary Petre, "from whom," says the Antiquary, "my father had the howse and park, and dwelled theire duringe his lief, and left it unto mee, and my eldest son John Pole holdeth it from mee"; it is now held by his descendant, the ninth baronet.

Once more we are back in Southleigh churchyard in the Wiscombe valley, from which our footsteps originally set out to thread the mazes of our imperfectly told but eventful history. We look into the little church for traces of Bonville, but nothing is visible, reflecting their memory in this their earliest home. A few years since in clearing the foundations of an old picturesque cottage, not far from the church, some fragments of sculpture, of Perpendicular character, were found, being part of a cornice of rich vine-tracery, together with scrolls, and winged angels holding shields, canopies of niches, panelled shafting, the emblem of St. Luke, &c.,—the colours and gilding still fresh on them. These were apparently portions of the antient reredos, and from their rich character, were probably relics of the taste and munificence of the Bonvilles; or of their last descendant "that devout woman Cecilia, Marchioness of Dorset, Lady de Bonville, and Haryngton," the patron of numerous benefices in Devon, and other counties; and generous benefactor toward the ornamentation, repair, or additions to, the various parish churches in which her extensive possessions were situate. Pleasing remembrances, left to attest her memory, and which still stand out in grateful relief, long after the turbulent scenes of treachery and bloodshed amid

EXTERIOR OF THE DORSET CHAPEL, OTTERY ST. MARY.

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which they found their existence, have passed away; for is it not written,—

"The meek shall inherit the land;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

One further circumstance, referable only to the realms of conjecture, but unique in its way, detains us a minute, as we turn to leave the village graveyard. Just outside the chancel is a high-tomb, commemorating the burial of *Henry Willoughby, 28 Sept., 1616.** At its end is the grand escutcheon of Willoughby de Eresby, with *crescent for difference*. It has not yet been explained who he was, or how he found sepulchre here. We remember that Anne, younger daughter of Thomas Grey, second Marquis of Dorset, and so grand-daughter to Cicely Bonville, married Henry Willoughby, of Wollaton, Nottinghamshire, which would not be far from the home of the Willoughbies de Eresby in Lincolnshire. Is this the memorial of her husband? The date would accord with the presumption.

Here we conclude this desultory outline of the history of Bonville, and as our feet make homeward, many thoughts haunt us over the marvels—for they are nothing less—that fill its phases of human relation. In the middle of its recital, which concluded with the untimely death of Lord Bonville, we said it was a relief to turn aside from the atrocities mingled with the strife of the Roses. In its continuation, for a while, under the more settled rule of Tudor, there were comparatively fewer horrors to chronicle, but the union of the royal houses, emblemed by the rival flowers, was cemented with blood, its ghastly trail followed into the spirit of the new dynasty, and gathering strength as the three generations of Grey passed, culminated at length in a tragedy for size and importance unsurpassed in the annals of our national history. Its last representative, although a subject only, had wedded the grand-daughter of one, and cousin of another of the reigning Kings, and who had herself also been a Queen in her own right. Here the topmost pinnacle of alliance with the highest worldly station had been reached, but only to experience the fate of that often-witnessed terrific downfall, which follows the promptings engendered by the unsatisfied ambition of attaining to such dangerous altitude. Within three short years, three headless dukes—of foremost station in their native land, and allied to each other by ties of relationship—passed from the scaffold on Tower Hill to obscure and unmarked graves in the little Chapel of that fortress; and with them went also, after experiencing the same terrible ordeal, following her youthful husband, a young and guileless victim, almost the sole representative of the new stock, into which the last tender branch of the extinct house of Bonville had been engraffed.

Enough, sayest thou, friend of mine, of this harrowing relation;—quite so,—our story is ended. Life was indeed intended for happier results than these, and how much better the simple delights,

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* See page 35.

enjoyments and pleasures of unenvied station, that in their possession are ever

"Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne;"

and unsmote by the glamour of the basilisk Ambition, whose fascination lives on the ever unsatisfied desire for fame or station, until often, when too late and past recall, the illusion vanishes as the victim disappears over the verge of the unseen, treacherous precipice of irretrievable ruin.

The shadows grow deeper between the hedgerows as we saunter homeward, a dewy mist is settling down the valley, and a cheery glint salutes us here and there from the cottage windows as we pass along. Listen! What melody do we hear, with greeting so soft and soothing? Aye, artless as it is, that, which in this world, for sweetness knows no rival, even

A MOTHER'S SONG.

'Tis eve, and dusky twilight falls;
Here is a home that men call poor,
A glimmer lights its humble walls,
A strain comes through its half-closed door;
Sweet as from Sappho's soul might spring,
Song, none but mother's voice may sing.

Look through the casement dim and old,
A shadow fronts the ingle's glow,
Whose arms a tiny form enfold,
Sits gently rocking to and fro;
With cadence measured to its swing,
Comes song that mothers only sing.

Her tears fall on the baby's brow,
Too full her heart with very joy,
Hark! with her voice is blending now,
The sleepy murmurs of her boy;
Faint—fainter—hushed and slumbering,
By song but mother's lips may sing.

Why bends, O friend, thy brow with thought,
At glimpse of Paradise so fair?
Doth memory fill thy heart unsought
With echo, whose 'divine despair'
Brings sadness past imagining?
Song that thy mother used to sing!

O soft sweet voice, O simple strain,
Where love ne'er bids the measure cease,
Until the charm of its refrain,
Lulls the complaining soul to peace;
Come back again on angel wing,
O song my mother used to sing!

It may not be, earth hath one heaven,
Our childhood's days, a mother's care,
When life is o'er, will other given
Restore to us these joys so rare?
Yes, and its pure delight shall bring,
The songs our mothers used to sing.

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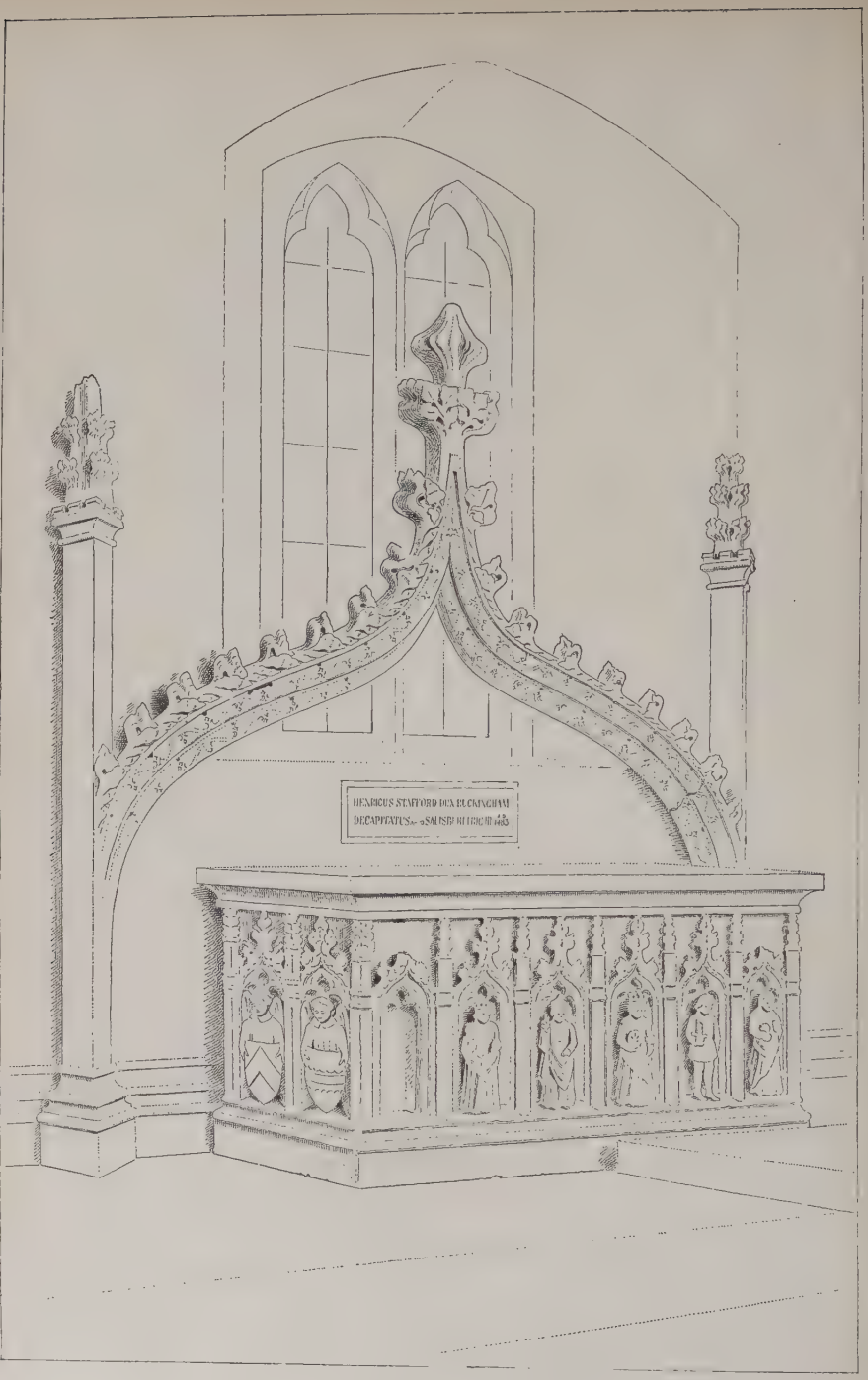

MONUMENT TO HENRY STAFFORD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, K G,

BRITFORD CHURCH, NEAR SALISBURY,

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UNDER THE HOOF OF THE WHITE BOAR.

THE fair, busy, if not large city of New Sarum or Salisbury, has since its foundation, occupied an important place in our national history, resulting from the heritage of its natural position, which may be described as forming the Gate or Key to the peninsula of the West. Besides this, it is the inheritor of, and is associated with, some of the oldest traditions of the land before the pen of history has left record, the venerable fame of previous ages having descended and added distinguished interest to its surroundings, while the marvellous circle of Stonehenge finds its place close by, as also its own antient progenitor, the equally remarkable hill-fortressed city of Old Sarum,—circumstances that attest the importance in which the locality was regarded, wherein its city of to-day is situate.

Succeeding events have also added their witness to this distinction. The foundation and building of its beautiful and unique Cathedral, begun, completed, and finished in one harmonious design, without let or hindrance, and the afterward crowning it with the magnificent spire, the finest in the kingdom, and with very doubtful rivalry elsewhere,—its notable succession of bishops,—and the number of distinguished personages, who through the following centuries down to these present days, have held high rule as statesmen and administrators in our land, who have sought the privilege of having its name as an affix to their titles of honour, Longspée, Montacute, Nevill, and Cecil,—have interwoven and sustained the claim of its reputation into almost every period of our national annals.

Yet, notwithstanding the importance of its position, it is singular, no very important or striking incident connected with the national government, such as has made famous many other localities, has occurred within, or immediately near it. The reasons for this may not be far to seek. The sea coasts on either side of it offered facilities for martial transit or commercial enterprise, which Salisbury could not possess, and so the tide of action, as a rule, passed at a distance, but its great advantages as a central position for the purposes of *rendez-vous*, warlike or otherwise, have always been used and made available.

Lying on the high road between London and the Land's End, it has naturally received many royal visits, from that of the young king Henry III., at the consecration of the cathedral in 1225, downward, at divers times and on various errands, civil, military, or with darker and sanguinary intent to take vengeance on their enemies ; and it is the result of one of these vindictive errands that brought a king to Salisbury, and the circumstances preceding and following it, that form the basis of our homely narrative.

Of the very antient and illustrious family of Stafford, whose origin is contemporary with the Conqueror, for the purposes of our little history the first we need mention is Thomas Stafford, fourth Baron and third Earl of that name, who lived in the reign of Richard II. He allied himself with a lady of direct royal descent, Anne Plantagenet, eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, sixth son of king Edward III., by his wife Eleanor, eldest daughter and coheir of Humphrey de Bohun, the last Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, who died in 1372.

Mary, the other daughter and coheir of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Essex, &c., as aforesaid, was married to Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Derby, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of king Edward III., who was successively created Earl and Duke of Hereford, and ultimately ascended the throne as Henry IV., surnamed ' of Bolingbroke.'

In 1397 Richard II. caused his uncle Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, to be kidnapped by a company of armed men near Stratford, and conveyed to Calais, where he is said to have been privately strangled. To cover this crime it was given out the Duke had died from natural causes, and that before his death he had confessed himself guilty of treason toward the king, upon which all his estates were confiscated by the Parliament. Richard gave them to his cousin Henry, Earl of Derby (afterward Henry IV.), who had married the younger daughter Mary, and he thus became possessed of the whole of the Hereford estate, and of course most unjustly to the prejudice of the heirs of Thomas of Woodstock, whose daughter Anne was married to Thomas, Earl of Stafford.

These genealogical particulars, although somewhat dry, intricate, and well known, are very necessary, nevertheless, to keep in mind, as they are said to have exercised material influence on the ultimate issue of our story.

Thomas, Earl of Stafford, husband of Anne Plantagenet, died young, and without issue. He was succeeded in the Earldom by his brother William, who also died when a youth.

Both these brothers were succeeded by their next brother, Edmund Stafford, sixth Baron, and fifth Earl of Stafford. In the 22 Richard II., 1399, he had the king's special license to marry his eldest brother's widow, Anne Plantagenet, "which marriage of the said Thomas and Anne had never been consummated owing to the tender years of the Earl." He was also K.G., and was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting on the side of king Henry IV., in 1403.

He was succeeded by his son Humphrey, who was created Duke of Buckingham 14 Sept., 1444, with precedence before all dukes whatsoever, next to those of the blood royal. In 1450 Henry VI. made him Constable of Dover Castle, and Warden of the Cinque Ports, he was also a Knight of the Garter. He married the Lady Anne Nevill, daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland, K.G., who died in 1425. He was faithfully attached to the Lancastrian interest, and was killed at the battle of Northampton on the 27 July, 1460, fighting under the banner of Henry VI. and the Red Rose.

Humphrey Stafford, his eldest son, Earl of Stafford, married Margaret, daughter of Edmund Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, and who was killed on the side of the Red Rose at the first battle of St. Albans on 23 May, 1455. The Earl Humphrey was also slain in the same battle with his father-in-law.

He thus died before his father, leaving a son Henry, who succeeded his grandfather, the first Duke, who died in 1460, and this Henry, who was the second Duke of Buckingham, is the subject of our history.

It would be difficult to find among the antient nobility of England a man with a more illustrious ancestry, derived by two direct sources from the blood royal, and allied with Bohun, Nevill, Beauchamp, and Audley, all families of the first consequence and influence. It would be equally difficult to find a family more unfortunate.

The restless, troubled life of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham, and its importance, as bearing on one of the most noted epochs of English history, is a subject much too large to receive anything beyond a very imperfect outline here; and it has been necessarily more or less comprehensively treated, by all our national historians. The province of this little narrative will be rather in a local sense to gather together, and describe from such records and observation as may be available, the circumstances of the defection, betrayal, arrest, trial, death, probable burial-place, and presumed monument set up to the memory of this unfortunate man, the major portion of which appears to have occurred almost within reach of the shadow of the glorious spire before us.

His wardship was vested in the king Edward IV., and his tuition entrusted to the king's sister Anne, wife of the unfortunate Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter, and five hundred marks per annum, out of the revenue of the lordships of Brecknock, Newport, &c., in Wales, set aside for his maintenance. Humphrey, his father, as we have seen, was slain at St. Albans in 1455, and at the death of his grandfather Humphrey, the first Duke, who fell at the battle of Northampton in 1460, he succeeded to the title. But very little is heard further of him during the reign of Edward IV.

At the death of Edward, however, he appears to have at once come to the front, as one of the most important personages in the kingdom. The widowed Queen-Mother Elizabeth Widville, during the king's lifetime, naturally had done the best that lay in her power for the advancement of her family; and it seems at the same time,

not very discreetly, treated with contempt and indifference the older nobility of the kingdom. This treatment was naturally resented on their part, and Edward appears to have been fully cognizant of this antagonism, and was anxious, for the weal of his son, to dispel it. So, shortly before his death, he did his best to effect a reconciliation between them; this to a considerable extent was done, and the king believed it was sincere.

Immediately after Edward's decease, however, the Queen-Mother seems to have revived and accentuated this undesirable feeling, and also sought to exercise a controlling influence over the government of the kingdom in her son the young king's name. To this end she contrived, if not exactly to expel, at least to keep from the Court and presence of her son, among others, three of the most important of the antient nobility, who had been highly in favour with her late husband, and who were fully aware of her schemes and antipathy to them, while at the same time they were also thoroughly loyal to the interests of her son, or presumably so. These were Henry, Duke of Buckingham, William, Lord Hastings, and Thomas, Lord Stanley. This antipathy was the more strange also as regarded two of them, as they were almost members of the Queen-Mother's family, for Buckingham was her brother-in-law, being married to her sister Katharine; and Hastings was father-in-law to her son's—Thomas Grey, the Marquis of Dorset's—wife, he having married the widow of the last Bonville, the mother of Cicely. But family relationships, however near, do not appear to have carried much weight in those days, where restless, thirsty ambition intervened.

At the juncture of Edward's death, the Duke of Gloucester was at York on the king's business, and young Edward V. was at Ludlow Castle under the guardianship of his uncle, the Earl Rivers. The king's younger brother, the Duke of York, was with the Queen-Mother in the Tower, that fortress being under the command of the Marquis of Dorset, her son. She had already got into hot water with the Council, and affronted both Hastings and Buckingham, and she had sent a despatch to her brother in Wales, to bring the young King to London with a large armed escort of at least two thousand men. Gloucester, it is related, being aware of this state of affairs, and the disaffection of Hastings and Buckingham, sent privately for them to meet him and discuss the situation; but Dugdale says, that Buckingham, on hearing of the death of Edward,—

"speedily despatched one Pershall, his trusty servant in all haste unto Richard Duke of Gloucester, then in the north, and that Pershall being privately admitted to speak to him, in the dead of night, told him that his master had sent him to offer him his service, and that he would wait on him with a thousand good fellows if need were,"

at any rate the three met, and were all well in agreement as to their hatred of the Queen-Mother, and desired to remove both herself and family from the position of influence they had acquired. Gloucester made due note of this, carefully veiling his own ultimate purpose. But the advance of the young King and an armed host under the command of Rivers, was to be baulked if possible, and for this

purpose Hastings was despatched to London, to convey the assurance of his and his companion's loyalty, and to represent that it would be most impolitic to have a large military escort accompanying the young King. The Queen-Mother believing this counsel to be all genuine and well-meant, desired her brother to bring the King with only a comparatively small guard, or such a retinue as befitted him.

Gloucester and Buckingham, with a force of nine hundred armed men, arrived at Northampton from York a few days before the King and his uncle Rivers reached that town. They went out to meet the King, and saluted him very respectfully, at the same time saying that as Northampton was very full of strangers just then, it would be advisable for the King's comfort, if himself and his retinue proceeded to Stony-Stratford, twelve miles further on, and nearer London. This being agreed on, it was proposed to the Earl, "in a free and easy manner," that he should return with Gloucester and pass the night at Northampton, which "kind invitation" Rivers unsuspectingly complied with.

The evening appears to have been spent in conviviality and mutual protestations of good faith toward each other, and subsequently the Earl retired to his lodgings at an Inn. Guards were at once placed over him, and every precaution taken to prevent any communication between Northampton and Stony-Stratford. The victim was securely caged.

At day-break the next morning Gloucester and Buckingham were on horseback, ready to depart. Rivers was still in bed, and being wakened by his servant was told of this circumstance, but that no one was suffered to go out of the Inn. The Earl thereon hastily dressed himself, and desired to know the reason of this proceeding; and meeting with the Dukes, asked why they kept the keys of the Inn, and thus sought to make him a prisoner there. He found them in a very different frame of mind from the previous evening, they immediately began to upbraid and quarrel with him, told him he sought to alienate the King's affections from his uncle Gloucester, and others the King's faithful subjects, and that they should take care to prevent the like practices in future. The Earl returned a calm answer to this accusation, but they refused to hear him, gave him into custody, and mounting their horses, rode off to Stony-Stratford.

Here they found the young King ready to pursue his journey, and after paying him their respects, remounted to escort him. But before they had left the town, they quarrelled with Lord Richard Grey, charging him and the Marquis of Dorset (who was in London) with allegations similar to those they had preferred against Earl Rivers. The poor young King was greatly distressed at this position of affairs, and said he could say nothing as to the Marquis of Dorset, but as for the others he could answer for their conduct, as they had been continually with him. To this Buckingham replied, that they had carefully concealed their designs from him, which however were not the less certain. Lord Grey, with Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Hawke, who were in attendance on the King, were at once arrested, and together with Earl Rivers, either on the same day or

the next, were sent northward in custody of several persons, and finally incarcerated in Pontefract Castle, whose Governor was Sir Richard Ratcliffe, a partisan of Gloucester. The young King himself was re-conducted back to Northampton, practically as much a prisoner as his uncle and half-brother, and reserved ultimately for a similarly cruel fate. Thus the first act of this atrocious tragedy was completed.

The news of this *coup-de-main* having reached the Queen-Mother, she was greatly terrified, for she saw at a glance its full significance, and she immediately with her son the Duke of York, her other children, the Marquis of Dorset, and the rest of her family, took sanctuary at Westminster, as their only available refuge.

Lord Hastings, who was in London, had intelligence of these proceedings the same night. Although he excessively disliked the Queen-Mother, yet he was thoroughly loyal to the young King and the other children of Edward IV., his former friend and patron, and although he was privy to the plot for the seizing of Rivers and Grey, yet he appears to have had no further wish than to prevent the Queen-Mother directing the government. On receipt of the news, he at once proceeded to acquaint Rotherham, the Archbishop, and quieted his alarm by assuring him the King was in no danger, and all these steps were devised for the welfare of the kingdom. Rotherham repaired immediately to the Queen-Mother, whom he found at Westminster, "in a disconsolate condition, sitting upon the ground, lamenting her own and her children's fate, while her domestics were busy in carrying such goods as were necessary into the Sanctuary." The Archbishop conveyed Hastings' intelligence to her as to the safety of the King, and did his best to comfort her, and gave her every possible assurance of his own fidelity, telling her, among other things, that, even supposing it possible they might put the King to death, he would at once crown the Duke of York. But the Queen-Mother was slow to believe in anything but of the worst import. The good prelate, in company with many others, had failed to gauge the ultimate depths of Gloucester's design.

In the meanwhile the citizens of London, like the Queen-Mother, greatly alarmed at this sudden turn of affairs, were beginning to arm themselves, in view of possible contingencies. Hastings, who had great influence with the citizens, contrived to keep them quiet, while plausible stories as to the hostile designs of the imprisoned Rivers and his companions were circulated, and all suspicion and distrust being allayed, immediately thereupon the King, attended by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, arrived; and escorted by a large concourse of nobility and others, Gloucester riding before him bare-headed, made a triumphal entry into the city, and was lodged in the Bishop's palace. These rejoicings over, Gloucester called a Council together of his own friends and partisans, and thereat he was constituted "Protector of the King, and kingdom." So the second act of the tragedy reached its conclusion.

Gloucester's first step was to take the Great Seal from Archbishop Rotherham, and give it to John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Hastings were confirmed in their places,

and the other positions of influence filled up by his own partisans. The next step was to get possession of the Duke of York, the young King's brother, then in Sanctuary with his mother.

Gloucester proposed this course at a Council, and suggested that a proper representative should be sent to the Queen-Mother, requesting her to deliver up the young prince to their custody, and suggesting that Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury (who was related both to him and Buckingham), was the fittest person to be entrusted with the errand, and added, that if the Queen-Mother refused to listen to the message of the Cardinal, he saw no reason why they should not obtain him by force, if necessary. The Cardinal readily undertook the negociation, but he would not hear for an instant of daring to violate the Sanctuary,—"such an attempt would certainly draw down the just vengeance of God on the whole kingdom." To this objection Buckingham vehemently replied, backing up the views of Gloucester, that if the Queen-Mother refused to give up her son freely, they should take him by force out of Sanctuary; and this course was agreed to at the Council, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the ecclesiastics present.

The Cardinal-Archbishop waited on the Queen-Mother and did his best by entreaties and assurances to induce her to part with her son, but she could not be persuaded to place her child in the hands of the man she so greatly feared, and believed to be her mortal enemy. At last Bourchier told her the dread truth, that if she did not deliver him up otherwise, they would take him from her by force, notwithstanding the privilege of Sanctuary, but that he could not believe they would have made him the instrument of deceiving her, and bringing harm to her son. Alas, the good Cardinal was thoroughly deceived with the rest, and so, finding he could not persuade her, prepared to depart. The distracted mother thereon chose what appeared the least evil of the two, "caught the boy in her arms, tenderly took leave of him, and in a flood of tears delivered him to the Cardinal."

Bourchier brought the young prince to Gloucester, who received his nephew with much feigned affection,—a few days after both the young King and his brother were lodged in the Tower, never to come out again alive.

Up to this time it is probable that no one, not excepting Buckingham, really had cognizance of the ultimate designs of Gloucester, and he himself had been veiling his purpose as carefully as possible, until he saw his schemes so far matured, that success appeared in sight. And although he was gradually getting the sole power and mastery of the King and government in his own hands, still there were many obstacles to be got out of the way, and many influential men to be won over, or otherwise disposed of, before the sceptre was within his grasp.

At this juncture Buckingham comes to the front, as the undoubted agent and zealous coadjutor of Gloucester, in aiding his ultimate design, and also by apparently acquiescing in any measures, however desperate, that might lead to its fulfilment. Gloucester doubtless thoroughly estimated the unenviable character of his ally.

He knew of Buckingham's hatred of the Queen-Mother and her family, and that in consequence, his allegiance to the young King was of very doubtful character, if secretly he did not equally dislike him, though he dared not shew it, and Gloucester was further aware of Buckingham's grievance at never having been possessed of that which by heirship he was entitled to, a moiety of the great Bohun estates, and which had been hitherto vested in the Crown, unjustly as he considered, and Gloucester, it is said, duly whetted his companion's hopes by the promise of the restoration of this, when seated on the throne.

Prompt action was now decided on. Widville and Grey, with their associates, were to be dispatched, and orders were sent down to Pontefract to Sir Richard Ratcliffe for that purpose, and it was further determined that Lord Hastings was to be won over if possible, if not the same fate was to be reserved for him.

Then came Gloucester's tampering with Sir Edmund Shaw, the Lord Mayor, and his brother, the truculent preacher Dr. John Shaw, and the pretences of trying to assume the illegitimacy of Edward's children, and failing that, of Edward IV. himself. Then the simulation of feigning to prepare for the young King's coronation, and the two Councils, one in Gloucester's interests, intriguing for its delay at Baynard's Castle, and the other arranging it for the King in the Tower. Stanley, in the King's Council, was assured there was mischief in Gloucester's designs, but Hastings was slow to believe such treachery, until the truth was apparent to him, when the wretched emissary, Catesby, left him for the second and last time, a betrayed and doomed man. Immediately on this followed the frightful incident in the Tower, and the murder of Hastings,—for it was nothing less,—a scene described at length elsewhere.* On the same day the victims at Pontefract were disposed of.

Concerning the barbarous execution of Earl Rivers and his unfortunate companions we get the following graphic picture from More,—

"They had not so much as the formality of a trial, but were brought to the scaffold on the day appointed, and being branded in general by the name of traitors, were beheaded. The Lord Rivers would fain have declared his innocence to the people, but Ratcliffe would not suffer him, lest his words should lay open the Protector's cruelty too much, and so he died in silence. Sir Thomas Vaughan would not endure his mouth to be stopped, but as he was going to the block said aloud, 'a mischief take them that expounded the prophecy, which foretold that G should destroy King Edward's children, for George, Duke of Clarence, who for that suspicion is now dead; for there still remained Richard G (i.e. Duke of Gloucester) who now I see is he that shall, and will, accomplish the prophecy, and destroy King Edward's children, and all his allies and friends, as appeareth to us this day; against whom I appeal to the high tribunal of God, for this wrongful murder and our real innocency.' Sir Richard Ratcliffe heard this with regret, and putting it off, said to him in scorn, 'You have made a goodly appeal, lay down your head.' 'Yea,' saith Sir Thomas, 'but I die in the right, take heed that you die not in the wrong;'—and having said this he was beheaded. He, with the other three, were buried naked in the Monastery of St. John the Evangelist, at Pontefract."

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* See page 57.

The citizens of London had next to be reckoned with, on whom "fear and consternation" would be sure to fall, on hearing of the sudden and barbarous death of Hastings, who was a great favourite with them, and had much influence in the city. But all things had been prepared,—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were immediately summoned to the Tower, and Gloucester and Buckingham, who had arrayed themselves in two old rusty suits of armour, received them, and in the name of the King told them that the beheaded man had conspired to seize the King, and kill Gloucester and Buckingham, in order that he may have governed the kingdom as he pleased! That they only discovered it the same morning, and the Council deemed it necessary to execute him immediately, and fearing there were many others in the plot they had hastily harnessed themselves at once for the King's defence. A proclamation, already "cut and dried" before Hastings' death, containing similar statements, was issued in the city within two hours of that event, but it had little effect, for the people jested and said, "*it was writ by the spirit of prophecy.*" True enough, doubtless; the civic deputation withdrew from the presence of Gloucester, quite assured of his dissimulation and the untruth of what he had stated, but told him his orders for the quietness of the city should be obeyed, being too much afraid to give other answer.

The Archbishop of York, Morton, Bishop of Ely, and Lord Stanley had been sent to the Tower, poor Jane Shore publicly disgraced, and so all was well cleared away for Gloucester's ultimate measures. The two dukes were constantly in close conclave, and the next step was to win the citizens of London over to their designs. This was not so easy a matter, but two influences were to be tried, the first by imposing on their credulity and getting a feigned assent, and the second, if necessary, to oblige them into compliance by fear.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Shaw, was already won over, and his brother, the Doctor, was to begin the final proceedings. These commenced by Dr. Shaw preaching the famous—or rather infamous—sermon, on a Sunday morning, at Paul's cross; taking for his text a phrase from the fourth chapter of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, "Bastard slips shall take no deep root," a tissue of malign slander on the late king, his children, and their mother,—and gross adulation of Gloucester. During a special laudatory parenthesis it was intended Gloucester should, as by chance, shew himself among the people, but he happened to overstay the time, the Doctor having concluded it, and when he did appear immediately after, the preacher re-commenced the passage, and it was hoped he would have heard a call for him as the future king, but there was a complete silence, the audience were disgusted both with the preacher and the subject. This was an ominous and disquieting omen to Gloucester.

The Duke of Buckingham now appears upon the scene as the prime factor in the events that followed. Dr. Shaw's eloquence not prevailing upon the citizens, he determined to see what effect his own reasoning would have on them. For this purpose the Lord Mayor had orders to assemble the Aldermen and all the principal citizens in the Guildhall on the Tuesday following, being the 17 June, 1483.

Buckingham addressed the assemblage, and the subject of his harangue was simply an echo of the slander and adulation of what the people had heard at Paul's cross, coupled with the suggestion that Gloucester should be requested to assume the crown and government,—too weighty for a child.

The Duke finished his oration, and a silence was observed by the audience, as at the conclusion of Shaw's sermon; "everyone stood speechless." Then the Duke, surprised at the want of response, asked the Lord Mayor the reason; the answer was, the people did not well understand him. The Duke then "repeated his speech, with a little variation, and with such grace and eloquence, never was so ill a subject handled with so much oratory." Still the people remained silent.

Perplexed, the Duke again turned to the Lord Mayor, who then told him the citizens were not accustomed to hear anyone but the Recorder, and that he had better put the matter before them. Thereon Buckingham requested the Recorder, Sir Thomas Fitz-William, to address them, and he "most reluctantly managed his speech so well, as to be understood to speak the Duke's sense, and not his own." But the assembly stood silent as before,—

> "They spake not a word;
> But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
> Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale."

Then the Duke, seeing a crisis was at hand, determined to test the citizens for a definite reply, and after once more "muttering" to the Lord Mayor, turned to the assemblage and said,—

"Good friends, we came to acquaint you with a thing we needed not have done, had it not been for the affection we bear you. The Lords and Commons could have determined the matter without you, but would gladly have you join with us, which is for your honour and profit, though you do not see it, or consider it. We require you therefore to give your answer one way or another; whether you are willing as the Lords are, to have the most excellent prince the Lord Protector to be your King, or not?" *

Whatever may have been surmised as to the ultimate object to which preceding events were tending, this manifesto and declaration of Buckingham tore off the final shreds of the mask, that had been so thinly veiling it. At the conclusion of the question, a murmur ran through the assemblage, and just at this juncture, a number of the Protector's and Duke's servants, some city apprentices, and a rabble that had crowded into the Hall, cried out, "*King Richard! King Richard!*" and threw up their hats in token of joy.

Glad to seize hold of this mockery of a response, although perfectly aware of its origin, Buckingham immediately treated it as a genuine and spontaneous demonstration in favour of Gloucester, and said,—

"'Tis a goodly and joyful cry, to hear every man with one voice agree to it, and nobody say, no; since therefore, we see you all as one man inclined to have

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* Sir Thomas More.

this noble prince to be your King, we shall report the matter effectually to him, that we doubt not it will be much to your advantage. We require you to attend us to-morrow with our joint petition to his Grace; as has been already agreed on between us."

> "Some followers of mine own,
> At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
> And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard!*
> (And thus I took the vantage of those few.)"

The Duke and his companions then left the Hall, and the citizens dispersed "the most part with aching hearts, though they were forced to hide their sorrows, as much as possible for fear of giving offence, which had been dangerous."

Baynard's Castle in Thames Street, "where the Lord Protector lay," was destined to be the scene of the last act of this miserable drama. Hither the following morning being Wednesday, the 17 April, Buckingham, several lords and gentlemen, the Lord Mayor, and most of the Aldermen and Common-Council, repaired to have audience of Gloucester.

The consummate hypocrisy of Gloucester's character, and his finished acting, were never more fully displayed than at this interview. At first he "made some difficulty of coming forth," and when he appeared, Buckingham, whose guile on the occasion was only short of Gloucester's, introduced the deputation, and after "very submissively begging pardon for himself and company, and liberty to propose to him what they had to offer," and receiving "his Grace's" reply that "he believed none of them meant him any harm," at once "set forth very elegantly and pathetically,"—

"the grievances of the people, and prayed him to redress them by assuming the sovereign authority, which of right belonged to him, and which the whole kingdom with unusual unanimity, desired he would take to himself for the benefit of the Commonwealth, as much as for his Grace's honour."

Gloucester simulated to be "mightily surpriz'd," and said, "although he knew the things, he (Buckingham) alleged, to be true, yet he loved King Edward and his children above any crown whatsoever, and therefore could not grant them their request." Thereon Buckingham "murmured" and "obtained pardon" to speak a second time. He then said, "they were gone too far to go back," and that if he refused "to take the Crown upon him, which they humbly beseeched him to do,"—and gave them "a resolute answer" to the contrary, then "they would look out for some worthy person who would accept their proposal."

The time was now come to throw off the mask, for the climax of hypocrisy had been reached, and Gloucester, never slow to act when the decisive moment arrived, immediately put his foot on the neck of the coveted opportunity. There was no hesitation in the declaration he then made; he "perceived" that the "whole realm was bent upon it not to have King Edward's children to govern them, of which he was sorry,"—and that "he knew the Crown could belong to no man so justly as ourself," a claim now confirmed and joined also by "your election, the Nobles and Commons of this Realm," the which of all

titles "possible," he took to be the most effectual, he did therefore "content and agree favourably to receive your petition and request," —and would forthwith from that day forward, "take upon us the royal estate, to rule, govern, and defend."

> "Stand all apart,—Cousin of Buckingham,
> Give me thy hand;—thus high by thy advice
> And thy assistance is King Richard seated."

So the farce ended, and the deputation retired. Buckingham had placed the crown on the grisly brow of the White Boar, who, in return was destined not long afterward to rend him that offered it to the heart.

* * * *

The assumption of the royal dignity by Gloucester, brings to a conclusion the first half of our little narrative, relating to the man who thus offered it to him.

Two equally remarkable, much-alike, and unenviable-in-conduct, personages, are now presented to us, who had both risen to the highest positions in their native land, the one to supreme authority as king; the other his faithful, and almost unscrupulous lieutenant, henchman, and catspaw, possessing a rivalling royal descent, but little removed in directness from his own, to be from this service the most important and influential of that king's subjects. A very dangerous and crazy alliance between men of such kindred character and aspirations, and destined assuredly not to last long.

Life never stands still,—in the very nature of things it cannot,—nor remain long on an even, which means literally a dead level: it must progress or recede. This is true generally of all life, but specially so of one animated by ambitious longings. A spirit so prompted must continue to ascend if there be any altitude to win, but if this be denied, and the unstable path it follows at last begins to sink rather than to rise beneath the advancing step, and points to the dread bourne of obscurity and neglect; or, if the powerful antagonism of rival claims and influence jostle it on one side and precede it; or, the cold shadow of preference, joined with indifference and crushed hopes paralyze its future efforts, there is neither anchorage nor haven for the beaten bark, then the bitter promptings of envy and shattered pride but too often occupy the heart instead, give demon wings to its future course, urging it fatally onward to end in the blind and reckless shipwreck of all.

Gloucester was proclaimed King on 22 June, and on 4 July went to the Tower by water, accompanied by his Queen. On that day among the titles of honour distributed, was that "Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was made Constable of England for term of life, but he claimed the office by inheritance." * He had previously been elected a Knight of the Garter.

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* Buck's *Life of Richard III.*

The next day Richard rode in state from the Tower through the City to Westminster, and a large cavalcade of the nobility and the great officers of state. "But the Duke of Buckingham carried the splendour of that day's bravery, his habit and caparisons of blue velvet, embroidered with *Golden naves of carts, burning*, the trappings supported by footmen habited costly and suitable."

On the day following, 6 July, the coronation of Richard and his Queen took place, when "all the prelates mitred in their *pontificalibus*" received the King in Westminster Hall, and in the grand procession, after the great Officers of State carrying the royal insignia, came the "King in a surcoat and robe of purple, the canopy borne by the Barons of the Five Ports, the King between the Bishops of Bath and Durham, the Duke of Buckingham bearing up his train, and served with a White Staff for Seneschal, or High Steward of England," an office he appears to have held for that day only; while in the Queen's procession "the Earl of Surrey was Constable *(pro illa vice tantum)*." *

Richard, instead of summoning a Parliament, held a conference with some of the principal nobles, and after charging them to preserve the peace and put down all crime and disorder, set off for a progress through the midland counties, the end of the journey to be York, where a second coronation was performed by Archbishop Rotherham, and Richard created his son Prince of Wales.

From Windsor the King passed through his manor of Woodstock to Oxford, and it being fine summer weather, the people kept high holiday on the route of the royal progress. At the University he appears to have been particularly well received, and acceded to their petition to release Morton, the Bishop of Ely, from his durance in the Tower, as that prelate was a special favourite with them, and having done so, consigned him to the gentler and freer espionage of his friend the Duke of Buckingham, who sent the Bishop down to his Castle of Brecknock in South Wales.

This transfer of the Bishop from the Tower to Wales, was the first step in the prelude whose *dénouement* was to be at Bosworth. There was no man whose ability Richard more disliked and feared than Morton's, and that prelate had an equally intense hostility toward the King. But one thing was manifest by his thus committing the Bishop to Buckingham's custody, he could not at the time have had any doubt of the Duke's continued fealty toward him.

The progress continued to Gloucester, the King "making small stay anywhere." Here at this ominously-named city, from which he derived his title, two circumstances occurred whose issues eventually wrested the Crown from his brow, which he was hastening to York,—as if to make assurance doubly sure,—thereon to have it set with all ceremony for the second time. The first of these incidents was his parting from Buckingham, as it turned out, for ever,—although he appeared to be still "constantly disposed and affected toward him in

* Buck's *Life of Richard III.*

all outward appearance." The other was that from here the first message is said to have been sped—to be afterward repeated with more deadly effect from Warwick—for the murder of the young Princes in the Tower, a crime that for wanton cruelty and hideousness completely dwarfed the legion of others he had previously committed. At last Richard's daring had reckoned without its host, no such enormity had ever occurred in England before, he had "miscalculated the national sentiment, there was a fierce reaction, his popularity went in a day."

Richard is said to have dismissed Buckingham at Gloucester, "with rich gifts and extraordinary marks of favour and affection." Whatever these may have been, he had previously given him an enormous number of appointments and offices in Wales, which had constituted him almost a little king in the Principality. While Protector, he

"procured for the Duke almost all the government and authority in Wales, and other bordering counties, the offices of Constable of all the King's Castles, and Steward of the said Castles, and divers Manors, Royalties, Lands and Lordships, in Salop, Hereford, Somerset, Dorset, and Wilts, without making account, or rendering anything to the King Edward V. Together with the oversight and government of his subjects in those counties and power and authority for the security of the King's person and kingdom, and conservation of the peace in those parts, to call them together and array and arm them. Also the office of Chief Justice and Chamberlain of North and South for his life." *

When Richard became King, he added a further large number of similar appointments, and the most, if not the whole, were dowered "with the fees anciently due and accustomed thereto," so that besides giving him great authority, they must have afforded him a large income.

Buckingham adjourned on from Gloucester, to his castle of Brecknock, in what state of mind, it is difficult to guess. Arrived there, he found his ghostly prisoner, with all complaisance waiting to welcome him. It must have been here also, or on his way hither, that the Duke received the intelligence of the murder of the Princes in the Tower. The ghastly news would presumably have greatly startled both Buckingham and the prelate, unless Richard had confided the grim secret to the Duke prior to his parting from him at Gloucester, a supposition we would fain believe not to have been the case, for two reasons, one that the youths were almost as nearly related to Buckingham as they were to himself, being the Duke's wife's sister's children, his nephews by marriage, and there was not like overwhelming motive for him to acquiesce in such atrocity, as actuated Richard; and secondly, a crime of such glaring enormity would scarcely brook revelation to anyone, beyond the person designed to be the instrument employed to perpetrate it, nor then, until the last moment brought the dire necessity; and although Richard was hardened enough and bold enough for anything, still the youths were nearly related to Buckingham, and Gloucester could

* Buck's *Life of Richard III.*

not be sure how his—as it turned out—half-alienated friend might receive it.

Morton, who is described as being "a very wise, politic person, a man of learning, and of a winning behaviour," did not allow his host to remain long inactive and unattacked with regard to the great scheme he had in view. Within the influence of such a mind, Buckingham, weak, vacillating, ambitious, and unscrupulous, would literally be nowhere, and so it turned out.

On his arrival at the Castle, Buckingham, it is said, was still full of the praises of Richard. In a qualified sense this was probably so; Morton comprehended the situation at once; he had probably anticipated it, and was prepared with his plans. The argument the astute ecclesiastic used was double-edged. He knew it would not be safe to depreciate Richard's character alone without some compensating, alluring set-off; and so he coupled with it the inevitably unsettling—the prelude to convincing—one to minds constituted as Buckingham's,—that of flattering his vanity with the vision of rivalship, by setting forth the equal if not superior claim to the highest dignity, he possessed, both in disposition, wisdom, and birth; supplemented by a contrasted view of Richard's atrocious wickedness, and unprincipled usurpation. Not that Morton really wished or desired such a thing, as the sequel proved, because a shift of this nature would be only exchanging the bad for as bad; but if he could alienate Buckingham from Richard half the battle would be won, the ultimate design would take care of itself, and may be unfolded in due time. So the fly played with the spider; and, said the Bishop to his gaoler-host,—

"As for the late Protector, since he is now King, I do not intend to dispute his title; however for the good of the realm he governs (of which I am a poor member) I was about to wish, that to the good qualities he possesses, it had pleased God to have added some of those excellent virtues, requisite for the governing a kingdom, which are so conspicuous in the person of your Grace." *

So Morton is said to have whetted Buckingham's appetite and appealed to his pride, and the Duke, as a matter of course, wished to hear further of the mind of his adroit and agreeable prisoner, promising the utmost secrecy in all things concerned, on a subject evidently congenial to him. Morton soon discovered this, and growing bolder, placed in striking and flattering contrast the superior qualities of his host, compared with the evil and cruel characteristics of Richard, under whom "if he at any time is suspicious of his fidelity to him, no man is sure of his own life," and continued he,—

"to conclude this discourse, I conjure you by your love to God, your illustrious line, and your native country, to take the imperial crown of this realm upon you, to restore this kingdom to its antient splendor, and deliver it from the violence of the oppressor. I dare affirm if the Turk stood in competition with this bloody tyrant, this killer of infants, the people of England would prefer him to Richard who now sits upon the throne. How much more then would they rejoice to live under the government of so excellent a prince as your Grace? Despise not neither lose so fair an occasion of saving yourself and your country." †

* *More.* † "*Continuation,*" from Hall and Hollinshead's Chronicles.

Thus much for the preliminary portion of the prelate's speech, to enlist the ear of his auditor, and then he added, what he intended the foregoing adulation should lead up to,—

"But if you will not yourself accept the sovereignty of this kingdom, if the toils and hazards of a crown, prevail over you more than the charms of power, I entreat you by the faith you owe to God, by your affection to the place that gave you birth, and to the English nation; that you will in your high and princely wisdom think of some means of advancing such a good governor, as you shall appoint to rule and govern them. All the hopes of the people of England are in you, and to you only can they fly for succour. If you could set up the house of Lancaster once more, or marry the eldest daughter of king Edward to some great and potent prince, the new King would not long enjoy his usurped empire, all civil war would cease, domestic discord would sleep, and universal peace and profit be the blessings of this noble land." *

This candid statement appears to have been a *poser* for Buckingham, who, it is added, "continued silent some time," at which the Bishop in his turn "changed colour, and was very much confused," expecting the Duke to have warmly coincided; who, "perceiving the Bishop's affright, bade him fear nothing, and they would have further talk on the morrow, but now 'let us go to supper.'"

The Duke sent for Morton the next day, and not being quite easy and sure within himself, bade the Bishop rehearse the whole matter over again. This done, Buckingham "pulled off his hat, and made a sort of prayer," which being ended, "he then put on his hat, and applied himself to the Bishop."

Buckingham's reply to Morton was a kind of declaration and confession combined. He began with a similar strain of profession of regard toward the Bishop, having always found him "a sure friend, a trusty counsellor, and a vigilant statesman," and as the Bishop had so unreservedly opened his mind to him, he would reciprocate the confidence. And so he began by declaring,—

"that when King Edward died, to whom I thought I was very little obliged (though he and I had married two sisters), because he neither promoted or preferred me, as I thought I deserved by my birth, and the relation I had to him; I did not much value his children's interest, having their father's ill usage still in my mind."

and also that it would be of "ill consequence" to the nation, for the young King to govern, with his mother for Regent, and all her family, who were persons of "no high descent" occupying the most important positions, and have more share in the government than the King's relations and the other persons who were of the "very highest quality" in the kingdom, and so,—

"for these reasons I thought it to be for the public welfare, and my private advantage to side with the Duke of Gloucester, whom I took to be as sincere and merciful, as I now find him to be false and cruel. By my means, as you know well, he was made Protector of the King, and Kingdom."

That after this Gloucester produced to him and others "instruments witnessed by doctors, proctors, and notaries," shewing that Edward's

* "*Continuation*," from Hall and Hollinshead's Chronicles.

children were bastards, and himself the rightful heir to the throne, which they believed to be true, and so took him for their "rightful prince and sovereign," and it was by his assistance he was made King, at which time

"he promised me at Baynards-Castle, laying his hand on mine, that the two young Princes should live and be provided for, to mine and everyone's satisfaction. When he was in possession of the throne he forgot his friends, and the assurances he had given them, and denied to grant my petition for part of the Earl of Hereford's lands, which his brother wrongfully detained from me. And when I was certainly informed of the death of the two innocent Princes, to which (God be my judge) I never consented, my blood curdled at his treason and barbarity, I abhorred the sight of him, and his company much more."

This statement as to the refusal of Richard to give him the portion of the Earl of Hereford's lands, does not accord with Dugdale's account to which we shall refer, nor with Richard's bitter exclamation of reproach when he heard of Buckingham's defection.

The Duke then continues to narrate how on his way homeward to Brecknock, he "meditated" how he might dethrone Richard, and that "had I assumed the supreme power, I thought there was nobody so likely to carry it as myself," that he sojourned two days at Tewkesbury brooding over the matter, but considered altogether "that to pretend to seat myself on the throne would not do," as in that case both the houses of York and Lancaster would join themselves against him, although he remembered,—

"that Edmund, Duke of Somerset, my grandfather, was with king Henry VI. in two or three degrees from John, Duke of Lancaster, lawfully begotten, my mother being Duke Edmund's eldest daughter, I looked on myself as next heir to Henry VI. of the house of Lancaster. But as I further journied between Worcester and Bridgenorth, I met the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, at present wife to the Lord Stanley, who is the rightful and sole heir of John, Duke of Somerset, my grandfather's elder brother, whose title I had forgot until I saw her in my way, and then I remembered that both her claim, and her son the Earl of Richmond's, were bars to mine, and forbad my pretending to the crown of England."

At this interview it was proposed by the Countess that her son should marry one of king Edward's daughters, and "conjured" Buckingham, "by the memory of Duke Humphrey, his grandfather," to do his utmost to forward the match, to be eventually a solution to the present troubles, and he came to a resolution to "spend his life and fortune" in forwarding such a "glorious design," by which, if effected, he doubted not "the proud boar, whose tusks have gored so many innocent persons, shall soon be brought to confusion, the rightful and indubitate heir enjoy the crown, and peace be restored to this distracted kingdom."

This was exactly the kind of confession Morton required, and all being agreed on, the next thing was to get some trusty envoy to send to the Countess of Richmond to concert measures. He was soon found in the person of Sir Reginald Braye, who was despatched to her with the announcement of Buckingham and Morton's design, and to get her to communicate with the Queen-Mother and acquire her assent and adherence to the project. This the Countess effected through the

medium of Dr. Lewis, her physician, and the Queen-Mother readily assented, on the stipulated condition that the Earl of Richmond married her daughter Elizabeth, and failing her, the next eldest, Cecilia.

Morton having taken captive the mind, if not the person of his gaoler, now wished the Duke to set him at liberty, and let him go to his diocese in Ely, where his friends would preserve him from any violence of Richard's,—"once I find myself at Ely," said he to Buckingham, "with four days start of Richard, I am ready to defy all his malice." The Duke however had no mind to lose so good an adviser, and did not wish him to leave, but Morton was determined to be gone if he could, and so stole away from Brecknock Castle in disguise, and doubtless without the Duke's knowledge.

It is rather difficult to estimate Morton's action on this occasion. The secret was out, the measures were concerted, and would soon get wind; was he afraid of Richard's vengeance? By his leaving Buckingham thus, he greatly compromised the Duke if their plans failed, and left him to certain destruction, while he would be in safety. With great rapidity he crossed from Brecknock to Ely, a hundred and seventy miles, and thence to Wisbech, and with money and men he had collected from his great works in the Fens, took shipping and got safely over to Flanders, and the first intelligence Richard had of his flight, was that he was in Brittany with the Earl of Richmond. Richard doubtless was fully alive to the threatened danger, and Shakspeare well imagines his apprehension in the words,—

> "Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
> Than Buckingham with all his rash-levied strength."

Matters now proceeded apace toward the development of the movement. Sir Reginald Braye, as the trusty ambassador, had won over Sir Giles Daubeney, Sir John Cheney, Sir Richard Guilford, and others, and with these were the Courtenays, Sir Edward, afterward Earl of Devon, and Bishop Peter Courtenay, Sir Robert Willoughby, afterward Lord Broke, Sir Thomas Arundell, and Sir Thomas Brandon, these were to *rendez-vous* at or near Salisbury: the Marquis of Dorset had left his sanctuary, and with his uncle Sir Richard Widville had gone to the north. Dr. Christopher Urswick, Chaplain to the Countess, and Thomas Rame, had been despatched by her by different routes to Brittany to apprise her son of the complexion of the movement, and he was to appear off the western coast with a fleet and men to land in aid.

Richard, of course, soon found out the character of the insurrection and those implicated in it. To Buckingham he first sent a "very kind obliging letter," inviting him to come to London, but the Duke "pretended indisposition," and so excused himself. The King thereon being enraged, sent him "a letter in a rougher stile, commanding him on his allegiance to attend him." But the die was cast, matters had gone too far to recede, and the message was returned by the Duke, "that he would not expose himself to his mortal enemy, whom he neither loved nor would serve."

Buckingham gathered together as soon as possible his "rash-levied" strength. These consisted of a number of his tenants and a host of ill-disciplined Welshmen, and he endeavoured by long marches, passing through the Forest of Dean, to get to Gloucester, and thence onward to join the western contingent. The Earl of Richmond set sail from Brittany, the twelfth of October, with a fleet of forty ships and five thousand Bretons on board. They appear to have at once encountered a storm, which dispersed the fleet, but

"the ship in which was the Earl in person, was driven on the coast of England, to the mouth of the haven of Poole, in Dorsetshire; where, finding the shore was crowded with troops to oppose his descent, he forbad any of his men to land until the whole navy came up. However he sent out his boat with some officers to demand of the men who stood on the shore, whether they were friends or enemies? These traitors instructed by king Richard, answered, 'They were friends posted there by the Duke of Bucks to receive the Earl of Richmond.' The Earl suspecting the deceit, and perceiving he was alone, the rest of his fleet not appearing, weighed anchor, returned to France, and landed in Normandy."

But how fared Buckingham and his motley host? Not only circumstances, but Nature fought against him. The river Severn, swollen by ten days continuous rain, overflowed all the adjoining country, doing immense damage, and the inundation was so large, and of such remarkable character, that for a hundred years afterward it was named and recollected as *The Great Water*, or *Buckingham's Water*, and tradition delivers it was so severe "that men, women, and children were carried away in their beds with the violence of it."

This inundation totally prevented the Duke and his army crossing the river, and his allies on the other side coming to his support. The Welshmen "tried with being exposed to hunger, rain, and numberless hardships, returned to their homes,"—they appear to have deserted by degrees, "until at last the Duke had none left about him but his domestic servants, nor could prayers nor threats keep them together, so he was obliged to fly with the rest."

Thus prematurely ended this unfortunate movement, and Buckingham fled for refuge and secrecy to the house of his old servant, Ralph Banister, to whom himself, and his father before him, had shewn many acts of kindness.

Richard had gone down north to organize an army to meet the insurrection, and on the twelfth of October was at Lincoln, to see the Bishop, who however was absent and sick. Here the King sent him a letter to the following intent,—

By the KING.

"Right Reverend Fadre in God, and Right trusty and wellbeloved; We grete you wele, and in our hertiest wyse thank you for the manyfold Presentes that your Servantes in your behalve have presented unto Us at this oure being here: which we assure you we toke and accepted with good hert; and so we have cawse. And whereas We by Goddes Grace intend briefly to avaunce us towards our Rebel and Traitor the Duc of Buckingham, to resiste and withstand his malicious purpose, as lately by our other Letters We certifyed you oure mynd more at large; For which Cause it behoveth us to have our grete Sele here, We being enfourmed, that for such Infirmities and Deseases as ye susteyne ne may in your person to your ease conveniently come unto us with the same: Wherefore we will, and natheless charge you that forthwith upon the sight of thies, yee saufly do the same our

grete Sele to be sent unto us; and such of th'office of oure Chauncery as by your Wisedome shall be thought necessary, receiving these oure Letters for youre sufficient Discharge in that behalve. Yeven under oure Signet at oure Cite of Lincolne the xij day of Octobre."

To which Richard with his own hand, added this remarkable and significant postscript,—

"We wolde most gladly ye came your selff, yf that ye may, and yf ye may not, we pray you not to fayle, but to accomplyshe in al dyllygence oure sayd commaundement, to send oure Seale incontinent apon the syght hereof, as we truste you with such as ye truste, and the Officers parteyning, to attend with hyt; praying you to ascerteyn us of your Newes ther. Here loved be God, is al wel, and trewly determyned, and for to resiste the Malyse of him, that had best Cawse to be trew, the Duc of Bokyngham the most untrew Creature lyvynge. Whom with Gods Grace we shall not be long til that we wyll be in that parties, and subdew his Malys. Wee assure you there was never falsre Traitor purvayde for, as this Berrer Gloucester shal shew you."

What Richard was in such hurry to get his Great Seal for, was manifest at Leicester. Here, on the twenty-third of the month, he issued a proclamation against the rebels, and offering rewards for their apprehension. For Buckingham it was a thousand pounds in money, or a hundred pounds yearly in land, for the Marquis of Dorset and the Bishops of Ely and Salisbury a thousand marks in money each, or one hundred marks in land, and smaller sums for knights and gentlemen of lesser degree. His reprobation appears to have been specially directed against the Marquis of Dorset, "who, at the perill of his soule, hath many and sundry maids, widows, and wives, damnably, and without shame, deflowered and defiled." The next day at Coventry,—

"In order to make short work, and avoid the usual formalities of the courts of justice, he commissioned Sir Ralph Ashton to exercise the office of Vice-Constable, with so extensive a power, that he could condemn and execute on the spot, all persons whatever, guilty or suspected of the crime of high-treason, without having regard to any appeal."

Ashton, who was probably a man after his master's heart, took summary vengeance on the dispersed insurrectionists, and coming into the western counties signalized his zeal by numerous executions of those adjudged by him guilty, or only of favouring the conspirators; anticipating in spirit and action the bloody campaign of the detestable Jeffreys, on a similar errand two centuries afterward.

"It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man, than to put confidence in princes;"—had ever the royal Psalmist's words truer interpretation than in the fate of Buckingham, whom we left hiding with his servant near Shrewsbury? Alas for the fidelity of servants when exposed to temptation; but is not falseness ever the attribute of servitude? Instead of the noble self-denial of sheltering and befriending his old master and friend, the glittering prize of a thousand pounds was within his grasp, the position of being a petty squire with a "manor of land" was before his eyes, and the temptation proved to be too much for "Maister Rauf Banistre," who, casting the eternal odium that would inseparably be attached to such

conduct to the winds, went and betrayed the whereabouts of his master to John Milton, Esq., then Sheriff of Shropshire, who with a party of soldiery surrounded and searched the locality, apprehended him in a little grove near Banister's house, and conveyed him to Shrewsbury.

After a short confinement there, the Duke by royal order was delivered over to the custody of Sir James Tyler and another knight; and, "appareled in a piled black cloak," was escorted to Salisbury.

Richard who was pursuing his journey southward, had probably reached Salisbury before his prisoner had arrived.

No time was lost in dealing with the noble captive. His fate had already been foreshadowed in Richard's postscript to the Bishop,—

> "When this arm of mine hath chastised
> The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham."

And there could be but one effectual way to "subdue his malys," and to put permanently beyond the power of future mischief this "never falsre traitor to be purvayde for,"—this "most untrew creature lyvynge."

The Duke was closely examined by his captors, and is said to have confessed the whole plan of the insurrection, and all particulars of the conspiracy.

He then made energetic efforts to obtain an interview with Richard, hoping to excite his compassion, or, as it has been also surmised, purposing if opportunity offered to despatch him with a concealed dagger. But he was sueing a much more able and crafty person than himself. Richard was about the last man to trust himself into the compromising company of his victim, and so into colloquy with one with whom he had aforetime been partner in so many crimes, and to whom he also owed so much, in acquiring his present position. Richard refused to see him, and his doom was immediate death, without further trial or arraignment.

BUCKINGHAM. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

SHERIFF. It is, my lord.

BUCKINGHAM. Why then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

It was even so. On 2 November, 1483, being All-Souls day, the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded in or near the Market Place, at Salisbury.

It is singular that such little knowledge remains as to the exact spot where this unfortunate but unscrupulous man perished, and no

official evidence at all exists as to his place of burial. Relative to this Sir R. C. Hoare says,—

"It is remarkable that no allusion to this transaction is found in the documents at Salisbury, even though it took place on the second of November, the day of choosing the Mayor and other public officers; whose appointment is recorded in the usual form. Possibly the city authorities were too deeply implicated in the intended insurrection to risk even a reference to the subject. The Pipe Roll of the reign of Richard III. has been carefully examined, but the search has been fruitless. It is proper to observe, however, that a stone is still pointed out, as that on which Buckingham suffered. This stone is in the yard adjoining the house now occupied by Messrs. Styles and Large, which formerly belonged to the Blue Boar Inn."

Concerning this, Hall observes,—

"'Without arraignment or judgment, he was, in the open Market-place on a new scaffold, beheaded and put to death. His death he received at the hands of king Richard, whom he had before, in his affairs, purposes, enterprises, holden, sustained, and set forward, above all God's forbode."

And this account is corroborated by documents in the *Stafford MSS.*, quoted by the historian of Shrewsbury. The passage on the subject is as follows :—

"And so all the gentlemen of Harrefordshire weare send for by Privy Seale to King Richard to *Salisburie*, and by that time Duke Henry of Buckingham, was brought by Sir James Tyler, the third daye, wheare he was pittifullie murdered by the said Kinge, for raisinge power to bring in King Henrie the Seventh."

The Duke having been thus summarily disposed of, what became of the wretch that betrayed him? One account narrates,—

"Banister and his whole family were destroyed by the surprizing judgments of the Almighty. The Usurper refused to pay him the thousand pounds promised in the Proclamation, saying, 'He that would betray so good a Master, would be false to any other.'"

But according to another, and truer version, the informer received his reward, and,—

"with the king's commendation of his service in his letters patent; for he gave him the Manour and Lordship of Ealding in Kent, late belonging to the Duke of Buckingham. So the letters ran,—'Richard &c.,—*to al and singular the Officers, &c.,—Wit ye, that in consideration of the true and faithful service which our well beloved servant Rauf Banistre Esq, now late hath done unto us, for and about the taking and bringing of our said great Rebel into our hands, we have given unto the said Rauf, and to his heirs male, the said Manour for ever.*'"

Both giver and receiver a congenial pair, and the gift that passed a characteristic one, being a portion of the spoil of their victim. Of such men it may be said,—

"Shame and Desolation sit
By their graves ever."

But where was Buckingham buried, after he had been thus "condemned and executed in such summary way, on a new scaffold erected in the Market-place of Salisbury." A tomb to his memory is erected in Britford church, about a mile and a half distant from that

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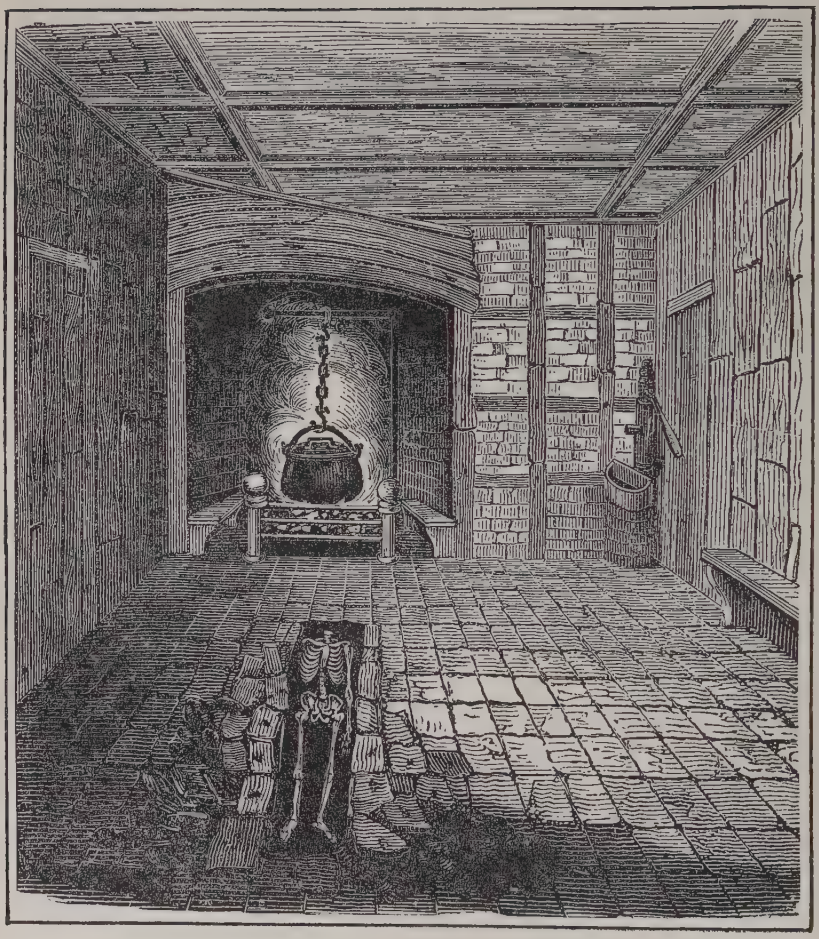

DISCOVERY MADE IN THE KITCHEN OF THE SARACEN'S HEAD INN, SALISBURY.

From the Saturday Magazine, 6 April, 1839.

city, but it is a cenotaph only, his body was not interred there; where then was its final resting-place, after his troublous life had found such disastrous extinction? Still further ignominy appears to have remained to be meted out to the inanimate form, after man had wreaked his last vengeance on the life.

From an article in the *Saturday Magazine*, 6 April, 1839, we gather the following,—

"Tradition assigns the court-yard of the Blue Boar Inn, as the scene of this bloody tragedy; but great uncertainty seems always to have prevailed as to the spot where the mutilated remains of this unfortunate nobleman were finally deposited. The frontispiece which is presented to our readers, gives a view of the kitchen of an inn (the Saracen's Head) in Salisbury, in which, while some repairs and alterations were being made, a skeleton, in the condition shewn in the picture, was discovered beneath the floor of the apartment, which is on a level with the ground. A view of the appearance of the figure, together with the apartment, was made and published by Mr. J. M. Cullam—of which view, with his permission we have taken a copy. These human remains, are with good reason, supposed to have belonged to that Duke of Buckingham.

"It is supposed that the head and right arm, after having been submitted to the personal inspection of the King, then resident in "the King's house," in the Close, were sent to London to be affixed to Temple Bar, or exposed on Tower Hill, as was commonly used to be done in those times. A tomb in the north chantry of St. Thomas's church, Salisbury, was once supposed to contain the remains of Buckingham, and another in Britford church, near Salisbury, obtained a similar reputation; but sufficient evidence has been found to shew these were only *monuments* to his memory, and no indications, leading to probability, have ever appeared, to point out the place of the sepulture of the Duke of Buckingham, till the discovery took place represented in our frontispiece.

"The Saracen's Head Inn (owing to the peculiar contiguity of the two places) is supposed to have once formed part of the premises attached to those of the Blue Boar. The grave, therefore, of the Duke, was probably made only a few yards, possibly feet, from the spot where he suffered decapitation. The skeleton was found about eight inches below the surface of the soil; the spinal column appeared imbedded in the clay, and on taking up some of the detached vertebræ, they crumbled to dust in the hands. All the remains were in a like friable condition."

Commenting on this discovery, Sir R. C. Hoare remarks,—

"The most remarkable circumstance connected with this locality is the recent discovery of a skeleton, found just under the pavement in making some alterations in a kind of kitchen or out-house, belonging to the Saracen's Head, which is close to the site of the Blue Boar. It was that of a person apparently above the middle size and had been deprived of the head and right arm. The workman by whom it was found, omitted to notice whether the bones of the neck had been separated by a sharp instrument, but could remember that the bone of the arm appeared to have been cut off, just below the shoulder, as if by a saw. These remains were destroyed without proper examination.

"Of itself the discovery would prove nothing, but if the fact of Buckingham's execution at Salisbury be indisputably established, we shall not be guilty of too great a stretch of imagination, in supposing these were his mutilated remains, interred clandestinely, or, at least, without ceremony, near the spot where he suffered."

The name of Blue Boar Row is still perpetuated on the south side of the Market Place at Salisbury.

The tomb set up to his memory in Britford church, is in the place of honour, on the north side of the chancel. It is a high-tomb with Purbeck marble cover-stone, but exhibiting no brass indent, or

inscription. Below are six canopied niches containing figures:—1. Figure gone.—2. Crowned female saint, with remains of cross (?), probably St. Margaret.—3. A bishop with pastoral staff, and hand raised in benediction.—4. A female saint crowned, St. Katharine with wheel and sword.—5. St. George, with sword, shield, and dragon under his feet.—6. A female saint bearing a pix or shrine, St. Mary Magdalene (?). At the west end are two niches having within them angels holding shields with the bearings sculptured thereon:—1. *A chevron*, evidently for Stafford, and 2. *A fess* (apparently *cotised engrailed*, but perhaps only an ornament introduced by the sculptor), for Widville, Earl Rivers. Over the tomb is a detached ogee arched crocketted canopy, with large finial, springing from embattled and pinnacled side buttresses. The canopy is ornamented with vine foliage and fruit; the workmanship of the whole composition is of coarse character. On a modern brass plate affixed above the tomb is this inscription,—

HENRICUS·STAFFORD·DUX·BUCKINGHAM
DECAPITATUS APUD SALISBURI·I·RIC·III·A.D. 1483.

It is probable this memento at Britford was erected by the Duke's brother-in-law, Lionel Widville, who was Bishop of Salisbury at the time of Buckingham's execution. Its position outside the city was doubtless adopted to deprecate prominence and discussion at this dangerous era.

The Bishop was the third son of Sir Richard Widville, the first Earl Rivers (so created by Edward IV., in 1466, and who was subsequently beheaded at Northampton, 1467), by his wife Jacqueline of Luxemburg, widow of John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford. He was brother to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., and so uncle to the unfortunate Princes so relentlessly destroyed by Gloucester, brother also to Katharine, wife of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and Anthony, Earl Rivers, executed at Pontefract by Richard III. He held the See two years only, 1482-4, and his death is said to have been accelerated by the fate of his brother-in-law at Salisbury, and the other misfortunes that befell his family during the reign of Richard III.

The tomb assigned to Bishop Widville stands under the first arch of the north aisle of the choir of the Cathedral, leading into the transept.

It is a high altar-tomb, the cover-stone perfectly plain, with indent for inscription on its edge, but the brass has disappeared. Below are traceried panels, with shields in their centres, on which were originally brass escutcheons. Over the tomb is a large and heavy canopy, extending the whole width of the arch of the aisle. The arch of the canopy is depressed, and cusped, with roses on the bosses of the points. The vaulting within is panelled, as are also the side buttresses. The spandrels are traceried with shields in the centres, on which, as on

the tomb below, were brasses. The whole composition is of Purbeck marble, and of plain character.

Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, married Katharine, daughter of Richard Widville,—created Earl Rivers by Edward IV., 24 May, 1466, and constituted by that monarch Constable of England,—by his wife Jacqueline of Luxemburg, widow of John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, third son of King Henry IV. She was thus sister to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., and so aunt to the unfortunate Princes murdered in the Tower.

By her the Duke had two sons and two daughters. Edward, eldest son, who was restored to all the honours of his father, by Henry VII., and made Constable of England and K.G. He appears to have offended, and, according to Burke, "also excited the enmity of Wolsey, and that ambitious prelate finally succeeded in accomplishing his ruin. Like his father he was doomed to fall by domestic treason, for having discharged one Knevet, a steward, for oppressing his tenantry; that individual became a fit instrument in the hands of Wolsey to effect the object he had at heart. Knevet declared "that the duke had contemplated the assassination of the King, Henry VIII., in order that he might ascend the throne himself as next heir, if his majesty died without issue," and it was further alleged "hee had consulted a monke or wizard, about succession of the crowne."

The Duke made a passionate and indignant denial to this frivolous, yet withal foul charge, but nevertheless he was found guilty and beheaded on Tower Hill, 17 May, 1521. Old Weever says, "he was a noble gentleman, exceedingly much lamented of good men. Of whose death, when the Emperour Charles the fift heard, he said, '*that a Butchers dogge*, (meaning the Cardinall, a butchers sonne) *had deuoured the fairest Buck* (alluding to the name of Buckingham) *in all England*.' He sometime lay sumptuously entombed in the church of the Augustine Fryers, in London, and the bodies of a hundred more of exemplarie note and degree, but now their bodies are not only despoiled of all outward funerall ornaments, but digged up out of their requietories, and dwelling houses raised in the place, which was appointed for their eternal rest."

Henry, the second son, was created Earl of Wiltshire, 1 Henry VIII., 1509, married first, Margaret, Countess of Wilts, and secondly, Cicely Bonville, Marchioness of Dorset. More of him will be found under the notice of Bonville. He died 6 March, 1523.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter married Robert Ratcliffe, created Lord Fitzwalter, and afterward 28 Dec., 1529, Earl of Suffolk, K.G., and Lord High Chamberlain. He died in 1542.

Anne, married first Sir Walter Herbert, second son of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke and K.G. By a singular coincidence this Earl met with his death through the desertion of a Stafford, Humphrey, Earl of Devon, of the Suthwyck in Wiltshire and Hooke in Dorsetshire branch of the family; who withdrew his support at Banbury, and Pembroke was defeated at Danesmore in 1469, and afterward taken to Northampton and beheaded. Secondly, she married George Hastings, first Earl of Huntingdon, of the second

creation, who died in 1544, and was buried at Stoke-Pogis. She survived the Earl, and at her death was interred beside him.

The motives that influenced the conduct and actions of Buckingham have been a subject of much speculation among historians, and it is doubtful if any fixed determination or aim lay at the bottom of any of them, beyond the chances or necessities of the passing hour. The social aspect of the age in which he lived exhibited merely a succession of plots for the mastery of ruling for the time being, and almost everyone having station above the ordinary citizen, was by turns embroiled or mixed up in them; while those holding distinguished positions by birth or influence, were almost forced to take active part, with all their consequent perils. Ambition, cruelty, and callous hardness, trampled under foot all the finer feelings of the heart and mind,—hypocrisy and treachery invaded the most sacred ties of home and blood-relationship, the desire of worldly power, and holding their neighbours in the yoke of bondage, was the prevalent feeling, to which all others were sacrificed, and the opposing factions met each other on the field of battle, and fought for the governing power at the sword's point, with the sacrifice of myriads of human lives. At this distance of time it may be asked, what result after all, was effected by this bloodshed that surged through the country for half-a-century? It may be answered, none, beyond letting loose the worst vices that infest humanity, and the consequent retardation of all that tends to civilize the individual.

Amid such a storm of wickedness, strong minds alone had chance to pilot themselves safely through it, and then with much uncertainty, but what would be the fate of weak ones,—vacillating, uncertain, capricious, such as Buckingham was said to possess? Only one in the end, at that era, was reserved for such, and with unsparing revengeful steps it overtook him.

That he was the main instrument of placing the Crown on Gloucester's head, seems to admit of little doubt,—

> "The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
> The last was I that felt thy tyranny."

It is equally uncertain what motive influenced his defection from Richard. This has been said to have been Richard's withholding from him the large estates which Buckingham claimed should have descended to him as coheir of Bohun, as a reward for helping him to the Throne, and so did not fulfil the implied promise of the compact. But was this so? Richard may be readily believed to have been bad enough for anything, but was he thus ungrateful to the man, to whom he was indebted more than to any other for attaining his present position?

Upon this point there appears to be considerable doubt. Dugdale, under his notice of Stafford in the *Baronage*, includes the following:—

"Having thus been the principal agent in advancing Richard to the throne, and thereupon pressing his performance of what had been privately promised, this new King signed a Bill for Livery of all those lands unto him whereunto he pretended a right by descent from Humphrey de Bohun; sometime Earl of

Hereford, and Constable of England. An abstract whereof I have here inserted, together with a schedule of the Castles and Manors affixed thereto.

"R.R.

"Richard, by the grace of God, King of England, &c. &c. To all, &c. Know ye, that We, not only considering, that our right trusty, and right entyrely beloved Cosyn, Henry, Duke of Buckingham, is Cosyn and Heir of blood to Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford; and rightful inheritor of such inheritances, as were of the same late Earl, but also the true, feythful, and laudable service, the which our seid Cosyn hath in many sundry wises done unto us, to our right singular wele and plesure. Considering also and understanding, that the Mannors, Lordships and Lands, specified in the schedule, hereunto annexed, the which were parcel of the inheritance of the said Earl, and were chosen and accepted in purpartie by Harry the fifth, late King of England; son of Mary one of the daughters and heirs of the said late Earle; of a partition betwene the same late King, and Anne daughter of Alianore, another of the daughters and heires of the sayd late Earle; made by authority of Parliament in the second year of his reigne; in allowance of other Mannours, Lordships, Lands, &c., of the like value, allotted and assured in purpartie to the same Anne, come unto the hands of Edward the fourth, late King of England, our brother, by virtue of certain act or acts of Parliament, made against Harry the sixth, deceased without issue; so that our said Cosyn as true inheritor to the sayd inheritance in forme abovesayd, should by his death have had and inherited the said Mannours, Lordships, &c., specifyed in the said schedule, if the sayd act or acts of Parliament, had never been made. And also for certain other considerations Us especially moving, wille and grant unto our sayd Cosyn, that in our next Parliament to be holden, he shall be surely and lawfully, by act of Parliament restored, fro' the Feste of Easter last past, to all the foresaid Mannours, &c., specifyed in the sayd schedule; and the same have, hold, and enjoy, to him and to his heires, according to such states and titles, as he should or might have done, if none act of Parliament had been made against the sayd King Harry the sixth, touching the sayd Mannours, &c., at any time since the death of the sayd late Earle. And, that our sayd Cosyn now forthwith enter into all the same Mannours, and thereof take the issues, &c., to his own use, fro' the sayd Feast of Easter, unto the time he be thereto restored by authority of Parliament, in fourme above remembered; without any account or other thing yielding unto Us or our heires for the same. And, that he have the making of all Officers, Gifts, and Benefices, Wards, and other Profits, &c. In testimony whereof We have set our Signet, and Sign-Manuell.

"Yoven at our Mannour of Greenwich, 13th of July, of our Reign the First."

These Manors as enumerated in the schedule were fifty-three in number, lying in nineteen counties, of which "*total sum valoris*, £1084 1*s.* 9*d.*" And he further adds,—

"Nay, an author of that time reports (*Chron. MS. Joh. Rous in bibl. Cotton. p. 269.*) that he (Richard) gave him all his riches, so that he then made his boast that "he had as many liveries of *Stafford Knots*, as Richard Nevill the late great Earle of Warwick had of *Ragged Staves*."

As we before observed, to attempt to explain or speculate upon the motives that actuated Buckingham in his extraordinary career, would be alike both useless and fruitless. His eagerness and zeal displayed to place Richard on the throne, his consent to, and consequent complicity in the cold-blooded executions of his wife's brothers and their associate at Pontefract, and also of Hastings, together with other heinous transactions, to the prejudice and discomfiture of the nearer tie of his wife's defenceless nephews, appear to have had no very definite purpose as regarded himself, but only exhibited the actions of an unscrupulous partisan and tool for others, the attributes of a weak, contemptible mind. Was he aware

of, and did he also assent to, the last and most atrocious of Richard's crimes, the murder of the Princes in the Tower, toward both of whom, the poor boys stood nearly in the same relationship? If so, he was even more vile than Richard, for *he* had an excuse, ambition, albeit of the most loathsome kind, to offer,—which Buckingham had not, nor indeed any that can be imagined.

This question has, we believe, never been definitely answered, and so we prefer to give Buckingham the benefit of the doubt, and to hope that he did not do so. Although he appears to have excessively disliked the Queen-Mother and her family, and was the chief promoter of the movement to rob her sons of their royal heritage, still there does not appear to be any direct evidence to incriminate him as consenting to their deaths, after circumstances point to the contrary, and he is said to have made use of their inhuman fate, as one of the principal reasons for his desire to dethrone Richard.

The complete confirmation, however, of his weak, unsettled, poorly-ambitious mind, which led to his final defection and action against Richard, was doubtless due to the persuasive powers of his prisoner-guest, the wary, far-seeing, intellectual Morton, in whose hands, with plans carefully prepared, and subtle knowledge of the world and human life, Buckingham would be little more than a child. There is not however much to admire in this ecclesiastic's furtive flight from the custody of his host,—for his enforced sojourn at Brecknock Castle could be called in its conditions but little otherwise than that of a visitor. Then speedily placing himself in a position of safety, he left the seeds of disaffection he found sown in the mind of Buckingham, and which he had carefully nurtured, to ripen into foolish, hasty, miscalculated action, which revealed to Richard truly enough the character of the movement, that was destined in the end to deprive him of his kingdom and his life, but enabled him, as it turned out, easily to send this its first pioneer to the scaffold.

Sufficient stress does not appear to have been laid on this incident, and the influence it probably exercised, connected with the fate of Buckingham. His wretched downfall and unenviable character have consigned him to unpitying oblivion—the fate of many a better, but unsuccessful man,—while the brilliantly fortunate career of his quondam prisoner, has caused this circumstance to be forgotten, or passed over in silence. It is not inferred that Morton originally unsettled Buckingham's mind,—*that* had taken place before,—but the fact remains he confirmed that unsettledness, pointed out the way in which he could be useful by hostile movement in the western counties, and then took speedy flight beyond seas to Richmond, where he remained in safety from the wrath of Richard, until after the battle of Bosworth.

Buckingham naturally did not want to part with his genial strong-minded prisoner and adviser,—but some excuse must nevertheless be allowed Morton for his hasty exit. He well knew the suspicion Richard had of him, and that king's jealousy of the strength of his ability and influence, which he believed was not loyal toward him, and the Bishop consequently being remitted to the custody of Buckingham. After Morton had tampered with Buckingham,

completed his other traitorous negociations against Richard, and when circumstances were rapidly shaping themselves, if not with very defined and concentrated purpose, yet sufficiently large and apparent, as to render a hostile movement against Richard's authority an event of the shortest notice; and having also made full estimate of Buckingham's unreliable character and incapacity, and that no mercy would be meted out to him in such company, should an unsuccessful storm break forth and he fall into the hands of his victor,—which was just what did happen in Buckingham's case,—the first law of nature persuaded him, and he made for a place of safety under the shadow of his idol, there to wait further opportunity to aid, when the course of events afforded it.

John Morton was a west-country man, having been born about 1420, at Bere-Regis, a small market town in central Dorset, where his family had for some time been settled, and were of good standing. He was educated in the Abbey of Cerne, and then entered Balliol College, Oxford, where his proficiency attracted the notice of Cardinal Bourchier. He was successively Rector of St. Dunstan's, London, Prebendary of Wells, Bishop of Ely 1478, Archbishop of Canterbury 1486, Lord-Chancellor 1487, Cardinal of St. Anastasia 1493, and Chancellor of Oxford. But he was much more than this, he was the friend, counsellor, and financier—the last no easy position—to Henry VII., the chief personage both in Church and State, at once Primate and Premier, and the cementer of the union of the rival houses of the Red and White Rose.

The merest glance at Morton's life would involve reference to the principal events of the age in which he lived, and he has been perhaps correctly designated as the foremost Englishman of his time. In their way both Morton and Buckingham were the setters up of kings. Probably the real prompting motive that lay at the bottom of both their minds, and gave force to their action, was much the same,—the consequent advancement, if their efforts succeeded, of their own station and interests. Buckingham accomplished his object, but was disappointed at the result. Then his thoughts turned to substitute another ruler, and by strange circumstance he was thrown into counsel with an individual bent on the same errand, but an infinitely abler and far-seeing man. In this his second design, Buckingham led the forlorn hope and perished; Morton entered the breach with the reserve, after the fortress had been stormed and had capitulated. The motives that actuated these henchmen of kings, as we have said, were doubtless alike, whether fortune led the one to the scaffold, and gave the other the delegated authority of the throne. The White Rose was good enough for Morton until the White Boar became its representative. Then his mind and energies turned to the Red Rose,—the triumph came,—with consummate wisdom he wedded their rival pretensions and extinguished the internecine strife. All now bade for peace, the path of the highest distinction lay before him, he traversed it with the greatest ability and success, and when he died had reached its most exalted eminence, and the dream of his life had been fulfilled.

His death occurred, says Hutchins,—

"at Knole in Kent, 16. cal. Oct. 1500, as the Canterbury Obituary, or 15. Sep. as the Register, aged 90. By his will dated 16 June, and proved 22 Oct. 1500, he *ordered 1000 marks to be given in alms at his funeral; his best gilt cross and mitre to the Church of Ely; to King Henry his best portiforium; to Queen Elizabeth his best psalter; to Lady Margaret the King's mother, a round image of the Blessed Virgin of Gold; to Lady Margaret his god-daughter, and the King's eldest daughter, a cup of gold, &c., &c.*

"He was buried in the Cathedral of Canterbury, in the crypt, before the image of the Virgin Mary, called our Lady Under-Croft, agreeable to his will. Over his stone coffin, which was first deposited in the ground, was laid a marble, even with the surface of the pavement, which being broken, several parts of his body wrapt in cere-cloth, were taken away. At length the head only remained, which in 1670, Ralph Sheldon of Beoly, Co. Worcester, begged of Archbishop Sheldon, and at his death in 1684 left it to his niece. Near his grave, on the south side of the chapel was a goodly tomb erected to his memory, without any inscription."

The memorial to Cardinal Morton consists of a low altar-tomb on which is his effigy robed in full *pontificalibus*. Six monks, or weepers, three on each side, kneel beside the body. The arch of the canopy above is ornamented on the inner soffit with the *rose crowned*, *cardinal's hat*, *portcullis*, and his rebus, *a hawk or mort, on a tun*, alternate; on the outer side with figures in niches. A lily in a pot, between what remains of two figures probably representing the Annunciation, is sculptured in the panel above the feet. The whole, composed of a soft white stone, is in a state of considerable decay, much mutilated, and begrimed with dust and dirt to a sooty hue.

How strange the metamorphosis death often assigns to the claims of fame or station, especially to the memorials set up to them; of this, the tomb and effigy before us furnishes notable example. Here, enveloped in the dark shadows of this crypt, and scarcely discernible, where, unless guided, human foot would scarcely dream of taking its way in search of reminiscence to one so memorable, is the monument of the principal Englishman of his era, who held the highest position in the kingdom ecclesiastically and civilly, a statesman also of the first order, the value of whose influence in settling the great quarrel that had so long distracted his native land, and bringing it peace, can now hardly be estimated.

Broken, tattered, despoiled,—gradually crumbling and decaying,—covered also with the dust and neglect of ages, lies what is left of the outward and visible semblance of John Morton, Prince of the Church, Metropolitan of England, and Lord Chancellor to her King. But a close scrutiny through the gloom shews us the stately lines of his vestments, his broken mitre, his shattered staff, and on them the traces of that sparing but rich ornament, that asserts at once the erstwhile dignity of their wearer when in the flesh,—and typifies with true presentment, the glimpses of his grand character, that now comes back to us so vividly, through depth and dimness of the Past. Even his very dust, carried away piecemeal by the thoughtless wayfarer, adds significant tribute to the greatness of his memory; but the six monks, headless and handless, still remain and kneel by his side, patiently waiting amid the desolation and obscurity for the eternal dawn.

EFFIGY OF JOHN MORTON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND CARDINAL

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Our steps finally take us back to Britford church, and a last look at the cenotaph of the restless, unscrupulous, short-sighted, ill-fated Buckingham. At the end of the tomb the decaying angels still support the proud escutcheons of Stafford and Widville, names here, in the funeral pomp of the grave, linked in the closest and most loving tie of human relationship, but in the olden life precedent, opposed to each other with a bitterness that death alone could appease. Time has now gathered themselves and all their actions into his lap, the fierceness of their strife is hushed into silence, and all the suspense and agony that haunted their lives and tracked them to its last resting-place, is over; and the wayfarer who contemplates their sadly-incidented story, and seeks to identify the few wrecks left to perpetuate their memory, as he turns away, mutters to himself the prayerful entreaty doubtless once inscribed over their dust, "*cujus anime propicietur Deus, Amen.*"

We linger a moment to catch a glance at the remarkable Saxon doorways still preserved in the nave,—relics coeval with the age when *Old* Sarum was in its best estate, and centuries before the glorious fane that adorns its *new* namesake was born or thought of,—and then emerge into the pleasant evening sunlight. How delightfully-reviving the communion with the purity of Nature, after our thoughts have been saddened by a contemplation of the self-sought miseries of her children. We saunter quietly along under the fine trees that overhang our path, loiter awhile to survey an old moated house, and then pass on by a winding path through mead and lane to Salisbury. Before us is the bright, busy little city, and above it is upreared the remarkable feature that has made its reputation world-wide, the glorious spire of its Cathedral. Higher and still more heavenward, its faultless proportion rises at every step, until standing within its shadow, our thoughts are lost in admiration of those men, who, when they had built an earthly home "to the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," reared this shaft of beauty from its midst, in testimony that their aspirations were not satisfied until they had placed its top-stone as near His heavenly home as human hands could raise it.

SALISBURY SPIRE.

Eyes of the soul,—turn from thought's busy realm,
And dwell awhile on yon height-piercing spire,
The sight is none that all things overwhelm,
But one that bids us rise to all things higher.
Delved from the earth a rude and shapeless thing,
Rended by force from the deep quarry's breast,—
Behold from such, a pure form upward spring,
In beauty's fairest vesture aptly drest.

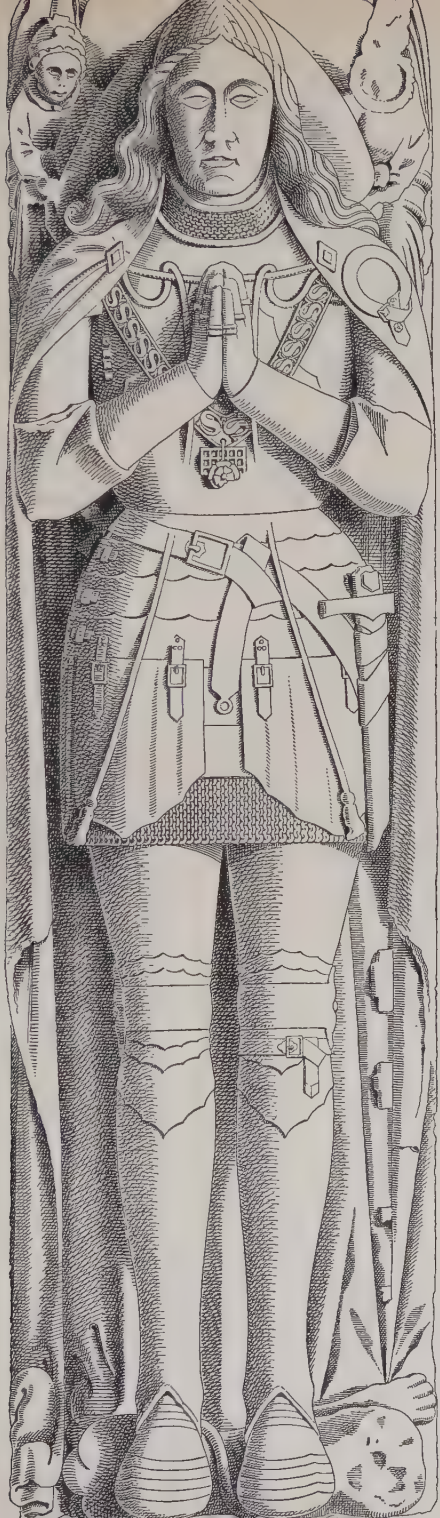
So may'st thou ravish thought's uncultured mine,
From the rude mass harmonious outlines blend,
Clothe with true beauty all the fair design,
That based on earth shall to the heaven ascend
Like Babel's tower,—but no confusion show,
By one grand purpose raised from all that's low.

UNHORSED AT BOSWORTH.

THE "silent finger that points to heaven" has, beyond all comparison, its finest exemplar at Salisbury, and this record, although common as a household word, is, notwithstanding, none the less true and impressive, and ever returns with Tithonic vigour at each renewed contemplation. Graceful in the happiest degree in proportion, its great altitude gives a power to its slender beauty of form, altogether beyond the rivalry of its sister spires that spring with humbler charms from this land of ours. Thus it stands in grand isolated dignity, amid the long-swelling undulations of the Wiltshire hills, with base trending earth-ward, yet lost before touching the ground amid the blue mist that creeps with shrouding haze along the wolds,—but its fine-drawn point pierces with no uncertain intention the quiet amber of the evening sky.

It would be perhaps difficult to find any where, taken in sympathy with its peculiar associations, a picture more impressive and delightful. The purpose of its builders,—the object of its dedication,—its majesty of size and height, lifting itself as it were far from the busy haunts and homes of those, who living, nestle at its feet, or in death are laid beneath its protective shadow,—its dark-tinted, yet well-defined, heaven-ward rising, beautiful outline,—so suggestive in its form of the design of this life, scarce rooted in the earth, yet with apex cleaving the sky, and tinctured too akin with the gloomy tints of human uncertainty, summon a host of thoughts from the inner recesses of the soul, and bids the gazer on its fair proportion and upward glance ask himself as he views it, how far the resemblance reflects his own condition, what he was designed for, what he has made himself.

And now the attraction of its wonderful presence has drawn us nearer, and we are sitting contemplatively under one of the large elms in the Close where the grand proportions of the fine cathedral are before us. Almost oppressive for a while, is the realization of its great size, and the glance upward from the spirelets of the west front to the apex of the glorious spire, vanishing in the blue ether. But the eye must not dally with, nor dwell too lovingly on the delicate interlacery it is



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arrayed in, for however beautiful in itself, or when viewed alone, its decoration scarcely harmonizes with the bolder and more largely-defined ornamental details of the structure below; and the comparison at once assures us that this splendid addition was the offspring of a somewhat later age, but redolent of the truest and purest perception of architectural beauty, and was placed there with feeling akin to the tasteful hand that completes the cluster of gathered flowers with a tall spikelet of harmonious form, but of otherwise almost imperceptible contrasting beauty.

What words may appropriately describe this almost unrivalled picture? Two lines from one of our greatest bards suggest themselves,—

> "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
> Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!"

to which may be added that rare impression of unbroken harmony, and the pleasant satisfaction of this feeling clothes gratefully every aspect presented.

Singularly pleasant to the eye, also, and giving a sense of stability to this fine building, is the noble base-line of strong moulding that follows every length, angle, and recess, and adds the finish of completeness from spire to basement.

We enter, and within as without all is pure, severe, and uniform, the offspring of an age before men's minds and hands were wooed of their strength by the blandishments of ornament, and while yet they relied on the rare and noble simplicity of perfected outline, ever the most difficult of achievement, and, consequently when attained, ever the more enduring of pleasure. Those dark, slender shafts, with their deep-cut capitals, stand with airy but decided purpose from jutting quoin, or flank the strong arches, perfectly harmonizing with the contour of all about them; and while they relieve the monotony or severity of their surroundings, do not intrude on the eye, nor distract the attention further, but quietly and unobtrusively fill the true subsidiary position that should ever be assigned to ornament, and nothing beyond.

Were it possible to take a stranger into the cathedral, and, ignorant of its existence, place him under the spire, the wildest flight of imagination could not conjure within his mind the possibility of the existence of the noble finial that rises above his head. The piers of the arches on which it rests afford no clue, and although somewhat larger than those near them, are nevertheless so comparatively slender that they would attract no notice unless carefully pointed out, and then a glance outside, and another survey within would startle him into an almost awe-struck realization of the consummate boldness that planned, and ability that carried to completion, this wonderful afterthought, and impress him that there were indeed giants in architectural resource, even in those "dark days," as we are sometimes pleased to call them.

Another and most distinguished charm too, finds striking witness at Salisbury. Its chaste and simple grandeur has fairly put to the rout the modern decorator, with his paint-pots and gold leaf,—that

sturdy and well-patronized defacer of the real, with the garniture of the cheat. No room for him here, or but scant and in soberest guise, and his meretricious attractions are met everywhere with the declaration mirrored in the gleaming Purbeck, or nestling in the ghost-like shadows that haunt the deep-cut foliage that crowns it,—there is no beauty like reality.

Thus much for our short survey of the stately fabric. Our next inquiry is, what is the special purpose of our visit to-day—where is the object we are in search of? It is for the memorial of one of those half-courtier, half-soldier chieftains, so many of whom threw their fortune in with his, and afterward found distinguished place and occupation at the Court and government of the first Tudor king. Where shall we find it? With a sort of shudder we take a survey of the assemblage of monuments lying so regularly and suspiciously disposed, in lines under the arches of the nave. In the long array we note effigies of templars, bishops, and knights—interposed here and there with brassless stones—reclining for the most part on nondescript-looking tombs, composed of heterogeneous and patchwork materials, having little or no relationship apparently to the figures they support. Instantly we apprehend in its fullest sense, the sacrilegious barbarism of Wyatt, who removed almost the whole of them from their original places in other parts of the edifice, to their present incongruous positions, making up the tombs piecemeal from such fragments out of the general destruction, as happened to fit, or be available,—probably the most deplorable desecration of its kind to be found in the annals of archæological record, and which we wish we could not further think of.

Singularly, almost uniquely rich was this cathedral in tombs of every age, before this ruthless resurrectionist and invader of sepulchres was let loose therein, toward the close of the last century to wreak his fury. Dowsing was almost a hero in desecration, compared with the callous and equally destructive energies of Wyatt, for while the fanatic iconoclast had that fiercest of all flames, ignorant bigotry, to urge him on, it was left to the 'cultivated' imagination of one, who aspired to be thought an architect and man of taste, to set himself up as a rival in the detestable business of spoliation, and scarce any escaped him from the Founder downward, for Bishop Poore was meted out the same fate, impartially as others.

Emerging from under the modern brass screen that separates the choir from the nave, slowly we pass down the south aisle. There, is the beautiful effigy of William Longspée, the first Earl of Sarum, son of Henry II. and fair Rosamond, reclining on his glorious tomb, once covered with exquisite mosaic work, the embossed lions on his enamelled shield, chafing at the indignity of their master having been ousted from his olden station of honour in the Lady Chapel,—Bishop de la Wyle the founder of St. Edmund's Collegiate Church in this city at the close of the thirteenth century,—the tomb of the unfortunate Lord Stourton of murderer's fame and silken halter,—the martial proportions of the second Lord Hungerford, brought hither from the demolished Chantry erected by his wife the last Bottreaux, on

the north side of the retro-choir,—next, the tomb of Bishop Beauchamp, the "Wykeham of his age" (for he superintended the building of St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle), taken from his beautiful Chantry, that once had place opposite to Lady Hungerford's; and following him, the interesting effigies of two other early and distinguished Bishops, Roger, and Joceline, A.D. 1184, and brought from old Sarum! The face of Bishop Joceline, although so old and denuded, still exhibits the marvellous placidity of sleep, all the more so from the partial effacement of the features, but displaying an effect no modern sculpture could imitate.

But he whom we seek is not found among this long succession of departed greatness, and we carefully proceed with our investigation up the north aisle.

Here the first we meet with, is the unique and mysterious "Boy Bishop,"—lying at length and much denuded beneath his protective iron grating. Then we pass two "unappropriated" tombs, and next a mail-clad effigy said to be William Longspée, second Earl of Salisbury, son of the William on the other side,—then a fine figure of a knight in bascinet and surcoat, John de Montacute, with fortunately a considerable portion of the original tomb below him. Whom does this desolate-looking pair of brassless stones, side by side record, with indent of man and wife still apparent on them? Ah! the emblem powdered on the stone,—the *harvest sickle*,—unravels their story, and a feeling of sadness pervades us, as we recognize in them the memorials that once covered the dust of Walter, the first Lord Hungerford—father of Robert on the opposite side—and Katharine Peverel his wife, shifted here about a century since, as an inscription on them informs us, "by Jacob C. Radnor," when he removed the beautiful iron-work Chantry in which they originally had appropriate place, and carried it away to the east end of the choir to do duty as a 'family pew.'

There is but one more effigy, you say,—as we turn from this last memorial of the long sequence of departed and 'translated' worthies —and that must be him whom we seek. A glance at the tall armoured figure immediately assures us that he is found, Sir John Cheney, Baron of that name; and a stout adherent of the first Tudor sovereign, Henry VII.

The family of Cheney, as we have previously noted, * was a wide spreading one in the south of England, and, according to Burke, derived their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Caineto, who came to England with the Conqueror.

Sir John, of the monument before us, was of Kentish extraction. William, the son of Sir Alexander Cheney, married Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Robert de Shurland, of Shurland in the parish of Eastchurch, in the Isle of Sheppey. He died 8 Edward III., 1333, leaving issue Robert, who left issue Sir Richard of Shurland, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Cralle, of Cralle, Sussex,

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* See page 4.

by whom he left two sons, William of Shurland, and Richard of Cralle.

Sir William Cheney of Shurland, Sheriff of Kent, 13 Henry IV., 1412,—1 Henry V., 1414,—2 Henry VI., 1424, Knight of the Shire for Kent, 3 Henry V., 1418, died 21 Henry VI., 1443, and was buried with Margaret his wife in St. Benet's church, Paul's Wharf, London.

He was succeeded by his son Sir John, Knight of the Shire for Kent, 27 Henry VI., 1449, and Sheriff 33 Henry VI., 1455. He married Eleanor, daughter and coheiress of Sir Robert de Shottisbroke, knt., and sister to Margaret, Duchess of Somerset. There were two sons, John and William.

Sir William, second son, was Sheriff of Kent 7 Edward IV., 1467, and 1 Henry VII., 1486, was appointed Constable of Queenborough Castle, the same year. He was twice married; by his first wife had one son, Sir Francis Cheney, who succeeded his father as Constable of Queenborough Castle, and died without issue; and by his second wife one son, Thomas, who became his uncle John's heir. (Hasted.)

Sir John Cheney, the eldest son, of Shurland, is the subject of our narrative. He appears to be the first of this numerous and influential race that reached the honour of the peerage. *

We first hear of him in 1465, when he was one of the Commissioners sent to treat with the King of Denmark, accompanied by Dr. Goldwell, Dean of Salisbury. He is here called "*strenuus miles*," probably from his great stature and strength.

In 1475, where he is termed Esquire of the King's body, with a retinue of seven men at arms, including himself, he accompanied the English army to Calais, in the expedition to France by Edward IV., when that king was first deceived and then out-manœuvred by the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy, and afterward bought off from all his martial intentions by the French king Louis XI., promising to pay him seventy-two thousand crowns down, and a yearly pension of fifty thousand crowns for life,—marry his son the Dauphin to Edward's daughter Elizabeth (afterward wife to Henry VII.), and a further sum of fifty thousand crowns as a ransom for the release of the widowed Queen Margaret. Louis, remembering Crecy and Agincourt, was exceedingly anxious to see the backs of the English turned on France, and besides all this money, or the promise of it, sent to Edward "three hundred waggon loads of wine," and further cartloads for the use of his army; and "at length the French king's

* Sir William Cheney, Chief Justice of England, had summons to Parliament among the barons of the realm, 4, 5 and 6 Henry VI., 1426-8. (Hasted.) Query if the Sir William who died 1443. His name does not appear among the extinct peerages. In the church of "Saint Michaels Pater-noster in the old Royall," Weever notes the following inscription:—"*Prey of yowr cherete for the souls of Agnes Cheyney, wydow, late wyff vnto William Cheney, somtym Esquyr for the Body vnto King Harry the seuenth. Whyche Agnes dyed the fyfteenth day of July in the yere of our Lord God on thowsand four hundred eyghty and seven. And for the souls of William Cheyney, Robert Molyneux, and Robert Sherington her husbands, and all Cristen souls.*"

fears vanished with the departure of the English, who went away extremely pleased with the French gold and wine, while the pensions assigned to Edward's principal courtiers amounted to sixteen thousand crowns a year."

Among the "principal courtiers" who were recipients of this inglorious spoil, Sir John Cheney's name is given as one, and associated with him were Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, William, Lord Hastings, his wife's father-in-law, the King's Chamberlain, and Dr. Thomas Morton, born at Bere-Regis, in Dorset,—then Master of the Rolls, and afterward Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury; all west-country names of great interest connected with our little annals. It was however stipulated by his French majesty, after seeing Edward, and swearing the treaty, that John, Lord Howard, and Sir John Cheney, Master of the Horse, should be left as hostages, until the King of England (after receiving the seventy-two thousand crowns) had passed the seas with his army. Edward, after receiving the money, embarked his forces with all expedition, and Howard and Cheney remained until his arrival in England, during which interval they were entertained "very nobly" by the French king.

We do not find him further mentioned during the reign of Edward IV., or the short rule of his unfortunate son, but soon after the usurpation of Richard III., he was among those who gave his adhesion to the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII.) being won over to the interest of her son by her trusty envoy, Sir Reginald Braye, and with him was Sir Giles Daubeney, and other influential men.

This being so, in due time, which occurred almost immediately, in 1483 he joined in the movement—so unfortunate as it turned out—of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and was associated with the Courtenays, the Marquis of Dorset, and others forming the western contingent, being in arms against the king, near Salisbury. On the dispersion of Buckingham's followers through the Severn inundation, Sir John Cheney and his companions made their escape safely across to France, where they joined the Earl of Richmond. His name was included in the Proclamation issued against the insurgent fugitives by Richard, with rewards offered therein proportionate to their station, on apprehension.

It is probable Sir John remained with, or near Richmond, in France, until his final expedition to England, in which he doubtless accompanied him, and on landing, proceeded with the Earl's army on their march through Wales to Bosworth. *

This memorable engagement which took place on the 22nd of August 1484, has been ably described by many pens, and its incidents, beyond those having reference directly to our story, need not be

* Among the "Knightes made at the landinge of Kinge Henry the Seventh at Mylforde Haven," fourth on the list occurs Sir John Cheney. His arms are thus given,—Quarterly 1 and 4, *Azure, six lioncels rampant argent, a canton ermine;* 2 and 3, *Ermine, a chief per pale indented or and gules, in the dexter side a rose of the last* (Shotisbrooke). Crest, *Two bull's horns argent, separated from the scalp, roots or, "fixed to the mantels without torce."* (Metcalfe's *Book of Knights.*)

recapitulated here. Our hero has special traditional fame connected with the fray, if not of the most fortunate kind, as will be seen.

In addition to the stream of deserters from his own army to that of his rivals, which met Richard's eyes on that eventful day, the defection of Lord Stanley, a misfortune of the first magnitude, assured Richard that no time was to be lost, if he hoped to save his crown. So, gathering a muster of as many as remained true to him, he made a direct and magnificent charge into the centre of his foes' line, striving gallantly to recover his fortune. Leading them in person, he fought his way directly to his adversary's standard, and "in his furie he manfully overthrew Sir William Brandon, the Earle's Standard-bearer, and Sir John Cheney, both men of mightie force and knowne valiancie," and he nearly reached Richmond himself. Hollingshed thus describes it,—

"King Richard set on so sharplie at the first brunt, that he ouerthrew the Erles standard, and slue Sir William Brandon, his standard bearer, (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon by King Henrie the eight created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinie, a man of great force and strength, which would haue resisted him, but the said John was by him manfullie ouerthrowen. And so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without aduantage, longer than either his companions thought or judged, which being almost in despair of victorie, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanlie, which came to his soccour with three thousand tall men. At which verie instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself manfullie fighting in the middle of his enemies was slaine."

The old chronicler, as a matter of course, pays Richmond the compliment of his "keeping him at the sword's point without advantage," but other accounts relate that the Earl was in no hurry to cross weapons with his redoubtable and now desperate antagonist, and was doubtless greatly "recomforted" at Stanley's opportune defection, with his "soccour of three thousand tall men."

That Richmond had a narrow escape is evident, Sir William Brandon his Standard-Bearer, was killed, and Sir John Cheney, giant in stature as he was, was unhorsed—"manfully overthrown"—by the comparatively diminutive, deformed King himself. Then a swarm of assailants closed round Richard, and he was hurled to the earth, and remorselessly despatched with many wounds.

Whatever may be said of Richard as to the degrading characteristics of his previous career, one thing stands out in strong relief, his undoubted courage, which on this decisive occasion was of the highest order, and claims its full meed of admiration, especially considering the disadvantages of his person, and he closed his life with the fate of a hero.

Simultaneously with Richard's death, if it was not its actual cause, Sir William Stanley following the example of his brother, just at that juncture crossed over with his forces to Richmond's side, which virtually decided the combat, and the battle was ended. The grateful Henry requited Stanley's inestimable service, thus so opportunely given, by putting him to death a few years later, on a very questionable and frivolous charge.

The naked, bloody, dirt-begrimed corpse of the last King of the White Rose, having been picked out from amongst the slain, was thrown contemptuously over the back of a horse,—"like a calf,"—head hanging down on one side and legs on the other, behind a pursuivant of arms called *Blanc Sanglier*, being the officer called after Richard's own badge, the *White Boar*, or *Boar argent*, doubtless so done in derision, and sent off to Leicester, and the battered, blood-stained helmet-crown of the Plantagenet usurper was lifted from the mud and placed upon the head of the Tudor invader.

But had fortune favoured Richard a little further, so that he could have got within weapon's length of his adversary, the untoward fate that befell him, may have been Richmond's instead, and a different chapter altogether substituted as to the future sovereignty of England.

In common with the associates of conquerors, the adherents of the first Tudor king got their due proportion of rewards and honours at his hands, and Sir John Cheney was not forgotten.

The first distinction he received was conferred a short time before Henry's coronation, which took place in October, 1485. Three of the king's highest adherents received patents of nobility, and twelve others were created Knights-Banneret; among these Sir John Cheney stood second on the list. He was also soon after created a Knight of the Garter, being the two hundred and thirty-seventh in the succession, and Dodsworth says, "it was on St. George's Day preceding the coronation, and that he sat at the first table in the right aisle of St. George's Hall, Windsor." At the end of the first Parliament, toward the end of the year, the king called him to his Privy Council.

But the most considerable honour yet awaited him, which took place in 1487, when by writ of summons dated the first of September in that year he was raised to the dignity of a Baron, and summoned to Parliament as such from that period to the 14 October, 1495. He held the office also of Royal Standard-Bearer to Henry VII.

In 1487, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, "a man of talents and enterprise, nephew to Edward IV., Richard III., and Margaret, widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy," Henry's uncompromising and implacable enemy, accompanied by Francis, Viscount Lovel (who had been Lord Chamberlain to Richard III.) Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare, the redoubtable Martin Swartz, with a large contingent of veteran Germans, and Irish, having crossed over from Ireland, landed on the fourth of June at Fourdrey in Furness in Lancashire. There they were joined by Sir Thomas Broughton, and the English adherents, and with this motley army was Lambert Simnel, and his tutor Richard Simons the Oxford priest; they marched into Yorkshire, and thence bent southward to Newark. Henry had assembled as numerous an army as he could muster and marched to Nottingham, but was not in sufficient force to give his antagonists battle. There he was reinforced by the Earl of Derby and a body of troops, and also by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Strange, Sir John Cheney, "and other knights and gentlemen at least three score," bringing with them large additional forces. The king succeeded in occupying Newark before the Earl of Lincoln could

reach it, and advanced to East-Stoke, about three miles south of Newark. Here the determined battle of Stoke took place on the sixteenth of June; the Germans fought with great determination, but the Earl's forces were totally routed and all their leaders, except Lord Lovel, slain, fighting to the last sword in hand.

Lord Lovel is reported to have escaped, and his fate has been enshrined in a halo of romance. By some he is said to have been killed in the battle, by others "that he fled and swam over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover on account of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river." But there is also this remarkable story of his disappearance,—

"On the 6th of May, 1728, the present Duke of Rutland, related in my hearing, that about twenty years there before, in 1708, upon occasion of new laying a chimney, at Minster Lovel, there was discovered a large vault or room under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, &c., &c., in another part of the room lay a cap all much mouldered and decayed. Which the family judged to be this Lord Lovel, whose exit, has hitherto been so uncertain." (Banks.) While another account adds, "that the clothing of the body, seemed to have been rich; that it was seated in a chair, with a table and mass-book before it; and also that, upon the admission of the air, the body soon fell to dust." (Gough.)

Previous to the battle another honour was conferred on him,—for among the "Banerettes made by the Kinge at the batell of Stoke besydes Newarke-upon-Trent the IX. day of June Anno Sec'do, whereof the first three wer made before the batell,"—the second name occurring is that of Sir John Cheney. (Metcalfe.)

In 1488 Sir John "received orders with other persons in Hampshire to levy archers for the relief of Brittany then threatened by the French," and in 1492 appears to have accompanied Henry's grand expedition to France, the flotilla being under the command of Lord Willoughby de Broke, as Admiral of the Fleet, and with Lord Daubeney as one of the principal commanders and ambassadors.

Here again money, and not the sword, decided the fortune of war, and it is curious, that one of the articles of this treaty of Etaples should be, that "the king of France (Charles VIII.) should pay the king of England the arrears of the yearly pension of fifty thousand crowns paid by Louis XI. to Edward IV., amounting in all to one hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns, which is twenty-five thousand pounds sterling."

This was the payment of the old debt contracted by the French king in 1475, to Edward IV., who was also to have the English king's daughter Elizabeth for his wife. Now, however, Henry was married to the lady instead, but he did not forget, when opportunity offered, to press for the arrears of the pension, due to her late father. Sir John Cheney was credited with getting a little plunder out of the first transaction in 1475, and it is probable that he did not come empty-handed out of this, the second, although he does not seem to have been one of the English ambassadors chosen to meet the astute Marshal d'Esquerdes.

No further record appears of Lord Cheney's services, and he died

without issue in 1496, when the title became extinct. He devised his estates to his nephew Sir Thomas Cheney, of Toddington, Bedfordshire.

Lord Cheney "was the friend, if not the relation of Bishop Beauchamp, for he was appointed one of his executors, and was buried in the Chapel erected by that prelate, in Salisbury Cathedral" (Dodsworth). He now lies under the first arch from the choir, in the north aisle of the nave. The Chapel of this prelate as it appeared before its destruction by Wyatt is thus described in Sir R. C. Hoare's *Modern Wiltshire*,—

> "The Beauchamp Chapel as a specimen of art, was in every respect worthy of the builder of the Collegiate Chapel of St. George at Windsor. It was larger than that of Lord Hungerford, and displayed the elaborate and richly ornamented style of the age. It was lighted by three windows to the south, with buttresses between, and a large window at the east end, and was finished with an embattled parapet. The remains of the prelate reposed under a plain marble tomb in the centre, and in the wall on the north side, separating it from the Lady Chapel, beneath canopies of exquisite tabernacle work, were those of his father and mother. An altar tomb in the south-west corner, surmounted also with a florid canopy covered those of Sir John Cheyney, his friend, and one of his executors. The Chapel was divided into two compartments, by an arch, on which were the armorial bearings of the Founder. Round the wall ran a cornice of delicately wrought fan-work and foliage, and the ceiling of carved oak, assimilated perfectly with the rest of the edifice."

Some portions of this "delicately wrought fan-work" is still to be seen among the *débris* of sculpture remaining in the cloisters. Bishop Beauchamp was younger son of Walter Beauchamp (younger son of John, Lord Beauchamp of Powyke), by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Roche, and brother to William Beauchamp, Lord St. Amand. He is supposed to have been the first Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury in 1450, afterward translated to Hereford; and died 1481.

The effigy of John, Lord Cheney, sculptured in alabaster, is of large size, and the costume is of most interesting military character. He appears clad in complete plate armour, with skirt and collar of mail, and armed with sword and miséricorde. The Garter is around the left leg, and he wears a large dependant collar of S.S., from which hangs, instead of the usual figure of St. George and the Dragon, an unique Tudor jewel, or badge, formed of a Portcullis, on which is super-imposed a Double Rose. Over the armour is the robe or mantle of the Order, fastened across the chest with cordon and tassels. On the left shoulder is embroidered the Garter. The head is bare, and the hair parted in the centre of the forehead, descends in large waves to the shoulders. The fingers and thumbs of both hands are adorned with rings, the feet rest on a lion, and behind the sole of the left foot is sculptured an oak leaf, on the right is apparently a scroll. Angels support the head.

The structure on which the effigy reclines is composed probably of no portion of the original tomb. It partly consists of traceried panels of Purbeck marble, having shields in their centres, on which were formerly brasses.

As has been observed, Lord Cheney was interred in the beautiful Chantry of his friend, Bishop Richard Beauchamp, which was situate

on the north side of the Lady Chapel, opposite Lady Hungerford's. The Bishop, who died in 1481, was also buried within it, and according to Leland, with his father and mother on either side of him "in marble tumbes." Wyatt demolished the Chantry, and removed both Bishop and Knight to the nave, and during the confusion of the desecration, the Bishop's tomb appears to have been lost or mislaid, his bones now rest in some one else's, taken from one of the transepts, wherein no remains at all were found. The Knight's tomb, probably formed of Purbeck marble, was too far gone with decay to bear 'translation.'

"In the last repairs," says Dodsworth, "the effigy (Sir J. Cheney's) was removed, and as the original tomb was totally decayed, the present base was formed from part of the ornaments that belonged to the Beauchamp Chapel. His skeleton was found entire, and justified the fame of his extraordinary stature and strength. The thigh bone measured above twenty-one inches, or near four inches longer than the natural size. These bones were enclosed in a box, and entrusted to the care of the writer, until the tomb was replaced, when they were deposited within, and the name of the deceased, with the date of the removal, inscribed on the cover." The act of a true and reverential man.

The substituted tomb of Sir John Cheney's friend the Bishop, is on the other side of the nave.

The arms of Cheney (of Shurland) are recorded as, *Argent, on a bend sable, three martlets or*, quartering, *Azure, five lioncels argent, a canton ermine*,—or according to another authority, *Azure, six lioncels, three, two, one, argent* (Shurland). No arms are visible at Salisbury.

At the death of Lord Cheney, his property devolved to his nephew and heir, Sir Thomas Cheney, son of his brother Sir William Cheney.

The scene of our little history now shifts from the broad chalk downs of south Wilts, to the kindred chalk measures of south-west Bedfordshire, and for a short time intermediately to northern Kent, the original seat of the family of Cheney.

Sir Thomas Cheney, nephew and heir of John, Lord Cheney, K.G., married first Frideswide, daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Frowyke, knt., Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. By her he had three daughters: Catherine married to Thomas Kemp, Esq., of Glendich, Kent.; Frances, to Nicholas Crips, Esq., son and heir of Sir Henry Crips, knt.; Anne, to Sir John Perrot, knt.; and Margaret, to George Nevill, Lord Abergavenny. (Burke.)

Secondly, he married Anne, daughter and coheiress of Sir John Broughton, knight, of Toddington, Bedfordshire, by his wife Mary daughter and heiress of Thomas Peyvre, lord of the manor of Toddington, by whom he acquired the estate. By her he had one son Henry (afterward Lord Cheney), his successor.

Sir Thomas is described as having been "a person of great gallantry and note in the reign of Henry VIII., accompanied that monarch to the field of the Cloth of Gold, where he was one of the

challengers against all gentlemen, who were to exercise feats of arms on horseback or on foot for thirty days."

He was created by Henry VIII. Knight of the Garter, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Treasurer of the Household. Upon the death of Edward VI., he espoused the interests of Queen Mary, and was called to the Privy Council by Queen Elizabeth in the first year of her reign, which same year he died, 1558-9, and was buried at Minster in Kent.

Hasted (*History of Kent*) has the following notice of this Knight,—

"Sir Thomas Cheney was a man of great account in his time; 7 Henry VII., he was Sheriff of this county, and served in Parliament for it 6 Edward VI., and 1, 2, and 5, Queen Mary. He was elected a Knight of the Garter in the reign of Henry VIII., by whom he was appointed Constable of Queenborough Castle, Governor of Rochester, Warden of the Five Ports, and Treasurer of the Household, in which office he continued in the next reign of K. Edward VI., of whose Privy Council he was one, and at his death, espousing the cause of Queen Mary, he was again made Warden of the Five Ports. Queen Elizabeth continued him Treasurer of her Household, and made him of her Privy Council. He resided at Shurland, the mansion of which he had new built, with great hospitality and sumptuous housekeeping, till the time of his death, which happened in the Tower on Dec. 8, in the first year of that reign, and was buried with great pomp and magnificence in a small chapel adjoining the parish church of Minster in the Isle of Sheppey. He had been twice married, first to Fridwith, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Frowike, Lord Chief Justice of England, by whom he had issue one son John, married to Margaret, daughter of George Nevill, Lord Abergavenny, and three daughters at length his coheirs, Katherine married to Sir Thomas Kempe, knt., Frances to Nicholas Crispe, Esq., and Anne to Sir John Perrott, knt. His second wife was Anne daughter and coheir of Sir John Broughton of Toddington, in the county of Bedford, knt., by whom he had an only son Henry, who became his heir.

"He was buried in great state in a chapel which had been the Conventual church, adjoining to the north-east part of the parish church of Minster, but his son Henry, Lord Cheney, having on 22 October, 1581, anno 24 Elizabeth, obtained a license to remove the coffins and bones of his father and ancestors from thence, he having sold the materials of the said chapel to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and placed them in the parish church, the coffin of his father was, among others removed, and deposited in the north chancel of it where a handsome monument was erected over him."

Sir Henry Cheney, knt., his only son and heir, was of Toddington. He married Jane, daughter of Thomas Wentworth of Nettlested, Suffolk, created Baron Wentworth in 1529, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household to Edward VI.; by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Andrew Fortescue, knt.

Sir Henry was created by Queen Elizabeth Baron Cheney of Toddington, by Writ of Summons dated 6 May, 1572, and had summons to Parliament from 8 May, 1572, to 15 October, 1586.

Hasted, speaking of this nobleman and his Kentish possessions, narrates,—

"Henry Cheney, Esqr., succeeded his father at Shurland, among his other Estates in this County, and in the third year of Queen Elizabeth he had livery of it with the rest of his inheritance; in the fifth year of it, he kept his Shrievalty for this County at his seat, in which year he was knighted, in the fourteenth year of that reign he was created Lord Cheney of Toddington in the County of Bedford. By his expensive method of living he acquired the name of "*the extravagant Lord Cheney*," and before his death had dissipated the great possessions which his

father had left him and died without issue 30 Elizabeth, anno 1587. However, long before his death, having removed to Toddington, where he had built a most magnificent seat, he exchanged the manor and seat of Shurland, with other estates in the neighbourhood of it, with the Queen, and the fee of it remained in the hands of the Crown, till King James I., in his second year granted it to Philip Herbert, younger brother of William, Earl of Pembroke, who the next year was created Lord Herbert of Shurland, and Earl of Montgomery. Sir Thomas Cheney —his father—seems to have had some foreknowledge of his son's future extravagance, for by his last will he devised his lands and manors to his son Henry and the heirs of his body, remainder to Thomas Cheney of Woodley, Esqr., and to the heirs male of his body, upon condition, that he or they or any of them should not alien or discontinue.

"Henry, Lord Cheney was possessed of much land in this parish, which with all the rest of his estates, through his profuse manner of living he was obliged to alienate from time to time.

"The Cheneys bore for their arms, *Argent, on a bend sable, three mullets or*, which coat on their marrying the heiress of Shurland, they bore in the second place. But the Lord Cheney bore his own coat in the first place, and that of Shurland second, and afterwards those of Shottesbroke, Broughton, Beard, Foster, Pevre, Loring, Beaple, Blaine, Manseck, Perrott, Hemgrave, Stonham, Burgat, Barneck, Neame, Engaine, Dawbney, Denston, and Wanston. For his supporters, *Two Thoyes vert, spotted gules and or, collared and chained or.* Sir Thomas Cheney bore for his crest, *on a wreath argent and vert, two horns of a bull argent on the curled scalp or;*—but the Lord Cheney changed it to '*a Thoye passant, collared with a ducal collar or.* Arms of Shurland, *Azure, five lions rampant argent, a canton ermine*, which arms are on the roof of the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral.'"

Lord Cheney was one of the peers who sat on the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. He died without issue in 1587, leaving the whole of his remaining property to his widow. He erected a magnificent seat at Toddington, concerning which Lysons adds,—

"Lord Cheney built a noble mansion at Toddington, about half a mile from the church, of which nothing now remains but the kitchen, which is remarkably spacious, having two fireplaces, each twelve feet in width, and a few rooms fitted up as a farm house. The greater part of the building was pulled down by the Earl of Strafford about the year 1745. It appears by an antient plan of the house (in 1802 on a fire-screen at the farm) that it occupied four sides of a quadrangle, at each corner of which was a turret; the north and south fronts were two hundred and ten feet in length, the chapel was thirty feet by twenty-four, the tennis court was sixty-five feet in length, and a marble gallery, fifty-eight."

Thus this fine edifice shared the fate of its predecessor erected by the Peyvres, from whom, through Broughton who married their heiress, Lord Cheney inherited the manor of Toddington, by marrying the heiress of Broughton.

From the dismantled earthly home of the extinct Cheneys to the final one appointed for all, is but the natural sequence of this world's history of human life. The olden possessors of Toddington, successively Peyvre, Broughton, and Cheney, are all gathered together in death, in the south transept of the church. Of them, and the fate of their memorials, a few words.

The Peyvres were an antient family, holding the manor of Toddington, as early as the reign of Henry III. Paulinus Peyvre, Steward of the Household to Henry III., was, says Lysons,—

"a man of mean origin, and when he went to Court, was not possessed of two carucates of land; but by means lawful and unlawful, (as Matthew Paris

observes) acquired such wealth, that he soon became possessed of five hundred carucates; a most insatiable purchaser of lands (says the historian) and a most incomparable builder. Not to speak of those in other places, his house at Toddington was like a palace, with a chapel, chambers, and other buildings, covered with lead, which raised the admiration of all beholders. His workmen are said to have received a hundred shillings, and more than ten marks for their wages."

So much for the grandeur of Paulinus Peyvre's mansion, and then the same authority significantly adds,—

"The site of this noble mansion is not known. Near the church at Toddington is a mount called Conger Hill, which seems to have been the keep of a castellated mansion, and there are considerable earthworks near it. This might have been the site of Sir Paulinus Peyvre's mansion. This favourite of fortune died in 1251."

Thus perished the mansion of the Peyvres, and it is curious to reflect, a like fate awaited the noble building erected by their successors the Cheneys. It was Mary, daughter of Thomas Peyvre, sixth in descent from Sir Paulinus, that brought the property to her husband Sir John Broughton, and his daughter and coheir Anne to Sir Thomas Cheney.

The Peyvres are buried in the south transept of Toddington church, which was antiently a Chantry, as there is a piscina in the south-east corner.

Continuing his description, Lysons (writing in 1806) thus speaks of the then shameful condition of the transepts and monuments of this fine old church,—

"In the south transept are some antient monuments of the Peyvres as appears by their arms: one of them was a crusader. In the same transept are monuments of Anne, wife of Sir Thomas Cheney, K.G.—1561,—Henry Lord Cheney, 1587,—and his widow, Jane Lady Cheney, 1614. On each of these were the effigies of the deceased, now much mutilated lying on the ground, mingled with the broken ornaments of the tombs, and the dung of birds and bats. The north transept which was the burial place of the Wentworths is not in a much better condition. The costly monument of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, who died in 1686, on which her mother who survived her ten years, directed the large sum of two thousand pounds to be expended, and another monument which appears to have been no less costly in memory of Lady Maria Wentworth, who died at the premature age of eighteen, in 1632, are in a state little better than those of the Cheneys. The windows of the aisle being without glass, and the roof much decayed, they are daily receiving much injury, by being exposed, to the ravages of the weather, and the depredations of children."

Notwithstanding the damage the Cheney monuments have sustained through this miserable neglect (they were buried in the same transept) the interesting memorials of the Peyvres have not suffered quite so badly. There are three effigies to them, and the indents on some brassless stones in the floor. One figure is a crusader, he is considerably mutilated, was originally a very fine example, on his shield are sculptured the arms of Peyvre,—*On a chevron, three fleurs-de-lys.* Under monumental arches in the south wall are, singly, two well-preserved and most interesting effigies. The knight in chain and plate armour, with bascinet. He wears a rich baudrick, and his surcoat is embroidered with the arms of Peyvre. A lion is at his feet, and angels support the head, holding with one hand an inscribed label

which passes across the neck of the effigy under the chin, an unusual arrangement. The lady is in long robes, with rich reticulated head-dress. These figures being sheltered by the arches over them, have not suffered so much by exposure to the weather as did the unprotected effigies of the Cheneys.

It should be mentioned that the transepts have of late for a long period been roofed and restored, and the remains of the monuments carefully got together and looked after.

Sir Thomas Cheney, K.G., who married Anne Broughton of Toddington, appears to have been buried as before mentioned in Minster church, in the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, where he held the manor of Shurland, as descendant of that family.

In Minster church, says Weever,—

"I saw some antique monuments of the *Shurlands*, sometime lords of the mannor of Shurland, hereunto adioyning: of whom the inhabitants have many strange relations. Sir *Robert Shurland* flourished in the raigne of King *Edward* the first."

He then gives the following inscription,—

HIC IACET DOMINUS THOMAS CHEYNE INCLITISSIMI ORDINIS GARTERIJ MILES: GUARDIANUS QUINQUE PORTUUM, AC THESAURARIUS HOSPITIJ, HENRICI OCTAVI, AC EDWARDI SEXTI, REGUM: REGINÆQUE MARIÆ, AC ELIZABETHÆ, AC EORUM IN SECRETIS CONSILIARIUS, QUI OBIJT ..... MENSIS DECEMBRIS: ANN. DOM. M.D.LIX. AC REG. REGINÆ ELISAB. PRIMO.

and continues,—

"This Sir *Thomas Cheyne* was also Constable of Queene-Borough Castle, a strong fortresse in this Isle, pleasant for sight, built by King *Edward* the third; to the terrour of his enemies, and solace of his people; unto which he adioyned a Burgh, and in honour of *Philip* the Queene his wife, called it Queene-Borough, or as one would say the Queenes Burgh. This hath been an office ever thought worthy of many great personages."

Among these "great personages" three of the Cheneys followed each other as Constables,—Sir William, as thirteenth; Sir Francis, as fourteenth; and Sir Thomas aforesaid, as fifteenth, in their succession.

The three effigies of the Cheneys in the south transept, formerly a Chantry of Toddington church, are ranged facing the east wall, on the site of the antient altar. The remaining portions of the tombs have been built together to the shape of the originals, as near as may be, and the mutilated figures laid on them.

The first of the series from the south wall is Dame Anne Cheney, wife of Sir Thomas Cheney, K.G., buried at Minster, and daughter of Sir John Broughton. She survived her husband two years, and was buried at Toddington.

The effigy, of white stone, is greatly denuded,—she wears a close-fitting cap, small ruff, long gown buttoned down in front, collar edged with fur, full sleeves puffed and slashed at the shoulders. The head rests on two embroidered cushions, the hands are raised in prayer.

Underneath, on each side are three panels, in one is a crest,

apparently *a squirrel sejant cracking a nut* (Broughton ?)—the others have blank matrices of shields, surrounded by scroll-work. The brass shields which originally covered them are gone.

Around the cornice of the tomb is this inscription,—

> HERE LYETH DAME ANNE CHEYNE DAVGHTER AND HEYRE OF SR JOHN BROVGHTON KNIGHT MARRYED TO SR THOMAS CHEYNE KNIGHT Lo WARDEN OF THE CINQ PORTES TREASOROR OF HER MAIESTIES HOVSHOLD OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AND ONE OF HER MAIESTIES PRIVIE COVNSELL WHO HAD BVT ONE ONLY CHYLDE THE SAME BEING THE LORD HENRY CHEYNE AND SHE DYED THE 16 DAIE OF MAIE THE THYRD YEARE OF Q ELIZABETH HER RAIGNE ANNO D'NI 1561.

On the panel at the end of the tomb is an escutcheon with these arms,—Quarterly of fifteen:—1. *A chevron between three mullets* (Broughton).—2. *Three moor's heads.*—3. *A chevron between three bird-bolts.*—4. *On a chevron, three fleurs-de-lys* (Peyvre).—5. *Quarterly, over all a bend.*—6. *Quarterly per fess indented.*—7. *A bend vaire between six escallops.*—8. *A saltire engrailed.*—9. *On a cross, five escallops.*—10. *Paly of six.*—11. *A barnacle.*—12. *A fess dancetté between six cross-crosslets.*—13. *A cross engrailed.*—14. *Two lions passant guardant.*—15. *On a chevron, a fleur-de-lys.*

The next tomb in the succession is that of Sir Henry Cheney, son of the foregoing, created Baron Cheney of Toddington, 6 May, 1572.*

This tomb and effigy is by far the most mutilated of the three. The portion of the tomb immediately under the figure appears to have had originally the form of a sarcophagus, with ornamented panels probably below.

Of the effigy only the upper part remains, and this is very much denuded and weather-worn. The material used is alabaster, and from the few traces left of the more sheltered portions, was originally of very beautiful workmanship, heightened with gold. He was clad in armour, embroidered trunk-hose, and with collar turned out over the *mentonnière;* the head bare, with curled hair and beard, and the

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* "Sr Henry Cheyny, now Lorde Cheyny, called by wrytte to the Parlement holden at Westmr. anno . . . . . (knighted by the Queen's own hand 1563.) Arms, quarterly of seventeen:—1. *Azure, six lioncels rampant, three and three, argent, a canton ermine* (Cheney).—2. *Ermine, on the dexter side of a chief, per pale indented or and gules, a rose of the last.*—3. *Argent, a chevron between three mullets gules.*—4. *Argent, three blackamoors' faces sable.*—5. *Sable, a chevron ermine, between three bird-bolts argent.*—6. *Argent, on a chevron gules, three fleurs-de-lys or* (Peyvre).—7. *Quarterly argent and gules, a bend of the second.*—8. *Quarterly per fess indented or and azure.*—9. *Gules, a bend vaire, between six escallops or.*—10. *Sable, a saltire engrailed argent.*—11. *Argent, on a cross azure, five escallops or.*—12. *Barry of six argent and sable.*—13. *Argent, a horse-barnacle sable.*—14. *Gules, a fess dancetté between six cross-crosslets or.*—15. *Or, a cross engrailed vert.*—16. *Azure, two lions passant guardant in pale or.*—17. *Argent, on a chevron sable, a fleur-de-lys of the field.* Crest:—*An heraldic tiger statant vert bezanté, ducally gorged and lined or.*" (Metcalfe's *Book of Knights.*)

hands raised in prayer. He lies on a mattress, rolled up under the head, which rests on an embroidered cushion laid upon it.

It is grievous to witness the maltreatment and neglect this fine memorial has received, and no trace of inscription or heraldry remains.

The third is the tomb of his wife, Dame Jane Cheney; this is in much the same condition as the first in the series.

The effigy, of alabaster, is headless and much weather-worn. She wears a robe with tippet edged with fur, long gown and waistband. The head rested on two embroidered cushions. The figure was of fine workmanship, similar in character to her husband's.

The tomb below has panels with arabesques, and in their centres shields, originally covered with brasses. On the end panel, under the head, is this inscription,—

HERE LYETH DA JANE LATE WIFE OF SR HENRIE CHEYNE KNIGHT LO CHEYNE OF TODINGTON AND ELDEST DAVGHTER OF SR THOMAS WENTWORTH KNIGHT LO WENTWORTH AND LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO KING EDWARD THE SIXT WHO DECEASED THE 16 DAIE OF APRIL AO DO 1614.

HERE LIES MY BODIE IN CORRVPTIONS BED,
MY SOVLE BY FAITH AND HOPE TO HEAVEN IS LED,
IMPRISONED BY LIFE, DEATH SET ME FREE,
THEN WELCOME DEATH, STEP TO ÆTERNITY.

Before we quit the sacred precincts of the old edifice, our steps take us to the chancel, and in scanning the memorials around, are arrested awhile by the record of an interesting but sad episode of home life, occurring during the last days of the residence of the Cheneys in their grand home at Toddington. A small tablet on the south side of the altar,—despoiled apparently, like the tombs in the transept, of its ornamental accessories,—still speaks to us this tribute of sisterly affection,—

IN MEMORIAM FRATRIS POSUIT-SOROR ALISIA BRVS
AMORIS ERGO.

GYLIS BRVSE ESQR YONGEST SON'E TO SR JOHN BRVSE OF WENHAM IN SUFF' KNYGHT WHO COM'INGE TO TODDYNGTO' TO VISYTE HIS SYSTER ALICE BRVSE THEN ATTENDING ON YE RIGHT HO' YE LADYE CHEYNE THERE DYED YE 13 OF MARCH 1595 AND WAS BY HIS SAYDE SYSTER HERE INTOMBED YE 14 OF MARCH REGNO REGINÆ ELIZAB: 38 ÆTATIS SUÆ 33.

As our stranger-foot turns to depart, the suggestive reflection crosses the thoughts concerning the untoward fate of the vanished Cheneys,—their name extinct, their sumptuous habitation razed to the ground, and their costly memorials also subjected to almost

unparalleled indignity, neglect, and injury, short of actual destruction, —can the well-worn but true adage, *sic transit gloria mundi*, ever have received ampler verification?

But why should such striking collapse of this world's artificial grandeur sadden the mind that rejoices in the unobtrusive station, and simple unenvied delights—ever the best—of every-day life? In truth it does not; as we pass out into the pleasant daylight, the olden opulence and state of the departed Cheneys fades into the past as a dream, for a much more healthful sight is before us. To-day is the little rural town's holiday, and its inhabitants are enjoying themselves with unrestrained pleasure, while the fine peal of bells in the tower is also adding melodious tribute to the passing hour. Their delightful cadence follows our retreating steps for a long distance, and as their sweet sound dies to the outward ear, our walk continues to be beguiled with this vagrant inward echo to their

DISTANT CHIMES.

Of poets song, inspirer oft,—yet still
  Many of thy sweet changes wait unsung,—
Differing as are the hearts thine echoes fill,
  As various the thoughts then through them rung:—
Who may define these pleasures that arise
  Within the soul by quickening spell set free?
As lief may hand essay to paint the skies,
  Whose passing glories change eternally.

Is it because we know not whence they come,
  And only feel the magic of their power?
Outside our ken, from some Elysian home,
  Spring the delights that charm the passing hour;
And heaven itself, beyond thought's bounding line,
Lies pictured still as wishful hearts incline.

Thus ends our visit to what was once the grand earthly home and possessions of '*the extravagant Lord Cheney*'—one more strange, but not altogether uncommon phase of human life. How many of these historic apparitions have crossed the path of our desultory wanderings over the west-country, flashing like meteors through the gloom of the past, when summoned by the wizard hand of research, and as quickly fading and disappearing when its sympathetic power is withdrawn. In the glance of their happier, or more fortunate, transitory radiance, may shine the pre-eminent glory of the crown, the mild lustre of the mitre, the bold glow of the rod of office, or brilliant flash of the sword; yet thickly interspersed albeit with the lurid gleam of the axe, and perchance, as to-day, with the pitiful, hasty flicker of the spendthrift.

So do the glimpses of these noted actors on the passing stage of human existence, and the memories of their short but eventful careers, come back to us, with intensely interesting, because real power, alongside which the strongest flight of Romance is as a phantom. He who affects to contemn such investigations, and lives only in and for the present,—ignorant, careless, or indifferent as to the past, and bent

on enjoying, as it is termed, the passing hour,—little wots of the care, the pain, and the strife, through which those who have gone before, have fought and toiled and suffered;—lives but half a life, in itself barren and ephemeral, as it is disassociated from all that has preceded it and built the foundations of that life up. Whether for good or for evil, matters not, the continuity of influence cannot be dissevered, for

"In to-day already walks to-morrow."

From Toddington and our musing over his collateral descendants, our story finally leads us back to the giant Knight himself, and the solemn grandeur of Salisbury Cathedral. We take a final look at the armoured form of this son of Anak, and as we glance at the lines of recumbent forms,—ecclesiastics,—statesmen,—soldiers, and others, that held high place during their lives in the government of their native land, for the five or six eventful centuries, in which, through much contention, that government was slowly determining and settling,—the thought arises, how comprehensively this grand building, as a sheep-fold, whose door is the Gate of Death, hath silently and surely gathered together here these erstwhile great ones of the earth at last,—even all sorts and conditions of men,—the consecrated, the peaceful, the devoted, rest side by side with the ambitious, the restless, the proud,—

"They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray."

To the passing wayfarer the glowing desires and anxious longings, that animated their lives, are now well-nigh forgotten or unknown, and have vanished in the past as a tale that is told,—"in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace," even the peace that passeth all understanding.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

But one chance left—'mid these misfortunes vast,
Looming like avalanche upon their prey,—
"Treason!" he cried, "the White Rose die is cast,"
And like an unchained eagle spurred away,—
"The fiery Dragon to the heart I'll wound,
And him that with it seeks to snatch my crown,—
Swift! follow me! see Brandon bites the ground,
The giant Cheney from his horse is down,—
Fortune attend! my steed, a few strides more,
And the Red Rose shall doubly-dyed appear—
Can I but reach him—steeped in its own gore,
Or Death, come thou as foe I never fear,—
Traitors make way!"—but they in vengeful ring
Closed, and 'neath blows relentless fell the King!

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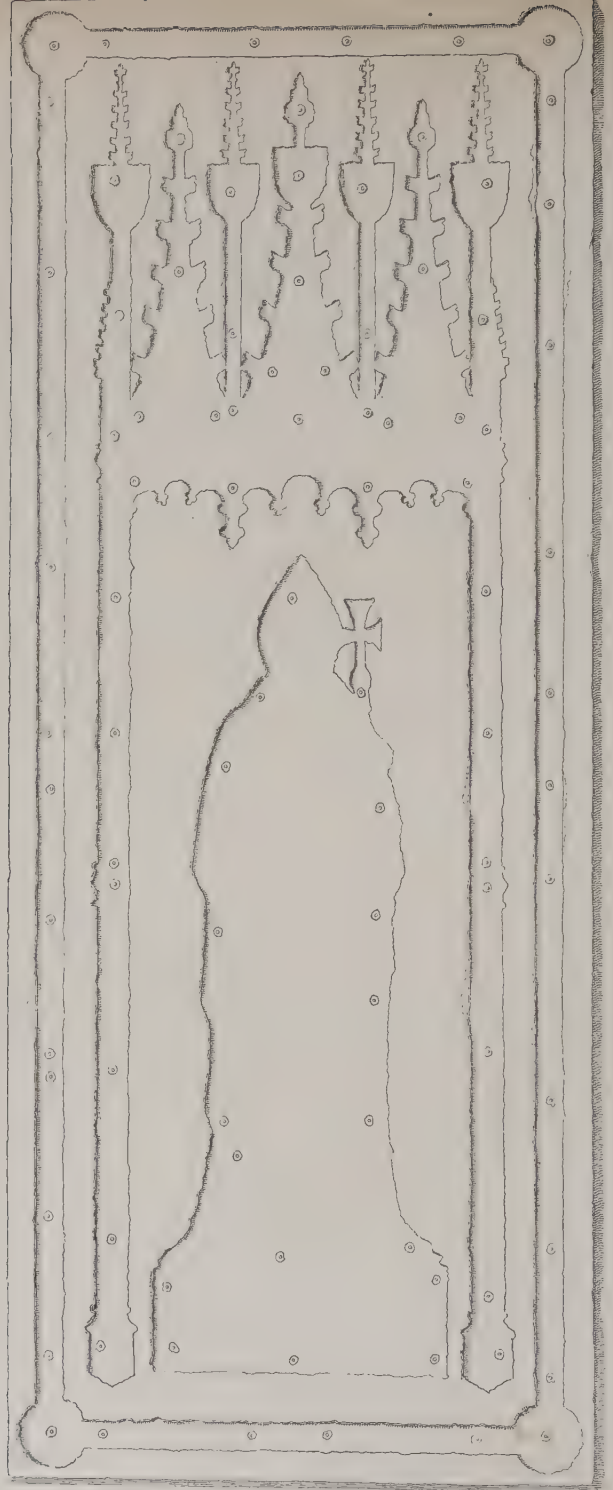

INDENT OF THE BRASS OF ARCHBISHOP STAFFORD

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"WITH THE SILVER HAND."

A WARM sunny morning in early May, and turning our steps from the thriving and somewhat busy town of Trowbridge,—a place which, like its quieter sister of Westbury, "stondith mostly by clothiers,"—its forest of smoking chimneys, garish town-hall, and tall spire,—our path inclines by the broad south-westerly road that leads to Frome and the parts adjacent. The walk is pleasant enough in its way, but without special incident to interest the wayfarer, beyond the ordinary pedestrian and vehicular motion of the hour.

In this direction we continue for about a mile and a half, and having passed through the village of Studley, halt at a stile or gateway on our left, and looking across a meadow of some extent, discern, environed by orchards, the grey outline of a building, having the unmistakable time-worn appearance of survival from a former age, albeit not of large size, and flanked with clustering outbuildings, that betoken its present inmate to be engaged in the great primeval occupation.

Instinctively—from a memory sympathetically stored—a reverie for the moment takes possession of the thoughts, as at the sight of the unpretending structure, a large picture passes rapidly before the mental eye, and with measured emphasis we observe,—a mother unknown,—a son the most famous,—their last descendant the most unfortunate!

Why—friend of mine—say you, do we propound this enigmatic commentary as we view the old place? Gives it short clue to characters, presumably, once connected with it, whose lives have embodied striking phases of human existence, which whet the imagination to contemplate, and to divine with all its subtle ingenuity, incidents conformable to animate them?

Listen. Yonder is Suthwyke;—there, back in the middle of the fourteenth century, a scion of the great family of Stafford of mediæval fame, found his way from the county that gave them their patronymic, and he, marrying the daughter of its then possessor, settled himself within it, and became its lord and master.

Around its grey walls, so retiring and unpretentious, cluster traditions of the first importance, that lead us out into the great field of national history. From the first of this knightly race that then dwelled therein, by a mother unknown,—who may have been the comely daughter of some villain residing near,—issued a son, who, despite all the contumely of his birth, won the mitre of the adjoining See, rose to the supreme station of being the custodian of the nation's purse, the keeper of the conscience of its reigning King, and finally sat on the archiepiscopal throne of the realm, when the Church was in her best estate. Of his grandson, styled of this place, who, deputed to maintain the royal prerogative against plebeian agression, fell fighting under the fierce onslaught of Wat Tyler in distant Kent. Again, of his son, who rising high in the favour of his Sovereign, was by him dignified with a patent of nobility named after his heritage in this rural spot, with honours further increased; but who, meanly swerving by ingratitude and petty dudgeon, in the first service imposed on him by the monarch who had so recently honoured him,—to the confusion of his royal patron,—was by the same kingly hand, as suddenly and ignominiously extinguished, and with him perished also the name and race of the family, of which he was its last representative.

So we deliver the solution to our parable, as we leisurely cross the broad meadow, but as we draw near the house, or Court as it is termed,—our foot is abruptly stayed by a comparatively invisible—until we are close on its edge—but decisive hindrance to nearer approach, and indicative at once of the olden character of the habitation, a deep and wide moat, still well supplied with water, that surrounds the area on which the house stands. But no mail-clad warrior, with glance of lance and pennon, salutes us, no wimpled lady passes like a shadow around the old gable corners,—all the signs of life visible are a bevy of ducks busily disporting themselves in the water below, and a group of calves on the opposite brink, thrusting their dappled faces through the bars of the fence, and calling lustily to their foster-mother, the dairy-maid, to bring them their accustomed meal.

A short distance below, a friendly stone bridge reveals itself, which spans the chasm, and leads to a building,—that probably still perpetuates in form and size the antient gate-house,—with a large semi-circular-arched, and somewhat ornamented doorway, ghost of the original portal, with its attendant portcullis and drawbridge.

We cross the bridge, but observe at a glance that it is doubtful if any traces of the dwelling of the Stafford dynasty, or their immediate successors, will be found in or upon it, and such proved to be the case. The building is of moderate size, bears the characteristics of having been erected early in the seventeenth century, and these distinguishing features, with the exception of the mullioned windows, a rather fine balustraded and newelled staircase, and the appearance of an old nail-studded door here and there,—have been nearly obliterated by adaptation to modern requirements. No dates were visible, two panels over the entrances may contain such, but they are carefully plastered over.

Suthwyck—Suthwyk—Southwyke, now modernized to Southwick Court, is apparently built on the antient site, and probably very nearly represents the original size of the building. A domestic chapel was attached to the little mansion. This was situate a short distance from it, on the other side of the moat; it now forms the corner of the farm court, and was converted, about the year 1839, into a stable. No trace of ecclesiastical use is found within it, but a few of the old roof-timbers are discernible; the piscina, windows, &c., being doubtless removed when it underwent the process of conversion.

"In Southwick, a tything of North-Bradley," says Canon Jackson,—

"two carucates of land belonged in 1274 to William de Greyville or Greynville, who held under the Abbess of Romsey. About 1294, his son Adam de Greynville, (there was a Justice in Eyre of his name in 1267) attached to his house at Southwick Court a Chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. By surrendering to the Rector of Bradley, (at that time the Prebendary of Edington) a ground called Alerleye, he obtained the right of presenting to his Chapel a chantry priest, who in acknowledgment of fealty, was to offer two pounds of wax in Bradley church, every year on the anniversary of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. In 1369 the Bishop of Sarum (Robert de Wyvil) granted a license for Mass to be said in the private mansion house of Southwick. This chaplain in after times was always instituted to his office by the rectors of Edington Monastery, to whom the church of Bradley then belonged."

At the dissolution of Chantries in the reign of Henry VIII., Southwyke, Grenefreds (Grenvylles) Chantry, as it was called, was reported by the Commissioners "Baltazar Segytte, incumbent, with six pounds seven shillings a year. The plate weighed eight ounces one pennyweight, and the goods were valued at nine shillings, whilst eight and fourpence was allowed for a bell."

Suthwyke Court, and manor passed by successive heiresses through the families of Greynville, Stafford, Cheney, and Willoughby. About 1483, during a temporary forfeiture, it was given by Richard III. to his favourite Ratcliffe; it was however restored, and about 1520 sold by Robert, second Lord Willoughby de Broke to Sir David Owen, a supposed son of Owen Tudor, who in his will, dated 1529, mentions this Manor and Chantry. It was afterward disposed of in parcels, but the Court, by descent, is now held by the old Wiltshire family of Long of Rood-Ashton.

Of its former possessors, a few words.

Sir John Stafford, knt., of Amelcote and Bromshull, Staffordshire, who was living in 1361, married as his second wife the Lady Margaret, daughter of Sir Ralph Stafford, K.G., and one of the original founders of that Order, second Baron Stafford, and who was subsequently raised to the Earldom 5 March, 1351, and died in 1372; by his wife Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Hugh de Audley, Baron Audley.* He had issue by this marriage a son and heir named Humphrey.

* "Here (Tunbridge, Kent,) sometime lay entombed the bodies of *Hugh de Audley*, second son of *Nicholas*, Lord *Audley* of Heleigh Castle, in the county of Stafford, who was created Earle of Gloucester by King *Edward* the third. This *Hugh* died 10 November 1347. His wife *Margaret* (first married to *Pierce Gaveston* Earle of Cornwall) dyed before him in the yeare of our Lord 1342, the 13 day of

This son, Sir Humphrey, migrated into Wilts, and married first Alice, daughter and heir of John de Greynville, the then possessor of Suthwyke. By her he "acquired a large estate, viz., the manor, mansion house, and patronage of the Church of St. John Baptist thereto annexed of Suthwyke juxta Frome-Selwood, in the parish of North-Bradley, Wilts,—the manors and advowsons of Clutton and Farnburgh, Somerset, and the manor of Burmington, Warwick," and she was married to Sir Humphrey before 1365. Her father bore for his arms, *Argent, six lioncels rampant gules.* By her husband Sir Humphrey, she had a son Humphrey, who became her heir. Sir Humphrey married secondly, Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir William d'Aumarle of Woodbury, Devon, who died 15 November, 1362, and widow of Sir John Maltravers of Hooke, in Dorset, who died 15 June, 1386, and whose arms were, *Sable, a fret or.* She had no children by Sir Humphrey, but two daughters by her first husband; Maud, married first to Peter de la Mare, of Offelegh, Herts, who died about 1395, and secondly to Sir John Dinham, of Buckland-Dinham, Somerset, who died about 1428; * and Elizabeth, married to her second husband's only son. He was sheriff of Dorset and Somerset 12 Henry IV., 1411.

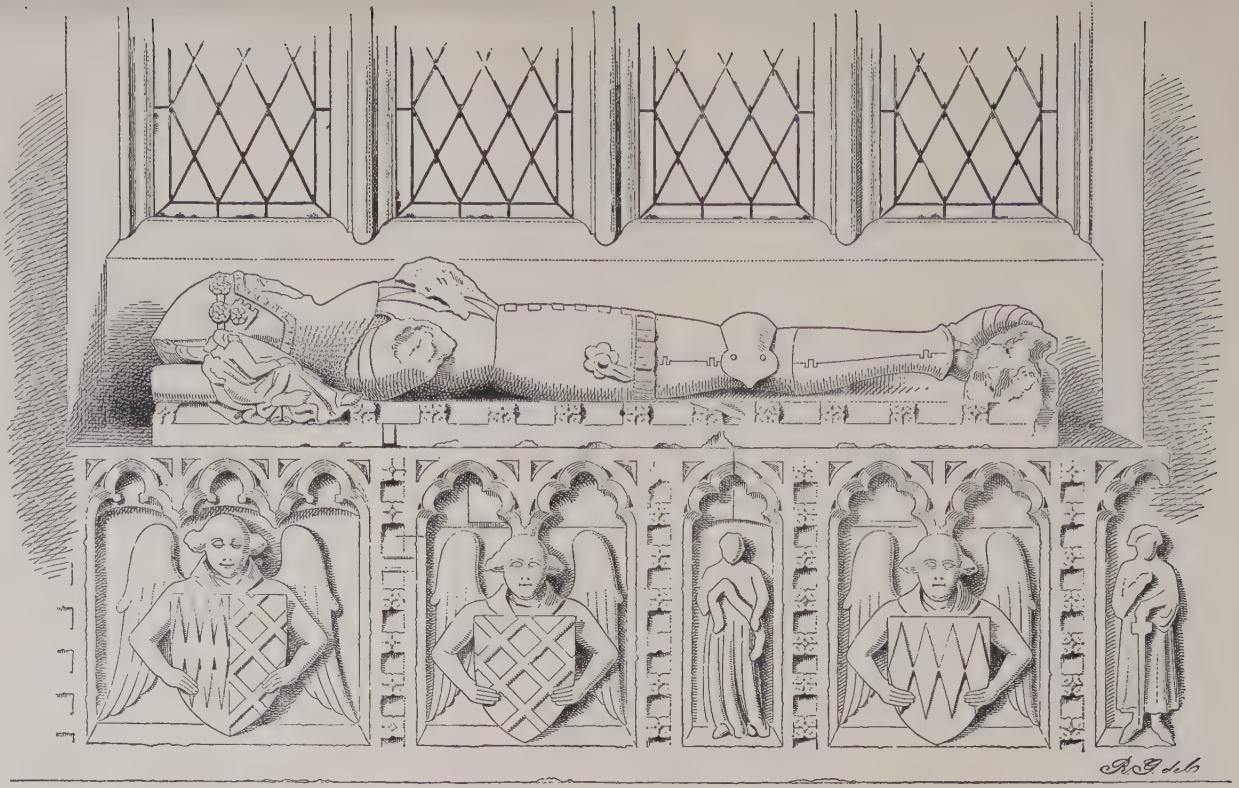
Elizabeth, the second wife of Sir Humphrey died the 15 Oct., 1413, and the knight himself survived her sixteen days only, dying on the 31 Oct., 1413, and both were buried beside her first husband, Sir John Maltravers, in the Abbey Church of Abbotsbury. He was the first of his line that bore for his arms, *Or, a chevron gules within a bordure engrailed sable.*

All the foregoing coats of arms including also D'Aumarle, *Per fess gules and azure, three crescents argent,* are found among the heraldic display on the tomb of their descendant the Lady Elizabeth Willoughby-Greville at Alcester.

Sir Humphrey Stafford—only child of the foregoing—was of Suthwyke in right of his mother, and of Hooke, *jure uxoris.* He was surnamed "*with the Silver Hand*,"—a 'periphrasis' whose meaning has not been explained,—and married Elizabeth, the second daughter of his father's second wife, by her first husband Sir John Maltravers. By her he had three sons, Richard, John, and William, and one daughter Alice.

Aprill. They were both together sumptuously entombed by *Margaret* their daughter, the onely heire of her parents, wife to *Ralph de Stafford*, Earle of Stafford. The said *Ralph de Stafford* and *Margaret* his wife, were here likewise entombed at the feet of their father and mother, this Ralph by the marriage of his wife *Margaret*, writ himself in his charters and deeds, Baron of Tunbridge. Hee died 31 August, 1372, *Margaret* his wife dyed 7 September, 1349." (Weever.)

* Query, if the fine effigies of a knight and lady in Kings-Carswell church in south Devon do not represent this Sir John Dinham and his *first* wife, Maud Maltravers. The Knight has the arms of Dinham on his surcoat, and the shields on the tomb below display Dinham impaling a *fret* or *fretté*. There is another interesting effigy of a lady in the same church, that may possibly be intended for the *second* wife of Sir John Dinham who was a daughter of John, Lord Lovel.



EFFIGY OF SIR JOHN DINHAM, KINGS-CARSWELL CHURCH, DEVON. CIRCA 1428.

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Sir Humphrey, having thus married the heiress of Maltravers, probably removed to Hooke, their antient seat, and made it his residence. Coker says of Hooke House, that "in foregoing ages the Cifrewasts, men of great antiquity and note dwelled there." Maltravers married Cifrewast's heir, and the old historian continues, "Humphry Stafford who married Maltravers' heir, was the great builder of it. This place hath since been much beholden to William Pawlitt, Marquis of Winchester, who augmented it with new buildings and often lived there, but his successors have not thought so well of it, wherefore it is like to run to decay." Paulet held it through his wife Elizabeth Willoughby, by inheritance from Cheney and Stafford. * Arms of Cifrewast of Hooke,—*Azure, three bars gemelles or*,—also found at Alcester.

Sir Humphrey died 27 May, 1442, his wife had pre-deceased him, dying about 1420, and both were buried in the Abbey Church of Abbotsbury, in the Chapel of St. Anne therein, which he had founded.

Before proceeding further with this descent of Stafford, our little annals confront us with its most distinguished representative—albeit by a side issue—John Stafford, consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells 1425, Archbishop of Canterbury 1443, Lord Chancellor to Henry VI., and who died in 1452. Who were his parents, and where is his position in the family pedigree? The recognized 'authorities' on the subject describe him as being *another* son of the first Sir Humphrey, and brother to him "*with the Silver Hand.*" Yet no definite proof thereof has been forthcoming. His presumed father Sir Humphrey made his will at Hooke 5 April, 1413, with codicil dated 30 Oct., same year, but in it he does not even mention him. Yet Sir Humphrey's second wife Elizabeth Maltravers in a codicil to her's, dated 14 October, 1413, does refer to him by bequest, *Item, Magistro Johanni Stafford, &c.*

Sir Humphrey Stafford also, the only son of Sir Humphrey (the Archbishop's presumed father), in his will dated 14 Dec., 1441, includes bequests to the future Archbishop, thus recorded,—

> "*Item, do et lego Johanni fratri meo divinâ pietate Bathoniensis et Wellensis episcopo, unum par de ffiacons argenteis et deauratis.*
>
> "*Item, eidem Episcopo unam ymaginem argenteam et deauratum decollationis sancti Johannis Baptiste, ac unam magnam peciam de Aras vocatam doser.*"

He also appoints the said bishop *his brother*, and William his son, with others to be his executors.

An extraordinary confusion appears to have enveloped the statements of historians and antiquaries as to the pedigree of Stafford, and the Archbishop's origin; this however has of late been satisfactorily cleared up by the researches of an accomplished and accurate genealogist. He *was* the son of the first Sir Humphrey, but not born within the legal pale of wedlock, and his mother's name was Emma,

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* See page 33.

that she was subsequently admitted to the Sisterhood of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, Canterbury, of which her son the Archbishop was a Brother, but *who* she was has not as yet been recovered. She died 5 Sept., 1446, and was buried in a mortuary chapel in the north aisle of the parish church of North-Bradley, Wilts, in which Suthwyke is situated.

"As her son was elevated to the primacy in 1443 he is here (on the gravestone) correctly described as Archbishop at the time of his mother's death, which could not have been done had she died in 1440. Considering that the archbishop raised this mortuary chapel as a resting place for his mother's remains,—if not for his own—in the church of the parish in which Suthwyke manor house is situate, and that his father resided at Suthwyke until the period of his marriage with his second wife, when he removed to her dower house of Hoke in Dorsetshire, it is not unreasonable to infer that the archbishop was born in the parish of North-Bradley.

"As his mother survived Sir Humphry's last wife, who died in 1413,—only sixteen days before Sir Humphry—it is impossible the archbishop's mother could have been Sir Humphry's wife, at the time her son was born. His birth must be set as far back as 1387, if not earlier, as in 1413 he was made LL.D. at Oxford, and in the same year he was collated to the Prebendal stall of Barton in the Cathedral church of Wells." *

The mortuary Chapel that the Archbishop erected to the memory of his mother, and to which doubtless he had her remains conveyed, and therein interred, occurs at the east end of the north aisle of North-Bradley church, and is of the width of the last bay of the arcade. It is of square form and projects with definite character from the church, to which it forms a kind of transept.

The architecture is Perpendicular, and of rich character. The east window square-headed, of some height from the floor, shewing that there was an altar once below it, and a piscina occurs in the pier of the arch on the south side. The south window is of large size, bay-shaped, and extends to the roof, the side jambs are panelled with window-shaped tracery, and along the top is a string-course of quatrefoil panels with bosses, and these are repeated at the base over the tomb; here they have shields in the centre, but with no charges on them. The roof, in a good state of preservation, is a richly trussed one of oak, with deeply moulded transoms, again subdivided by smaller ones, the squares between ornamented with quatrefoils, having well-carved bosses in their centres, and others at the intersection of the trusses. On one nearest the chancel is the cross and crown of thorns,—on others the arms of Hungerford, the double rose, and some display, apparently representations of stags, a fox, man on horse, &c.

The tomb of the Archbishop's mother is in the recess of the bay of the north window. It occupies its whole width and depth, and assumes the form of a plain solid bench rising some height from the ground, with no ornament of any kind. It is composed of white stone, as is also the gravestone, let in on the top, which appears to be of somewhat different kind, and of more friable character.

* See a most able and comprehensive account of "*Stafford of Suthwyke*," in *Notes and Queries for 1871*, by B. W. Greenfield, Esq., f.s.a., &c., from which we quote; and for other help kindly afforded, we here gratefully acknowledge.

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Hic iacet
quinto die Mensis Septembris Anno dñi Millesimo . CCCC . quadragesimo . vi . qui' anime
ppiet de ām
dña Emma mater venerabilium patris et domini dñi Johis Stafford dei gra cantuarien
is archiepi que obiit

EMMA, MOTHER OF ARCHBISHOP STAFFORD.

On this gravestone the effigy of the mother of the Archbishop is incised, below her feet is a pedestal, and over her head a rich canopy supported on side buttresses. Although the lines of the figure are somewhat denuded, yet sufficient remains to shew she was clad in the ordinary costume of a lady of the period. On her head she wears a coverchief that depends to the shoulders, a wimple around her neck, and she is otherwise attired in long gown and robe over. The hands are raised in prayer, and at her feet is a dog, apparently a spaniel, from his dependant ears and clouded coat. The incised lines are filled with a black composition, as is also the inscription that forms a ledger-line around the stone,—

Hic jacet d'na Emma mater Venerandissimi patris et domini D'ni Joh'is Stafford dei gra' Cantuariensis Archiepi' que obiit quinto die mensis Septembris anno d'ni Millesimo cccc^mo quadra's'mo bi^o cuj' anime p'piciet' de' am'

On the outside, the Chapel is very noticeable, on account of its height and rich character as compared with the main fabric of the church. The corner buttresses have pinnacles at their stages, and the space below the north window is filled with quatrefoiled panels, and lozenges, traceried, with plain shields in their centres. A remarkable peculiarity is observable,—the carved ornamentation of the Chapel was never finished, the pinnacles on one buttress are completed, the crockets on the other only roughed out, and the cusps of the panel work above the tomb inside, still display the pencil marks of the intention of the carver, which his chisel never gave form to. The shields also are all perfectly plain and uncharged, and no trace of the armories of Stafford are at present visible anywhere on the Chapel, either within or without.

When Aubrey visited the Chapel in 1669, he notes,—

"By the north aisle is a peculiar chappell of excellent worke, the roof of wood curiously carved. I guesse the worke to be about temp: Henry VI. about which time this kind of Gothique architecture was at the height. This was as noble a Chapelle as any in the county, now, in the windowe, like a great bay windowe is only one scutcheon left entire; viz: Stafford,—*Or, a chevron gules.* Another was quarterley, *now broken;* another thus Stafford, imp: Beville. At the bottom thereof is a flatt gravestone of freestone well worked, lineally with the figure of a lady in a Gothique niche. In the limbe thereof this inscription "Hic jacet d'na Emma, &c."

The old antiquary gives the inscription fairly correct as it now is found, but at the end he adds these further words,—"O Deus trina me John conserba ruina,"—(*O triune God, save me, John, from perdition*). But such never could have existed on the face of the gravestone, as the inscription, without this addition completely fills the ledger-line around its edge. Probably he saw it in one of the windows. He then goes on to say,—

"In the limbe of the windowe are these fragments "Emme matris d.....d'ni Joh'is Archiep.....r.....dicti." In the top of this windowe, and also of the other, in scrolls,—"Gnothi seauton: Nosce teipsum." The other windowe is all broken, but the scrolls aforesaid: only the picture of the archbishop, except his

head, remains, of curious painted glass, he in his formalities, with pall, crozier, &c., in a cope of sky colour. In a limbe of this windowe "hujus capelle..... Archiepi Cantuar." In the carved wood work of the roofe are several little hunting figures, as of men carrying a deer, shooting a deer in the wood. One scutcheon of Hungerford in wood. This chapell is built outside the church, as Hungerfords at Sarum, but the scutcheons of stone are not charged."

A review of the circumstances attending the origin and career of John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury, furnishes a subject of peculiar interest. Born, as we have observed, outside the legal pale, and as a consequence, subject to all its worldly disadvantages, this drawback appears to have found no hindrance to his advancement on the path of life, which ultimately led—short of sovereignty—to the highest station it had to offer. This result exhibits another striking instance of those marvellous careers, that have so often waited upon these natural children of mankind, who bearing down all obstacles in their way, and contemptuous of the goody-goody frowns and askant glances of their more piously-bred neighbours, by the force of their character, and the self-reliance engendered by what is termed misfortune of birth, have achieved the position of standing among the leaders and rulers of their race.

Examined by the light of common sense, the cause of this innate distinction is perhaps not far to seek. In its highest and truest sense, such have received their being under the strongest impulses that animate the human heart, knit by the influence of attachment often so powerful, that no present consequence, or after consideration received at the time a moment's parley, and Nature in the result asserts the aristocracy of her lineage; whereof the life of the Archbishop is a notable example. Proscribed doubtless, then as now, by the social world from assuming equality with them, and unable therefore to pursue any of the usual worldly professions with equal chances of success, it is refreshing to find the highest human vocation, the office of the Christian minister, was at his acceptance,—the Church opened her door to the human waif,—who was destined afterward to become her chief pastor. From his presumed father—as usual—he received scant help, but five years before his death, Sir Humphrey bestowed on him a costless gift, by presenting the future Archbishop to the family living of Farnboro', in the diocese of Bath and Wells, —a See he afterward presided over.

The close affection also that evidently existed between the Archbishop and his mother, cemented doubtless by the circumstances of his birth, and her consequent comparative isolation from society, is a delightful trait in his character; and it may be fully surmised caused him to take her to Canterbury, there to become a Sister of the religious house, of which fraternity he was a Brother, in order that she might be well cared for, and be near him, and where she probably passed the last twenty years of her life. She lived long enough to see her distinguished son ascend the Archiepiscopal throne, and as Lord Chancellor also to the reigning sovereign, King Henry VI., become at once the first citizen of his native land, both in Church and State; a remarkable privilege, that few mothers indeed,—no matter what distinction of birth or station they inherited,—have been destined to witness.

At her death in 1446, the Archbishop had her body conveyed back to North-Bradley, of which place she presumably was a native, and where probably her son was born. There he deposited her remains in the mortuary chapel attached to the parish church he had specially built to receive them, under a tomb whereon he caused her form to be depicted, and surrounded it with the simple inscription that still remains to bear witness of his filial affection.

It is noticeable that some intimacy must have sprung up between his father's family and himself, for although Sir Humphrey does not mention him in his will, yet his second wife Elizabeth D'Aumarle does so in hers. This intercourse probably ripened toward the end of his life, for his legally-born half-brother, Sir Humphrey "*with the Silver Hand*," who died ten years before the Archbishop, bequeaths him some silver plate, and constitutes him one of his executors. This acknowledgment would be quite in accordance with the ordinary ways of the world, Sir Humphrey doubtless properly felt that the honour of the friendship had now passed to the side of his presumed half-brother, —the stray off-shoot of the Stafford blood, had outgrown and overshadowed in position and fame, all the other branches of the family tree, and consequent on this, as a matter of course, his kinship was not disowned, and the Archbishop became the "*frater meo*" of the Knight "*with the Silver Hand.*"

But, strange irony of this world's remembrance,—in death, if not in life their memory was to be avenged,—not a fragment of a memorial, nor the trace of an inscription remains to any direct member of the influential family of Stafford of Suthwyke and Hooke. Eschewing the humble precincts of the churches of the parishes in which their homes in Wilts and Dorset were situate as a place of burial, they caused their dust to be carried many miles away to the grand Abbey Church of Abbotsbury, and deposited in a Chantry they had founded therein, with its attendant priest to supplicate unceasingly for the welfare of their souls. Not very long after the last member of their race was laid within it, ruthless hands razed the great fabric to the ground, when all the memorials to the dead it contained were destroyed, and with such completeness, that even the position of their sepulchres may not at present be discerned, so that now, the tomb of the mother of the Archbishop alone remains in these western parts, to bear indirect witness of their former existence.

The Archbishop appears to have died at Maidstone on the sixth of July, 1452, and was buried in the "Transept of the Martyrdom" in Canterbury Cathedral.

He lies under an immense (Purbeck ?) marble stone, perhaps the very largest in the cathedral, eleven feet five inches in length, by four feet six inches in breadth. On this was originally a magnificent brass, almost entirely filling the stone, but only the indent, now also much frayed, remains.

The outline shews us the effigy of the Archbishop *in pontificalibus*, with mitre and pastoral staff. He stands under a rich canopy with pinnacles and finials, supported on long buttresses that extend down to the base of the composition. Below his feet there was evidently

a square panel which probably contained the "confabulatorie epitaph" seen and copied by Weever. Around the edge of the stone is a ledger-line, that probably had the emblems of the Evangelists at the angles.

The Archbishop's gravestone has shared the common fate accorded to all the brass-inlaid stones, that doubtless formerly thickly adorned the pavement of the cathedral, but of which not a single undespoiled example now remains.

On a boss in the vaulting immediately above, are the prelate's arms, being those of the See of Canterbury, impaling, *Or, on a chevron gules, a mitre argent, within a bordure engrailed sable* (STAFFORD OF SUTHWYKE, *with difference*).

Weever, * thus speaks of the Archbishop.—

"Here (Canterbury Cathedral) lies interred in the Martyrdome an Archbishop, very noble, and no lesse learned, one of the honourable familie of the *Staffords;* sonne (saith the Catalogue of Bishops) vnto the Earle of Stafford, but I finde no such thing in all the Catalogues of Honour; a man much favoured by King *Henry* the fifth, who preferred him first to the Deanrie of Wells, gave him a Prebend in the Church of Salisbury, and made him one of his privie Councell, and in the end Treasurer of England. And then although this renowned King was taken away by vntimely death, ye hee still went forward in the way of promotion, and obtained the Bishopricke of Bath and Welles, which with great wisedome hee governed eighteene yeares, from whence he was removed to this of Canterbury, in which he sate almost nine yeares; and in the meanetime was made Lord Chancellour of England, which office hee held eighteene years (which you shall hardly finde any other man to have done) vntill wearie of so painfull a place, he voluntarily resigned it over into the King's hands. And about three yeares after that died at Maidstone July 6. *Ann:* 1452. Vpon a flat marble stone over him I find this confabulatorie Epitaph:—

Quis fuit enuclees quem celas saxea moles?
Stafford Antistes fuerat dictusque Johannes.
Qua sedit sede marmor queso simul ede?
Pridem Bathonie, Regni totius et inde
Primas egregius. Pro presule funde precatus
Aureolam gratus huic det de Virgine natus.

Of the Archbishop's public career as Metropolitan and Lord Chancellor, this belongs rather to the province of national history, and is altogether too extensive for even short notice here, it has been amply treated by Dean Hook in his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*. Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors* thus speaks of Stafford in that capacity,—

"Having with great reputation taken the degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, he practised for some time as an advocate in Doctors Commons, when Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury elevated him to be Dean of the Arches and obtained for him the deanery of St. Martin, and a prebend in Lincoln Cathedral. He then became a favourite of Henry V., who made him successively Dean of Wells, Prebendary of Sarum, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Treasurer of England. He attached himself to the party of Cardinal Beaufort, by whose interest in 1425, he was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells.

* Edition, 1631.

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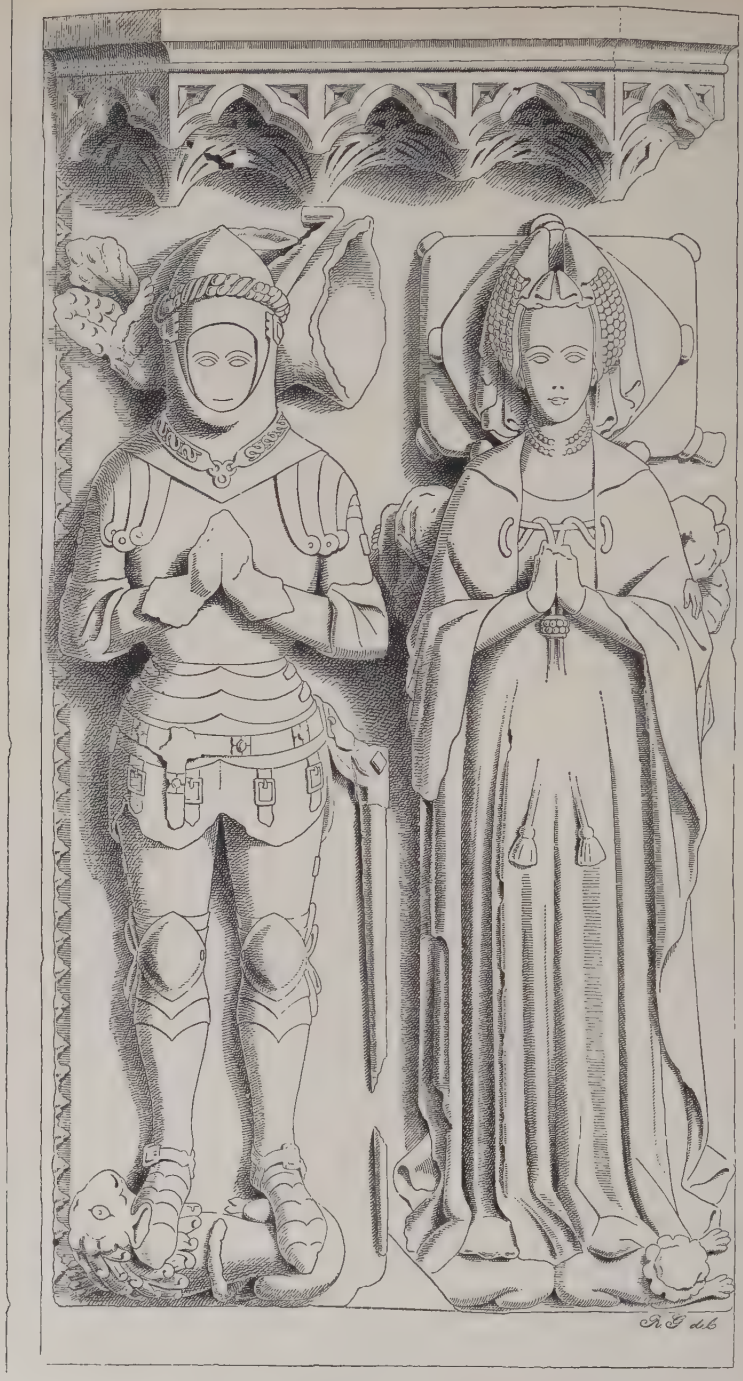

EFFIGIES OF WILLIAM, LORD BOTTREAUX, AND ELIZABETH BEAUMONT, HIS WIFE.

"From the Close Roll we learn 'that the Lord Cardinal, Archbishop Kempe, on 25 Feb. 1432, delivered up to the King, the gold and silver seals, and the Duke of Gloucester immediately took them and kept them till the fourth of March, on which day, he gave them back to the King and they were delivered by his Majesty to John Stafford, Bishop of Bath and Wells for the despatch of business.'

"He filled the office of Chancellor till 1450 a longer period than any one had before continuously held the Great Seal. This took place on 31 Jany. 1450, the day the Parliament pursuant to the last adjournment, when 'the Archbishop of Canterbury was discharged from the office of Chancellor, and John Kempe, Cardinal and Archbishop of York was put in his place.'

"He retired from politics and died at Maidstone, in Kent, on 6 July 1452. He was *pars negotiis neque supra*, one of those sensible, moderate, plodding safe men, who are often much relished by the leaders of political parties, as they can fill an office not discreditably, without any danger of gaining too much *éclat*, and with a certainty of continued subserviency."

"Sensible—moderate—plodding—safe,"—words which may be condensed into, and construed to embody that most useful, homely, yet withal rarest, of all endowments,—common-sense—whose practice in the long run is of far greater value from its reliability, than the too-often-found instability and hazard of careers termed brilliant,—and ever forms a most desirable, if not a great character.

To return to the descent of Stafford and the four children of Sir Humphrey "*with the Silver Hand.*"

Sir Richard Stafford the eldest son, married Maud daughter and heir of Richard Lovell, Esq., by Elizabeth daughter and coheir of Sir Guy de Briene, knt. By her he had one child only, a daughter, named Avice, ob. 3 June, 1457, "a great heiress," married as his second wife, to James Butler, fifth Earl of Ormonde, created Earl of Wiltshire and K.G. in 1449. He was also Lord Treasurer of England and a staunch adherent of the Red Rose, was taken prisoner after the battle of Towton, by Richard Salkeld, Esq., and beheaded at Newcastle 1 May, 1461. Sir Richard died about 1427, his wife afterward married John Fitzalan, thirteenth Earl of Arundel, K.G., ob. 12 June, 1435, by whom she had a son Humphrey, fourteenth Earl. She died 19 May, 1436, and was buried with her first husband in the Chapel of St. Anne in the Abbey Church of Abbotsbury.

Sir John Stafford, second son, married Anne daughter of William the third and last Lord Bottreaux, ob. 14 May, 1462, by his wife Elizabeth daughter of John, Lord Beaumont. By her he had one child only, Humphrey, who died in Scotland 6 Aug., 1461. Sir John died 5 Nov., 1427, and was buried with his kindred at Abbotsbury Abbey.

The presumed tomb with effigies of Lord and Lady Bottreaux, the parents of Anne, is in the church of North-Cadbury, Somerset. Its original position was in the Founder's place, on the north side of the chancel, but it is now relegated to a corner of the tower at the west end. The knight is in complete plate armour, the lady in richly ornamented horned head-dress, and long robes. A canopy is over their heads. Lord Bottreaux married first Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord Beaumont, she died about 37 Henry VI. (1459). By her he had two sons and two daughters. William, who died before 1434; Reginald, ob. 1420; Anne, married to Sir John Stafford; and

Margaret, who died 7 Feb., 1478-9, eventually sole heiress to the large property and titles of Bottreaux and Mules, married to Robert, Lord Hungerford, ob. 14 May, 1459. Lord Bottreaux married secondly Margaret daughter of Thomas, Lord Roos. He died seized of fifty manors, in the western counties, among them North-Cadbury, which they possessed through the heiress of Mules, and in that church (which they probably rebuilt), by his will he ordered himself to be buried. Reginald, the second son, and brother of Anne, was buried at Aller church, near Langport, which parish was part of the family property. On a flat stone formerly in the pavement of the chancel, but now set upright, on a ledger-line is incised the following inscription,—

Hic jacet Roginaldus filius William dom' de Botreaux
qui obiit xxx die mensis Julii anno dom' m° cccc xx

In the centre is a shield,—*A griffin rampant* (Bottreaux), impaling *semée of fleurs-de-lys, a lion rampant* (Beaumont).

William Stafford, Esq., third son, was of Suthwyke; he married Katharine daughter of Sir John Chidiock, knt., by whom he had one son Humphrey, subsequently created Lord Stafford of Suthwyke and Earl of Devon. More with regard to him presently. William Stafford, together with his relative Sir Humphrey Stafford of Grafton, knt., Commander of the King's forces, were both killed in the encounter with Jack Cade and the Kentish insurgents (who came off victorious), at Sevenoaks, 18 June, 1450. His wife married secondly Sir John Arundell of Lanherne, Cornwall, knt., ob. 12 Nov., 1473, and thirdly Sir Roger Lewkenor, knt., ob. 4 Aug., 1478. She died 10 April, 1479.

Alice, their only daughter, married first her neighbour Sir Edmond Cheney, of Broke, Wilts, and by him had two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne.* Secondly she married Walter Tailboys of Newton-Kyme, Yorkshire, ob. 13 Apl., 1444; by him she had one daughter Alianore, married to Thomas Strangeways, Esq., by whom she had two sons Henry and Thomas, and one daughter Joan. Thomas Strangeways died in 1484, his wife Alianore 2 April, 1502, and both were buried in the Lady Chapel of the Abbey church of Abbotsbury.

Our thoughts now concentrate on the last—most greatly honoured, yet withal most unfortunate—representative of Stafford of Suthwyke, who rose to the highest dignity conferred on the family, but whose possession of the distinction was indeed short, and his life still more suddenly and disastrously extinguished.

This was Humphrey, the only son of William Stafford of Suthwyke, killed at Sevenoaks in 1450. His cousin Humphrey, son of his uncle Sir John Stafford, dying in Scotland in 1461, he became the sole male heir left remaining. He was born about 1440, and appears to have identified himself with the cause of the White Rose, and to have been in much favour with Edward IV.

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* See page 5.

Stafford is accused of having been ill-disposed toward the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, who were zealous adherents of the Red Rose; naturally so, for they were descendants of that branch of the royal blood, and with such devotion, that the three brothers, Thomas, Henry, and John, who were the last representatives of the elder descent of that illustrious house, lost their lives, either in the battle-field or on the scaffold, and their property by confiscation, in support of its claims. They were the sons of Thomas Courtenay, first of that name, Earl of Devon, who died 3 Feb., 1458, by his wife Margaret Beaufort, second daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife Katharine Swynford.

A necessary digression respecting the Courtenays takes place here, as Stafford bears the sinister reputation of acquiring, by means not the most honourable, a large portion of their property and their title.

Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon, the eldest of these brothers, fighting for the Red Rose, was made prisoner after the battle of Towton, 29 March, 1461, taken to York, attainted and beheaded by order of Edward IV., and all his property confiscated to the crown.

He appears to have been one of the most lawless and unscrupulous men of that lawless era,—his father it was, who is said to have fought with Lord Bonville on Clyst-Heath, and himself, the son, the leader of the outrage and murder of poor old Radford the lawyer, at Poughill, near Crediton, so graphically described in one of the Paston letters, and which as a picture of the ferocity of the time will bear extract here,—

"Also y'r is gret varyance bytwene ye Erll of Devenshire and the Lord Bonvyle as hath be many day and meche debat is like to growe y'rby for on thursday at nyght last passed ye Erll of Denshyres sone and heir come w't lx men of Armes to Radfords place in Devenshire which was of counceil w't my Lord Bonvyle and they sette an hous on fyer at Radfords gate and cryed and mad an noyse as though they had be sorry for ye fyer, and by that cause Radfords men set opyn ye gats and yede owt to se ye fyer and for w't th'erll sone foreseid entred into ye place and intreted Radford to come down of his chambre to spike w't' them p'myttyng him that he shuld no bodyly harm have upon whiche p'mysse he come down and spak w't ye said Erll sone.

"In ye mene tyme his menye robbe his chambre and ryfled his hutches and trussed suyche as they coude gete to gydder and caryed it away on his own hors.

"Thanne y'erll sone seid, Radford thou must come to my Lord my Fadir, he seid he wold and bad oon of his men make redy his hors to ride w't 'hene whiche answerd hym yt alle his hors wern take awey, thanne he seid to y'erll sone s[r] yo'r men have robbed my chambre and thei have myn hors yt I may not ride w't you to my Lord yo'r fadir, wherfor I p'y you lete me ride for I am old and may not go.

"It was answerid hym ageyn yat he shuld walke forth w't them on his feete and so he dede till he was a flyte shote or more from his place and yanne he was . . . . . softly for cawse he myght not go fast and whanne yei were thus dep'ted he t'ned . . . . . oon forw't come ix men ageyn upon hym and smot hym in the hed and fellid . . . . . of then kyt his throte." (28 October 1455.)

We fear the feud between Bonville and Courtenay, that began with the 'valiant performance' on Clyst-Heath, was still raging, and it may be, the cause of poor old lawyer Radford's death, as it is mentioned he "*was of counceil w't my Lord Bonvyle*," which circumstance the Courtenays appear to have resented in this terrible

manner. Six years afterward the edge of the axe fatally crossed the throat of "*ye said Erll's sone,*" and leader of this outrage, at York.

The place from which this free-booting party set out was Tiverton Castle, the family residence, where his father the Earl was then living. The castle and manor of Tiverton formed part of the Courtenay possessions afterward given by Edward IV. to Stafford.

Henry Courtenay, the next brother, and Earl of Devon, for alleged complicity with Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, and his brothers, then exerting their influence for the restoration of Henry VI., was with Sir Thomas Hungerford of Farleigh Castle, seized, attainted of treason, and after a short trial before the King's Justices, both beheaded at Salisbury, 4 March, 1466.

John Courtenay, the third and last of these brothers, fell fighting for the Red Rose at the battle of Tewkesbury, 4 May, 1471. In his death, that branch of the family became *extinct* for the cause of the Red Rose, as their neighbours and relatives the Bonvilles suffered extermination, about the same time, and in a similar manner, contending for the White Rose.

But the charge against Humphrey, Lord Stafford, chiefly related to his alleged antagonism to Henry Courtenay, the second of these brothers, who was executed at Salisbury, and whose death he is said to have 'procured.' In those days of feud and intrigue, it is impossible to say what men may not have covertly done, to carry out their aims and designs, but it is to be hoped such was not really Stafford's conduct in this case, for if so, the signally sudden and similar retribution, that so soon afterward overtook him, was well deserved.

But be that as it may, it is certain that a large portion of the confiscated possessions of the Courtenays, "the bulk of the estate," about the time of the death of Henry Courtenay, was bestowed by Edward IV. on Stafford, and three years afterward, 7 May, 1469, he was raised by that monarch to the old and coveted title of Earl of Devon, and this while John Courtenay, the last of the three brothers, was still alive, as he perished at the battle of Tewkesbury two years afterward.

But John Courtenay, the true heir to the distinguished title, lived long enough to see this pretender to it as ignominiously extinguished, and it is remarkable that this illustrious heirloom, although twice conferred on others, each attempt has proved futile to wrest it from the rightful owners.

Sir Humphrey Stafford had been created Baron of Suthwyke, first by Writ of Summons dated 21 July, 1461, afterward confirmed by patent dated 24 April, 1464, and, as we have observed, he was further advanced to the dignity of Earl of Devon, 7 May, 1469.

Very soon after this honour was conferred on him, Edward despatched the Earl with eight hundred archers, to aid the Earl of Pembroke and his brother Sir Richard Herbert then in command of about seven thousand Welchmen, marching to give Sir John Coniers

and the Lancastrians battle. The sequel cannot be better related than in the words of Cleaveland :—

"With these forces the Earl of Pembroke resolved to hinder the rebels in their journey, and having notice that they took their way by *Northampton*, he led the whole body of his army against them, having given orders to Sir *Richard Herbert* with two thousand soldiers, to wheel about and charge the enemy in the rear. Sir *John Coniers* had so carefully strengthened the rearward, that the *Welch* were repulsed with loss, whereupon Sir *Richard Herbert* retired to his brother, and Sir *John Coniers* diverted from his direct course to *London*, marched towards *Warwick*, where the Duke of *Clarence*, and the Earl of *Warwick*, had levied a mighty host. The Earl of *Pembroke* followed him closely, expecting an opportunity of cutting off some part of the enemy, as they marched disorderly, or to give battle to the whole army: but while he was in this pursuit of glory, a small difference between him and the Lord *Stafford*, ruined the whole attempt; for he encamping at *Banbury*, a question arose concerning an Inn, to which *Stafford* pretended, as having long used the house; but the Earl of *Pembroke*, in regard of his preheminence as General, was resolved to lodge in it. This so trivial distaste, (if there was no farther treason in it) grew so high, that *Stafford* withdrew himself and his *English* archers. The rebels, who soon had notice of this unhappy discord, gave the Earl's camp the next morning a sudden assault: the *Welch* received the charge so stoutly, that they took Sir *Henry Neville*, the leader; but, guilty of too much barbarity, most cruelly slew him in cold blood, by which act they raised so fierce a desire of revenge in the enemy, that the next day they gave the Earl battle, and the fight was longe and cruel, but at last the *Welchmen* fled; in the battle five thousand of the *Welch* were slain, and, among the few prisoners the Earl of *Pembroke*, and Sir *Richard Herbert* were taken, whose heads were soon after sacrificed to the ghost of *Neville*."

Another account says this quarrel about the Inn was the result of a matter of love rather than war, that "a fair damsel was resident in the house, of whom both Earls became enamoured, and contrary to the arrangement entered into between them, the first in possession should remain so, the Earl of Devon was dispossessed by the Earl of Pembroke, which excited so much discord between them that, unmindful of his duty to his Sovereign, and the cause in which he was engaged, he departed with his power,"—and so, as a consequence thereon, the Earl of Pembroke and his brother lost their lives, together with five thousand soldiers, who perished on the plain of Danesmore, near Edgcote, about three miles from Banbury, 6 July, 1469.

Treachery of this kind was not likely to be lightly passed over by Edward, justly angry at the defeat of his army, and ingratitude of the man he had so recently honoured. Orders were sent to the Sheriffs of Somerset and Devon to seize Stafford wherever they could find him, and put him to immediate death. The Earl had returned to Somerset, he was taken at the village of Brentmarsh, promptly conveyed to Bridgwater, and there at once beheaded in the market-place on the 17 Aug., 1469. His body was conveyed to Glastonbury, and buried under the south arch of the great tower, at the cross of the Abbey Church.

He had made his will some years before, bearing date 3 September, 1463, wherein he "*bequeathed his body to be buried in the Church of our Lady at Glastonbury, and appointed Mr. Michael Goss, and Mr. Watts, then Wardens of the Grey Friars in Exeter, should for the salvation of his soul, go to every parish church, in the counties of*

Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Devon, and Cornwall, and say a sermon in every church, and town, and other. And because he could not recompense such whom he had offended, he desired them to forgive his poor soul, that it might not be in danger" (Dugdale).

So perished Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Devon, still quite a young man, for he could not have been more than thirty years of age,—"he enjoyed," continues Cleaveland, "but a little time that honour and estate which he got by procuring the death of its right owner, and he was in derision called *The Earl of three months standing and no more.*"

The Earl married Isabel daughter of Sir John Barry, knt.,—and after his death she remarried with Sir Thomas Bourchier, knt., fifth son of Henry Bourchier, second Earl of Ewe, and 30 June, 1461, created Earl of Essex, who was also Lord Treasurer of England, and who died in 1483,—by his wife Isabel, daughter of Richard, Duke of York, and sister to King Edward IV., another strange conjunction, her thus marrying a nephew of the man who had so vindictively beheaded her first husband. But sentiment had little place in those days; ambition, station, and love of rule were the things sought after, all else seems to have been forgotten.

Weever gives the following inscription as occurring in the church of Ware, Herts, where both herself and second husband appear to have been buried,—

> Hic iacet Thomas Bourchier miles filius Henrici comitis Essex; ac Isabella uxor eius nuper comitissa Devon. filia et heres Johannis Barry militis; qui obiit ..... 1491 et Isabella ob. 1 die Marcij 1488, quorum animabus &c.

Whereon the old 'epitaphist' is induced to further moralize,—

> "This *Isabell*, the daughter and heire of Sir *John Barry*, knight, was, when the said *Thomas* married her, the widow of *Humfrey* Lord *Stafford*, of Southwike, sonne of *William Stafford* of *Hooke*, Esquire, created Earle of Devon, by King *Edward* the fourth; to whom the King gave all honours, manors, Castles, &c., which were *Thomas Courtneys*, the fourteenth Earle of Devon: who neverthelesse, grew ingratefull to King *Edward* his advancer, in revolting from him at the battaile of Banbury, for which cowardise (hee being apprehended) was without processe executed at Bridgewater, the seventeenth of August, *anno. 1469*, having been Earle but three moneths."

At his death the ill-gotten estates of the Courtenays that he possessed, were again forfeited, and Edward IV. gave a considerable portion of them to another eminent west-countryman John, Lord Dinham, and to other grantees, but the succession failed in nearly all the recipients, and Henry VII., in the first year of his reign, made void all these grants by Edward IV., and restored both the title and the estates to their rightful owners.

Here, before we finally dismiss our thoughts on the signal catastrophe that ended the dynasty of Stafford of Suthwyke, we dwell awhile on the singular parallelism of characters and incidents that are presented to us in each of our little narratives relative to the distinguished but unfortunate house of Stafford.

Both the prominent factors of our unpretending histories fell victims to the vengeance of the White Rose, the result of defection doubtless, though of differing kind. Each experienced the same unhappy fate, Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Devon, was sent to the scaffold at Bridgwater, by the peremptory mandate of Edward IV., Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, suffered in similar summary manner at Salisbury, by the relentless order of Richard III.

Two eminent ecclesiastics of the highest dignity are also associated with their relations. John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor to Henry VI., finds place in the one, and John Morton, Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor to Henry VII., appears in the other.

Both were west-countrymen also, having been born in neighbouring counties, the one at a village in north Wilts, the other in a little country town in central Dorset.

Stafford saw the beginning of the internecine strife of the Roses, but was called away as their rival pretensions began to assert themselves, and the deadly conflict to thicken.

Morton appeared at the conclusion of the disastrous quarrel, and it was reserved for him to put a stop to the deluge of blood that had been ruthlessly shed for so many years,—computed to have cost a hundred thousand lives,—decimating his native land, and by uniting and neutralizing the contending claims, bring it peace. A statesman-like mission of the first importance, and carried out with such consummate wisdom, that it has been aptly said, "he joined the Roses, that is, he brought about the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, for that was his doing, and, so far as can now be seen, would not have been done but for him. He made the Tudor dynasty, and his name is buried under his own creation."

So ends our little story,—such are the momentous issues, that fill the mind's eye, amid this rural quietness, as our steps make homeward. Evening is approaching, and leaving the interesting precincts of North-Bradley church, our path back to Trowbridge,—discerned afar by its hood of smoke,—leads through some pleasant meadows by way of Suthwyke. Here we halt for a moment to take a final look at the old place, and first home of Stafford in these parts. If deserted, one after another, by its antient possessors, it now appears shorn of the original dignity that man's transitory occupation once conferred upon it, and of which nothing but a memory remains, Nature, unchanging, still continues to adorn it with her charms, and specially so just at present, for the trees in the orchard that skirts the Court are in full bloom, some of them "white as a sheet with blooth" (as the old Saxon idiom of the west-country peasantry expressively describes it), and others loaded with clusters of variously expanded chalices of all shades of that inimitable pink, the which—for want of other satisfactory description,—we are content to call "apple-blossom."

There, across the moat, lived the first Sir Humphrey,—this we know,—but what voice shall come back from the Past, and point us to the site of the cottage, wherein the future Archbishop—his presumed son—first saw the light? All is silent.

Of the last resting-places of the Staffords of Suthwyke, greater certainty exists, and widely divided are they all in death.

The two successive Sir Humphreys, their wives, and a stray descendant, sleep where stood a venerable monastic church, on the shores of the Atlantic, in southern Dorset; the unfortunate, headless Earl, lies in Glastonbury's great Abbey in central Somerset; but the record of their graves has perished with them. Not so the memorials that perpetuate the memories of the Archbishop's mother and her famous boy. She received honoured burial, presumably amid her native scenes, and, it may be, among her own kindred, here in this little sanctuary in north Wilts; but her distinguished son found sepulture far away in Kent, in the glorious cathedral, whose throne he filled, and among those whose names are entwined with the greatest traditions of the land, and within the precincts of its most sacred place, near where his canonized predecessor meekly met his death at the hands of savage men, and thenceforward named for all time as

"THE TRANSEPT OF THE MARTYRDOM."

Stranger, who through these dim sepulchral aisles,
Strayest in silence 'mid the mighty dead,
Lo, History's tongue here Time's fleet ear beguiles,
Great memories rise at every footstep's tread;—
Entombed in peace, repose, life's tumult o'er,
Two famous prelates from the distant west,
One, Suthwyke's son,—though graven found no more,
Hear thou his erstwhile record, and request;—

"*Whose dust concealeth thou, O ponderous stone?*
Marble declare;—John Stafford was his name;—
In whose seat sat he?—on the Primate's throne,
Illustrious there, from Bath with mitred fame:—
For Chief so great, pray, now from life laid down,
The Virgin born may grant him golden crown."

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✝ John Arundell knyght of ye Bath and knyght Baunneret Receyu

ye Duchye of Cornewall wch was

Elizabeth Syen Daughter to the Lorde Marques Dorsit & after Katerin ye

Daughter of Sr Thomas Sr

dit

of tidenarn the xxvij yere of the raigne of kyng Henry the Eyght ao Domini 1545 and ye yere of his age

Jane Elenor Mary

"THEY DID CAST HIM."

A PLEASANTLY representative English look has the irregular, disjointed, yet withal eminently picturesque little town of Tisbury, viewed from the acclivity of the railway station.

On the one side a group of cottages, and fine trees planted high on the shoulder of the hill, shews well against the distant sky-line, and patches of houses—broken in their midst by the principal hostelry of the place, staringly obtrusive in the most modern brick and white, perched at the top of the straggling street that leads up to it,—carry the eye across to the further fringe of the elevation on the other side, where an ecclesiastical looking edifice, gabled and pinnacled, cuts into the ether and balances the picture.

Low in the valley on the extreme right, some very old, and, evidently from this distance, unmistakably important buildings are gathered together, attesting the presence of the chief domicile of the place in days of yore, and still retaining much of their antient consequence with old gateway, great kitchen, and turreted chimney, and vast barn two hundred feet long, with roof arched and high as a cathedral,—the antient Grange, or Place, and country seat of the Abbess of Shaftesbury.

Thus much for the mid-distance of the scene; an equally representative, and in some peculiarities unique fore-ground is at our feet.

Centrally almost, comes the Church—large, substantial, and well-windowed—with a curious, but now-a-day unfortunately very common, half-antient half-modern look, exhibiting a low massive tower rising from its centre, capped with a pseudo-classic lantern, pierced with four large, circular, winking clock-face apertures. It stands in a well-kept churchyard, ornamented by some noble yew trees, and around two sides of it runs a road, skirted with low antient buildings, picturesquely gabled and chimnied, and dating from Tudor times.

Immediately on the right of the church, and jostling, almost vulgarly invading the sacred precincts of the churchyard, which it adjoins, rises the obtrusive bulk of a huge brewery, with accompanying chimney stalk, as big as the church itself, and almost as

venerable looking,* a pertinent illustration of the contiguity, so often sarcastically associated in one of our modern political cries.

On the left of the church, but at further distance, and pleasantly situated on an acclivity, is an immense well-built union workhouse, larger than either.

Strange company these, materially and metaphorically, and eminently characteristic of our modern civilization, the brewery and the workhouse, with the church between them, and suggestive of many thoughts;—of clamorous interest too even in this little town, in this passing hour, as announcements in large letters attest that meet the eye of the wayfaring man, tarrying here about.

But leaving these present-day regions of noisy morality, and all "burning questions" akin, to other disciples, be the purpose of our quiet enjoyment to-day of a fairer and more gracious kind, as we note peradventure the career, and seek it may be the association and historic companionship of one who trod the troubled path of life in the past, and endeavour—however imperfectly—to brighten his memory for a season.

A short leisurely stroll from the station leads us by the great shrine dedicated to the Bacchus of our modern Briton, and we halt in front of the gate opening to the path leading to the north porch of the large church immediately before us. But ere we enter, we pause to take a momentary glance at the long line of semi-ecclesiastical, almshouse-looking buildings with Tudor gables and high chimnies that skirt the opposite side of the road, and from one of which the civil custodian of the church, in response to our enquiries, emerges.

From him we learn that the house he dwells in was probably antiently the Priest's dwelling, who was perhaps a monk appointed by the Abbess of Shaftesbury to whom a large part of the manor of Tisbury belonged, if not also the patronage of the benefice. In making some excavations behind it a few years since, the skeletons of several persons were found, on one skull the hair remained very perfect, but subsided to dust the instant it was uncovered, as if shrinking from the sacrilege of the intrusive eye and curiosity of the present. The building may also have been a Cell attached to Shaftesbury Abbey, and this spot the last resting-place of the solitary religious, once resident within it.

The pavement of the path through the churchyard leading to the church is also strongly representative of modern destructive notions, and exhibits,—although it traverses what we should regard from its associations as sacred precincts,—a true example of the now-a-day "way of the world." It is floored with the older memorial stones of the departed that rest, now un-named, around, and the tear-wrought memories they were charged to perpetuate, callously trod under the foot of man, and in sure process of ruthless obliteration. "They are only very old stones," said our cicerone in answer to our protest,—"families all gone and no one to look after them,"—exactly so,

* Of late it has been considerably rebuilt, and "dappered up" as the Dorsetshire folk express it, to newness and smartness of appearance.

thought we with a half-sigh mingling with the echo of the Ploughman's line, ringing a presaging knell over the fate of our possible memory, when, as here, some day and perhaps

"— no distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,"

and this outrage on the memories of the departed, not the *best* preparation altogether for entrance into the temple of Him, whose love knoweth no change, and whose remembrance faileth not for the children of men, more enduring than Job's yearning for graven words with iron pen in the rock for ever, or even as vigorous Toplady puts it in glorious anticipation,—

"My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase."

Inside, the church has a somewhat desolate look, * and no antient memorial catches the eye, except two small brass effigies of a Franklin or Merchant of Henry the Seventh's days, in long tunic with scrip buckled to his waist, and his wife with pointed head-dress and embroidered girdle, riven from their sepulchral stone and nailed to the wall; an early denizen it may be of the grand old domicile of Place. A noticeable and somewhat unique feature however must not be forgotten,—the cover of the font, pyramidal in shape, of oak panelled and crocketted, and richly gilded. There were formerly two screens across the transepts, but they have disappeared. There are fine roofs to the side aisles, on the bosses are the Sacred Names, and the date 1595. A curious circumstance here may be mentioned, the tower has three times been struck by lightning, once in 1762, again in 1795, and also of late years,—and this doubtless accounts for the incongruous style of its lantern-shape upper storey.

But the chief historic association of the church, and what has led our wandering feet here to furnish a text to hang our little story on, is found in the chancel, though very little comparatively is to be seen there even, by the uninitiated as things at present are, to give direction to his thoughts.

Tisbury tells of Arundell! Such is the first suggestive thought to him of the west-country that cometh to that little rural town, and specially in this chancel, beneath whose pavement the dust of the earlier members of one of its most distinguished descents is at rest. But the home-land of that antient race, so happily and allusively named after our gentle summer visitant,—the graceful-flighted "chimney-haunting" swallow,—is not here.

Not on the boundless arid chalk plains, on whose rocky skirt the swallow of the west has with kindred instinct migrated, seek we his parent nest. In the dusky twilight of our national history we trace probably his earliest haunts, chronicled in the great accompt of the Norman Conqueror, as then holding considerable possessions amid the rich plains of Somerset and breezy uplands of Dorset. Then we hear of

* It has recently been considerably restored.

him nestling in a green combe in leafy Devon, and anon occupying a "coigne of 'vantage" on the southern fringe of tor-crested Dartmoor, and where his name still clings though its possessor has long since fled. From thence in the days of the earlier Plantagenet kings, he winged his flight across the deep-banked Tamar into far Cornubia, where the soft mists of the Atlantic and warm southern sunshine alternate, bathe the granite bastions that defend her valleys, and there finally settled Arundell, there built he his parent nest and reared his "procreant cradle," and thenceforward he and his for centuries flourished and multiplied in great honour and ample estate, until his name for power and influence was styled *the Great*, and it became a household word in the county of his adoption.

But wealth and honour, not even when allied with teeming descendants scattered around and settled in divers descents seemingly to defend it, can perpetuate a race,

"There is no armour against fate,"

and to the mutation and decay, impartially entailed on human destiny, both peer and peasant alike are equally doomed.

So, in Cornwall, for centuries, the generations of Arundell succeeded each other at Lanherne and Trerice, the great twin stems of this noble stirpe, and spread and rooted themselves, in divers offshoots located near. But gradually that name, although surnamed *the Great*, and their descendants, one after another, dwindled away under the breath of Time, until its sound became an echo and a tradition only, in the regions of its olden home, and finally became extinct.

In 1701, the *Great* Arundell of Lanherne (from them the dormant Arundells beneath our feet were descended), last of his name of the elder house, died, and a distaff only followed him to his grave. She was wedded and the mother of a son,—but his name was not Arundell,—but on him his grandfather settled all his estates, and the heritage of his antient name.

Again the succession was denied, daughters only were born to him, and distaff succeeded distaff. One of them sleeps below, presumably in life a happy and unique fate befell her, as by her marriage with Lord Arundell was united the two descents of Lanherne and Wardour, and her name will probably recur to our thoughts again before our little story ends.

Seventy years—just a spell of human life—later, in 1773, the final representative of the almost equally distinguished descent of Trerice (they had been ennobled by Charles II. in 1664), John, fourth and last Baron Arundell of Trerice, passed to that bourne, from which no traveller, however distinguished, returns. It is curious that both he, and his noble wife—who was a sister of the Earl of Strafford and pre-deceased him—both found their sepulchre far eastward of their native home, and repose in the chancel of the church of Sturminster-Marshall in Dorset, not very far from this.

But to return to Arundell of Tisbury—yet we must still digress for a time—and to this chancel, where, beginning three centuries ago,

and descending from him of whom we propose to have something to say, lie the ashes of the ancestors of the green branch of this antient stock located not far off, still nobly upholding its olden name and fame, although in its earlier days it had to struggle fiercely through some of the direst vicissitudes that environ human life, to perpetuate its existence.

To translate our thoughts, once more, for a short time to Cornwall, and recall the then representative of the Lanherne descent, Sir John Arundell, knt., a man great at the Courts of king Henry VII. and his bluff son Henry VIII. From both those monarchs he received distinguished marks of favour, being successively nominated a Knight of the Bath, a Knight of the Garter, and also for his valour at Térouenne and Tournay at the celebrated "battle of the Spurs" created a Knight-Banneret.

He was well descended. On his father's side of the family escutcheon, among other venerable Cornish bearings, was displayed the blue field and *golden bend* of the antient Carminow,—insignia for dignity rivalling the blazon of the distinguished Scrope,—and quartered also with it, there appeared, in happy alliance with the *swallows* of Arundell, the garland of kindred *martlets* that fringe the shield of the olden race of Chidiock in Dorset. His well-born mother was a daughter of Sir John Dinham of Hartland, a noble Devonian name of that era, her brother, to whom she was coheir, being John, Lord Dinham, so created by king Edward IV., 28 February, 1466, also like her husband included within the circle of the Garter, and holding high office under Henry VII.; she could also claim the blood of illustrious Courtenays among her ancestors.

Sir John Arundell by marriage allied himself with families of great influence, his first wife being the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Grey, Lord Marquis of Dorset, step-son to Edward IV., and half-brother to the Queen of Henry VII.,—her mother being the last descendant and sole heiress to a great but unfortunate Devonshire name, Cicely Bonville. Secondly, he wedded Katharine, daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville, a knightly and warlike race of the first renown in north Cornwall, and sister of Jane, who was married to his kinsman the other Sir John Arundell of Trerice. His aunt, his father's sister Elizabeth, was married to Sir Giles, who was afterward created Lord Daubeney, and K.G.,—a man like himself of high rank at the Court of Henry VII.

In 1506 he was appointed Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, a position of great honour and influence in his native county, and in 1509 the office was confirmed to him for life.

Thus by birth, alliance, honours, appointments, and possessions, he seems to have been amply qualified to sustain the appellation bestowed on his ancestor, that of being designated *the Great Arundell of the West.*

He died in 1544-5, and a superb brass exhibiting the effigies of himself and two wives, his children, and elaborate armorial insignia, still exists in the church of St. Columb Major, in Cornwall, but whether he was buried there, or in St. Mary Woolnoth in London,

there is some doubt,—but the balance of testimony inclines toward St. Columb. *

Take breath, friend of mine, after the shadow of this great and much honoured Tudor magnate has passed across the screen of the past, dimly lit by the illumination of your thoughts,—for a broad and striking glimpse follows in his wake, of what we are sometimes apt to term the "good old times" opens upon us, as we rapidly picture the chief events that characterized the days of Thomas Arundell his second son, and the first of Wardour, and glance at his companions at the Courts of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., together with those of his immediate descendants in the succeeding reigns of the two last Tudor sovereigns.

If those eventful times were not "good" in the large acceptance of the term, there was a large infusion of stern unflinching reality within them. The influence of strong mental power meets us everywhere, men aspired to be men,—sons of Anak in their resolutions,—and the views they took and combated for, were to them no myths,—nor did the almost absolute certainty of the fate of the martyr's stake, the headsman's block, or the confiscator's hand, if the enterprise should fail, deter or daunt an inflexible and often relentless purpose, dictated perhaps by the call of religious sentiment, or animated by the promptings of high personal ambition alone, or cast it may be, in the mould of real or imaginary patriotic duty.

Contrasted with such, our puny doings of the present offer suggestive difference to the life-poised movements carried out by the deep-souled resolves that sustained the doings of the men, who passed through the grim ordeal of the blood-gripped days of Wolsey and Somerset,—some episodes of which, occurring during the reign of Henry VIII. and his son the boy-king, we propose lightly to glance at,—when the 'shapings' of the history of our native land lay in rather grander purpose than the now-a-day trivialities and companionship ravings of our modern political 'stump.'

Sir John Arundell, of Lanherne, who died in 1545, by his first wife the Lady Elizabeth Grey, left two sons,—Sir John the elder, a country gentleman located at the old family seat of Lanherne, and Sir Thomas, ancestor of the Wardour descent, and the subject of our little story.

Sir Thomas, born probably about 1500, was as a younger son sent early a-field to seek his fortune, and for that purpose introduced, it may be by his father, to the precincts of the Court of Henry VIII., where afterward he appears to have spent much of his time amid its phantasmagoria of pleasures and horrors, ecclesiastical, military, and civil.

Beginning, if not exactly with actual attendance at the Court itself, but doubtless intended as a stepping-stone to it, we first hear of him as attached to the service of the next potential person of the realm, the subtle and ambitious Wolsey, in whose retinue he was

* Refer to pages 67-8-9 for a further account of this knight, and detailed description of his memorial brass.

appointed as one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to my Lord Legate and Cardinal, with whom he was on friendly terms, and who probably brought him into notice.

The pompous semi-royal state in which this notable ecclesiastic lived and moved, even in that extravagant age, is almost incredible. His setting off to France on one of his diplomatic journeys is thus described,—

"Then marched he from his own house at Westminster, through all London, over London Bridge, having before him a great number of gentlemen, three in a rank, with velvet coats, and the most part of them with chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen followed him with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants, all in orange tawny coats, with the cardinal's hat and T and C, for Thomas Cardinal, embroidered upon all the coats, as well of his own servants, as all the rest of the gentlemen's servants; and his sumpter mules, which were twenty or more in number. And when all his carriages and carts, and other of his train were passed before, he rode like a Cardinal very sumptuously with the rest of his train, on his own mule, with a spare mule and a spare horse trapped in crimson following him. And before him he had his two great crosses of silver, his two great pillars of silver, the King's broad seal of England, and his Cardinal's hat, and a gentleman carrying his cloak-bag, which was made of scarlet, embroidered with gold. Thus passed he forth through London, and every day on his journey he was thus furnished, having his harbingers in every place before, which prepared lodgings for him and his train."

All this was not much beyond the state this proud churchman ordinarily assumed, and it leaves little room to wonder why Henry VIII. and Wolsey could not exist together, nor of church and state being straightway at issue, nor why not long afterward the knock of a heart-broken monk at the gate of the Abbey of Leicester was the knell of his own order in England.

Wolsey passed out of his troubled existence in November, 1530, and in the year following, 1531, an event took place that at once placed Sir Thomas among the foremost men of that era, this was his marriage with a scion of the noble house of Norfolk,—Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Edmund Howard.

He was the third son of Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, K.G., who died 21 May, 1524, by his first wife Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir Frederick Tilney.

Concerning this Duke a few words. "On May 13, 13 Henry VIII., 1521," says Collins,—

"he performed the office of Lord High Steward on the trial of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, and gave sentence of death on him, whereat he was so much concerned, as to shed tears."

Then he further continues,—

"In 14 Henry VIII. (the next year) he –the Duke—obtained a grant in special tail, and to his son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, of the manors of Welles, Shyringham-Stafford, Bannyngham, Warham, and Weveton in the County of Suffolk, with the advowsons of their churches; part of the possessions of the before specified Edward, Duke of Buckingham, attainted."

This Duke of Buckingham was the son of the ill-fated personage of our little narrative, executed at Salisbury; *—he fell, it is related,

* See page 111.

like his father, by domestic treachery, and the enmity of Wolsey, on a most frivolous charge, and at his trial thus made answer to the "tears" of the Lord High Steward,—

"My Lord of Norfolk,—you have said as a traitor should be said to; but I was never any. I nothing malign you, for what you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my death. I shall never sue to the king for life, though he be a gracious prince; and more grace may come from him than I desire, and so I desire you and all my fellows to pray for me."

Such is the recorded reply of the doomed, high-souled captive, to the "tears" of his fellow duke, and condemning judge; whose sincerity of grief on the occasion may be estimated by the subsequent fact of his soliciting for the gift of a large portion of the victim's possessions the year following. But the Dukes of Norfolk of those days appear to have been among the most unscrupulous men of that era. Then we learn with almost incredulous surprise that Thomas, the third Duke of Norfolk, and son of the Lord High Steward, who presided at Buckingham's trial, married the victim's daughter Elizabeth;—their son was the accomplished and ill-fated Earl of Surrey, beheaded twenty-five years afterward in the same reign, and on equally flimsy pretence.

To resume. Lord Edmund Howard married Joyce, daughter of Sir Thomas Culpeper of Hollingbourne, Kent. He is described as being

"Marshal of the Horse, in the battle of Flodden-field, 5 Henry VIII. when he, and his elder brother the Lord Thomas Howard leading the van-guard, this Lord Edmund was in some distress, through the singular valour of the Earls of Lennox and Argyle; but the Lord Dacres coming to his succour with one Heron, the fight was renewed and the Scots vanquished. In 12 Henry VIII., on that famous interview which that King had with Francis I. of France, where all feats of arms were performed between Ardres and Guisnes for thirty days, he was one of the challengers on the part of England."

On the occasion of his marriage, and to give his son position befitting his rank as a country gentleman, his father, Sir John Arundell, settled on Sir Thomas and his wife, partly in jointure, a dozen or so manors in the Counties of Dorset and Somerset. In 1532, and again in 1533, he filled the office of Sheriff of Dorset.

But it was the alliance itself with the influential family of Howard, destined immediately afterward to be so closely related to the crown itself, and in perilous nearness to the grim and capricious Henry, that must have given him considerable importance, advanced him to the front rank among the courtiers, and afforded him ample opportunity to promote his position and interests, both as to honours and wealth.

These were not slow of arriving. In May, 1533, Henry VIII. was wedded to 'sweet' ill-fated Anne Boleyn. This brought Sir Thomas into his first direct relationship with that king, to whom, through his wife, he now stood in the position of cousin, the new Queen being the daughter of her aunt Elizabeth (sister of Lord Edmund Howard), wife of Sir Thomas Boleyn, K.G.—afterward created Viscount Rochford, and Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond.

Our next glimpse of him is within the royal precincts, and being

the recipient of an honour, amid the company of some of the most distinguished men at Court, on the occasion of the crowning of that unfortunate Queen. Among the "Knights of the Bathe, made at the coronation of the most excellent Princesse Queen Anne the 25 yere of the reign of Kinge Henry the Eight on Whitsonday the last day of May, 1533; (when) shee was crown'd at Westminster,"—twelfth on the list occurs the name of Sir Thomas Arundell.

Just three years afterward and on the 19th of the same month of May, 1536, Queen Anne Boleyn was from the Tower, "a little before noon, led down to the green, where the young grass and the first daisies of summer were freshly bursting into sunshine. A single cannon stood loaded on the battlements, the motionless cannoneer was ready, with smoking linstock at his side; and when the crawling hand upon the dial of the great Tower clock touched the mid-day hour, the cannon would tell London that all was over. The Yeomen of the Guard were there, and a crowd of citizens; the Lord Mayor too, and the deputies of the guilds, and the sheriffs, and the aldermen; they were come to see a spectacle which England had never seen before,—a head which had worn the crown falling under the sword of the executioner." *

But there was a much more interested listener for the fatal boom of that cannon than any heart-struck citizen of London, as we learn further, "An old tradition strongly depicts the impatience with which Henry expected her death. On the fatal morning he went to hunt in Epping Forest, and while he was at breakfast his attendants observed he was anxious and thoughtful. But at last they heard the report of a distant gun—a preconcerted signal. 'Ah! it is done,' cried he, starting up—'the business is done! Uncouple the dogs, and let us follow the sport.' In the evening he returned gaily from the chase, and on the following morning he married Anne's maid of honour, Jane Seymour, who on Whitsunday, the 29th, clad in royal habiliments appeared in public as Queen." †

So perished poor Queen Anne Boleyn, niece to Sir Thomas. A fortnight or so before her death, on her arrival at the Tower, she agonizedly asked of Cromwell, "I pray you tell me where my Lord Rochford ys? and I told her I saw hym afore dyner in the Cort. O wher is my swete brother? I said I left hym at York Place: and so I dyd." Never to see him again—he was beheaded on Tower Hill two days previous to her own execution.

This fresh marriage of the king with Jane Seymour, the sister of the man with whom Sir Thomas was eventually implicated and suffered, continues incidentally, pertinent interest to our little story. Queen Jane Seymour, although she escaped the wretched fate of her immediate predecessor and successor in the royal preference, fell a victim to an even more painful death, at the birth of her son, which took place 12 October, 1537.

At the ceremonial of the christening of the infant prince Sir Thomas was present, and also, as a matter of course, the child's

* Froude. † *Comprehensive History of England.* Macfarlane and Thompson.

uncle, Sir Edward Seymour (afterward Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector), on that occasion one of the most honoured guests. Little wot these men as they gazed on, and took part in the splendid ceremony, that those helpless, motherless, baby hands were destined at some future and not very distant day to sign their death warrants, which consigned them to the scaffold, and both for alleged participation in the same offence.

Henry VIII. having become tired of, and also got divorced from Anne of Cleves, and Cromwell, the promoter of the distasteful marriage, having been summarily disposed of by the usual method of the axe, another event in the king's matrimonial projects was about to happen, which brought Sir Thomas into still closer relationship with him. Henry had this time set his eyes on Katharine Howard, a daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, cousin to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, and sister to Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas Arundell. She was proclaimed Queen 8 August, 1540, but the king had been privately married to her some time before. Thus the knight now stood in the double capacity of being by marriage both cousin and brother-in-law to his most august and cruelly inclined sovereign, by whom Sir Thomas was made 'Chancellor' to the new Queen.

This relationship to Henry must have given him great influence, and as the spoliation of the Abbeys and Monastic institutions was then busily going forward, he would have good opportunity of advancing his suit, or claims for a portion of the large landed possessions of these institutions then being distributed with lavish hand. In this distribution Sir Thomas appears at different times to have acquired by grant and purchase a considerable share. Concerning this a short notice presently.

Queen Katharine Howard at the time of her marriage with Henry could not have been more than twenty years of age. Two short years only passed by, and then a fearful charge of similar nature to that which had sent her hapless cousin to the block, was alleged against herself, and on the 13 February, 1542, after almost unexampled mental suffering, she perished in like manner on the Tower green. With her died also, and by the same means, Jane, Lady Rochford, the wife of Queen Anne Boleyn's brother George. All three of these headless women were laid side by side in the Tower Chapel.

Thus was severed by like circumstances, in each case equally deplorable, the living tie that had connected Sir Thomas Arundell with his dread sovereign. He appears, however, to have been endowed with the rare faculty of keeping himself clear of the difficulties that would naturally arise amid such mournful conditions, and to have enjoyed apparently the friendship, if not the confidence of the grim king, and which does not appear to have been afterward disturbed. This was manifest by what followed.

In 1541,—which must have been during the lifetime of Katharine Howard, and while she was Henry's Queen,—Sir Thomas purchased of the king for £761—14—10, the Manor and Grange of Tisbury, late the property of the Abbey of Shaftesbury, and advowson of the

living, the manor and advowson of Dorrington in Wilts, and sundry other lands.

In 1545,—this was also the year his father, Sir John Arundell, died,—King Henry VIII., by letters patent, granted to him a large number of manors, late the possessions of the Abbey of Shaftesbury, in the counties of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset (including also probably the site of the Abbey), and other property in London.

The Benedictine Abbey, or Nunnery of Shaftesbury, was one of the most antient religious foundations in the west of England, and existed probably before the time of King Alfred, who was a great benefactor, and one of its principal Founders, about A.D. 888. "It was first dedicated," says Hutchins,

"to the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, but it lost that name, at least for several ages, upon the translation hither of the body of St. Edward the Martyr, who was murdered at Corfe-Castle 18 March, 978, and first clandestinely buried at Wareham, whence, according to Leland, he was next year, or as others on better grounds say, three years afterwards removed to this abbey by Elpher, or Alpher, duke of Mercia. This unfortunate king being esteemed a martyr, and canonized a saint, his shrine was much resorted to by superstitious pilgrims, and persons of all ranks and qualities, and even by some of our kings, particularly Canute who died here. On account of the burial of St. Edward, the abbey and the church received their names from him; and the abbess was styled Abbess of St. Edward, and the very town almost lost its old name, and was called for some time *Burgus Sancti Edwardi*, and *Edwardstowe*."

Upwards of thirty abbesses from the foundation, presided over this important community, to its surrender by Elizabeth Zouch, its last Abbess, to the King Henry VIII., 23 March, 1539, when there were fifty-five nuns within it.

"It was one of the largest and best endowed nunneries in England, except Syon in Middlesex, its revenues at the suppression being estimated at between eleven and fourteen hundred pounds per annum. This occasioned a proverb, mentioned by Fuller in his *Church History*,—'That if the Abbot of Glastonbury might marry the Abbess of Shaftesbury, their heir would have more land than the King of England.' The abbess was of such quality, that she was one of the four who held of the king by an entire barony, and had by tenure privilege of being summoned to parliament, &c., though upon account of their sex it was omitted. They had writs directed to them, to send their quota of soldiers into the field, in proportion to their knight's fees. The three others were those of Barking in Essex, St. Mary in Winchester, and Wilton."

Thus much for the Abbess, her wealth, importance and high station; the buildings of the Abbey, and Abbey church, appear to have been of commensurate grandeur, but, continues Hutchins,—

"There now remain not the least vestiges of it. It seems to have stood parallel with Holy Trinity churchyard, which anciently belonged to it, at the east end of the abbey, on Park-Hill, as appears by bones and coffins found there. It was the glory and ornament of the town, the mother church, and almost the only place of sepulture, there being but one ancient in any of the present churches, which is in St. Peter's, and seems to have been removed hence. It was a most magnificent building, if we may judge from the traditions the townsmen retain of its largeness and height, and from the spire, which Camden and others, derive the name of the town. By its great height, and advantageous situation on the top of the hill, it must have had a very fine effect, and been seen over a great part of the counties of Dorset and Somerset. It is greatly to be lamented it was not left standing and made parochial, being so great an ornament to the town and county.

"The arms of the Monastery were, *Azure, a cross between four martlets or*,—Dr. Tanner in his *Notitia Monastica* says they were, *Azure, on a pale sable, cotised argent, three roses or*. The former are in Wolveton house, and are those commonly given to King Alfred."

The fine buildings of the Abbey having been demolished, St. Peter's church in Shaftesbury appears to be the only building of any size,—and this not very large,—of antient date now left remaining, and is the "mother, principal and presentative" church of the place. Hutchins enumerates nearly a dozen little churches and numerous chantries that once had their station at Shaftesbury, clustering around the Monastery, the major portion of which seem now to have disappeared. St. Peter's is of late character, and very plain architectural detail, erected probably toward the end of the reign of Henry VII. The single ornamental portion is the cornice or frieze toward the street, temp. Henry VIII., on which appears the *double rose*, *portcullis*, *pomegranate*, arms of the See of Winchester, some other local coats, a merchant's mark, &c.

Within, on the altar step, is the only monumental remembrance left of the Abbey, and apparently removed hither from it, a large blue stone, having in the centre a small brass plate, now almost obliterated, with this inscription as copied by Hutchins,—

Sub isto saxo tumulat' corpus Steph'i Payne, armiger', fil' et hered' Nichi' Payne, arm', quond' seneschali hujus monasterii, qui obiit xiiij die mens' Decembris: Anno D'ni m.ccccc.biij: cujus a'ie p'piciet' altissimus De'. Amen.

The indents of four shields, two at the top and two at the bottom of the stone, are visible.

Stephen Payne held the office of Seneschal to the Abbess, which probably meant her Steward or Bailiff for the Abbey property. Of him, says Hutchins,—

"Here (Shaftesbury) was another freehold held 2 Henry VIII., 1511, by Stephen Payne at his death; namely—seven messuages, three gardens in Shaston, of the Abbess; forty acres of land in Bellchalwel of the Earl of Northumberland; and seventy-eight acres of land in the hundred of Alcester, of the Abbot of Evesham, by rent of five shillings."

In the chancel window are two escutcheons;—1. *Azure, a dolphin embowed or* (Fitzjames of Lewston), impaling, *Bendy of eight or and azure, within a bordure of the first* (Newburgh of Winfrith), the shield encircled by a riband, but the inscription destroyed.

"The ancient family of Fitzjames," continues Hutchins,

"was formerly seated at Redlynch. Sir John Fitzjames, knt., son of James Fitzjames, married Alice, daughter of John Newburgh of East Lullworth, Esq., and was father to Sir John; Richard, bishop successively of Rochester, Chichester and London; and Aldred, ancestor of the Lewston line. The elder branch has been long extinct, but produced many eminent men. Sir John Fitzjames was lord chief justice of the king's bench thirteen years; died 30 Henry VIII., 1539."

On the other are,—quarterly, 1 and 4, *Argent, a barrulet gules, between four bars gemelles wavy azure;* 2 and 3, *Argent, a chevron gules, between three castles sable.*

Two further escutcheons display, one the emblem of the Trinity with customary legends, and the other—what is seldom seen in painted glass, being usually found sculptured on the frieze, or on the capitals of the pillars, at or over the entrance to chantry or chancel,—the imagery of

THE FIVE WOUNDS.

Look at yon carven shield,
Above the chantry door,
No blazoned pride bedecks its field,
But emblems five sprent o'er.

There are His pierced feet,—
There are His mangled hands,—
And wounded heart,—whose latest beat
Ceased at love's sweet commands.

"Fyve wellys"—there symbolled trace,
Hushing this mortal strife,—
"Of pitty, merci, comfort, gracy,
And everlastingly lyffe."

The shepherd monk of old,
Well his vocation knew,
Set it o'er gateway of the fold,
That all his flock may view.

Ere ranged in order close,
They gathered round his board,
Signs of His sorrows, sufferings, woes,
With thankfulness adored.

Seen with unseen allied,—
Trusting their happy fate,
Should some day see them glorified,
Keystone of heaven's gate.

Wayfarer of to-day,
The same tale runs for thee,
As in the ages far away,
And for all time to be.

As Sir Thomas Arundell did not get the royal grant until two years after the dissolution of the Abbey, it is probable the work of destruction on the fine building was considerably advanced, as but little time as a rule was allowed to elapse before the demolition commenced, anything that could be turned into money, such as the bells, lead, &c., sold, and the walls pulled down and carried away for building purposes.

Respecting this we further learn from Hutchins,—

"Tradition says, that one Arundell, steward to the Earl of Pembroke, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, built a large house in the town for himself, out of the Abbey materials. This seems to have been the same which Mr. Coker speaks of, when he says, 'The greatest ornament of the town is a fair turretted house of the Lord Arundell of Wardour.' But it is most probable it was built by Sir Thomas Arundell, or his son Sir Matthew, out of the ruins of the Abbey. It stands in Bymport Street, and has been a public house, it is now almost pulled down. In 1747, on the chimney piece were these arms,—1. ARUNDELL, *with crescent for difference.*—2. Quarterly, 1 and 4, *Gules, four lozenges ermine* (DINHAM), 2 and 3, *Gules, three arches conjoined, argent* (DE ARCHES).—3. CHIDIOCK.—4. *Sable (azure), a bend, with label of three points or, for difference* (CARMINOW)."

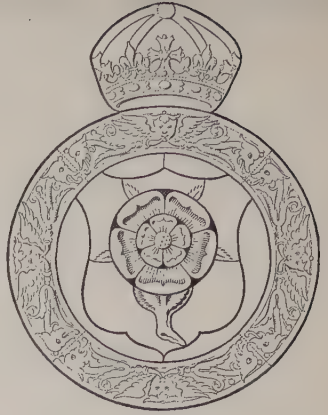
This was not all the property Sir Thomas appears to have had assigned him at the dissolution of religious houses. In 1547, Henry VIII. granted him the house and site of the Priory (or College) of Slapton in South Devon, "except all the lead upon the said College other than the gutters, and the lead in the windows; except all the bells and ornaments"—the rectory, also that of Loddiswell, and three other manors in Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall. Although his wife's sister Queen Katharine had been executed four years previously, he is described as 'Chancellor' to her.

Associated with Sir Thomas Arundell at the Court of Henry VIII., and also in his country possessions in the west, was his relative Henry Daubeney, Earl of Bridgwater, a most unfortunate man. He was the son of Giles, Lord Daubeney, K.G., a trusted servant and soldier to Henry VII.; the old seat and possessions of the family being at South-Petherton, and later at Barrington Court near that town. Lord Daubeney married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Thomas Arundell, K.B., of Lanherne,—the father of Sir John Arundell, who was the father of the Sir Thomas of our narrative,—Henry Daubeney, Earl of Bridgwater, his only son, would therefore be Sir John's cousin.

But not only by kinship on his father's side, but also by a similar relationship on his wife's, was the Earl closely connected with Sir Thomas. Lord Bridgwater married secondly, Katharine Howard, daughter of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk, by his second wife Agnes Tilney. She was therefore aunt to Sir Thomas' wife, being her mother's half-sister.

The Countess of Bridgwater was greatly persecuted during the trial of her niece Queen Katharine Howard, and almost every means was resorted to to implicate her with that unfortunate woman. The Earl, her husband, plunged into the vortex of expensive frivolities that surrounded the Court of Henry VIII., and it is related irretrievably crippled, if not finally ruined himself by extravagant display at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He died without issue, in seclusion and comparative penury at the little rural parish of South-Perrott, near Crewkerne, and was there buried 12 April, 1548,—his wife survived him, and was interred in the Norfolk Chantry in Lambeth church, 11 May, 1554.*

* For further account of this Earl, and his father Lord Daubeney, see "*Memorials of the West*," pages 173-220.



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REGAL HERALDRY, TEMP. HENRY VIII., COWIC, EXETER.

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It was this double tie of relationship that doubtless led to the important transactions with regard to the sale or transfer of a large portion of the Earl's landed possessions to Sir Thomas Arundell, when from time to time he had necessity; or it may be by family arrangement to protect himself and wife from forfeiture, in those days of peril and consequent attainder and confiscation.

In 1536-8-9 Henry, Lord Daubeney, conveyed to his *nephew*, Sir Thomas Arundell, his manors of Tollard-Royal, Farnham, Long-Crichell, Kershall, Goorsley, and Hampreston, with advowsons, &c., and Shaston, Wimborne-Minster, Gussage-All-Saints, Tarrant-Gunville, and Stubhampton, in the counties of Wilts and Dorset, with a clause "that if Henry, Lord Daubeney, should die without heirs to his body, the same should remain to the use of the said Sir Thomas Arundell and his heirs for ever." In 1542 the Earl conveyed the manor of South-Petherton to him. This included the manor and park of Barrington, and the forest of Roche (Neroche?) the advowson, Chantry, and free Chapel of South-Petherton, and of the Hundred, and lands at Yarcombe, &c.

And this leads us to his last and most important purchase, that of the Castle and Park of Wardour, on 4 July, 1 Edward VI., 1547.

Wardour Castle and its olden inhabiters have a special interest interwoven in our little narratives, three or four of the subjects of them, having successively, either occupied or possessed it.

About the year 1495 the Earl of Ormond granted a lease of it to the giant Sir John, afterward Lord Cheney, K.G.,—the "unhorsed at Bosworth,"—and it is not at all improbable that he may have died there, as he was buried at the not very far-distant cathedral of Salisbury.

Then on the 4 July, 14 Henry VII., 1499, three years after Lord Cheney's death, Thomas, Earl of Ormond, sold the Castle of Wardour to Robert, the first Lord Willoughby de Broke, "our Steward of Household," and according to one account, he is said to have died there, although his monument is found and he is probably buried at Callington, in far-distant Cornwall.

Lord Willoughby de Broke and his descendants appear to have retained possession of it until 1547, when his ultimate heiress Lady Elizabeth Greville and her husband Sir Fulke disposed of it to Sir Thomas Arundell.

Thus much, as a short notice of the principal landed possessions acquired by Sir Thomas Arundell. Some by gift of his father, others by arrangement with his uncle Lord Bridgwater, or by purchase from different possessors, and a further large portion partly by purchase,—if it may be so-called,—and partly probably by free grant from the King, Henry VIII., the whole of which in the aggregate would constitute Sir Thomas a wealthy man, and a west-country magnate of leading position.

A curious circumstance becomes noticeable here. The sale and grants of property acquired under Henry VIII. were the despoiled possessions of the Church, the property of the suppressed and dismantled Abbey of Shaftesbury, and dissolved Priory or College of

Slapton. Yet the Arundells (as also the Howards to whom they were so nearly allied) were at the time, and still continue to be, specially distinguished by their fealty to the Roman communion, the antient faith of their fathers. This fact, however, does not seem to have hindered his acceptance of what at the time, by common consent had been "set aside for the Lord." To which it may be answered, if he had not acquired it, many others were doubtless eagerly waiting for the chance; and it was never likely to return to fulfil the original purpose of the donors.

Notwithstanding the dangers that surrounded the Court of Henry VIII., and the perilous proximity of relationship in which, by marriage, he stood toward that monarch, specially amid the complications that arose during the impeachments, trials, and sad deaths of the two Queens, his wife's relatives; yet neither Sir Thomas, nor Lady Arundell, seems to have been involved or suspected in any way, indeed, to the contrary, as he appears subsequently to have experienced Henry's favour, it being three years after Queen Katharine Howard's death, when he received the grant of the Priory of Slapton from that king.

All this points to his being a prudent man, keeping aloof from the dangerous intrigues continually arising, and he has been described as a wise administrator. He was grandson of Cicely Bonville, the great west-country heiress, and his mother Elizabeth names him as one of the executors to her will, and therein describes him as "her trusty and well-beloved son."

Before the reign of Henry VIII. closed, its last victim was led to the scaffold, the accomplished Earl of Surrey, and nephew of Sir Thomas. The Duke of Norfolk, his father, with cruel obduracy had presided over the trial of his niece the unfortunate Queen Anne Boleyn, and now the same fate had overtaken his son. The executioner was waiting for himself also, but the unexpected death of Henry occurred just in time to save him. The "Fair Geraldine" of the poet Earl was a cousin of Sir Thomas on his mother's side, being the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, who married the Lady Eleanor, probably a younger sister of the Lady Elizabeth Grey, mother of Sir Thomas.

With the conclusion of the reign of Henry VIII., the larger and presumably, on the whole, happier portion of the life of Sir Thomas Arundell may be said to have ended. The child-king, Edward VI., in January, 1547, commenced his reign, and four short years only were destined to pass before Sir Thomas was laid in a traitor's grave.

In 1549 a distinguished office was conferred on him, one that his father had held before him, and of peculiar honour in his native county, that of Receiver General of the Duchy of Cornwall.

This year, however, the first cloud appeared over his hitherto fortunate career. Himself, with his brother Sir John Arundell of Lanherne, were both suspected of being implicated in the rebellion of their uncle Humphrey Arundell, Governor of St. Michael's Mount, "a man well-esteemed for military services." This was the religious insurrection, demanding the old ritual, and antagonistic to the

reformed service of the Church, which began in Cornwall, and gathering strength as it advanced, laid ineffectual siege to Exeter, where, however, the citizens, during their captivity, were reduced to great straits. The insurgents then marched to meet Lord Russell, who was stationed with some force at Honiton, but he defeated them with considerable loss at Feniton (or Fenny) Bridges. They then retreated to Clyst-Heath, near Exeter, where—

"they had brought with them a crucifix upon a cart, covered with a canopy, and beset with crosses, tapers, banners, holy bread and water, as a representation of those things for which they fought."

At Clyst-Heath, Lord Gray with his troops, reinforced with those under Lord Russell, dispersed the ignorant priest-led rustics with great slaughter ;—

"The dispersion of the insurgents was followed by the same conduct on the part of the royal army, as if they had put to route a foreign enemy in his own country, 'for the whole country was then put to the spoil, and every soldier sought for his best profit.'"

Sir Anthony Kingston, as Provost-Marshal of the king's army, was commissioned to try and punish the delinquents, and his cruel and brutal conduct was quite on an equality with that of the wretched Jeffreys on a similar errand a century afterward ;—

"Gibbets were set up in various places, on which great numbers of the leaders of the rebellion were hanged. Others, and especially Arundell, the chief captain, were carried to London, and there executed. It was reckoned that about four thousand in all perished by the sword or by the hands of the executioner, of those engaged in this Devonshire (and Cornwall) insurrection."

Humphrey Arundell, their uncle, was conveyed to London and hanged at Tyburn in January, 1549-50. And then it is recorded in the Council book,—

"XXX. Jan., 1549-50. Sir Thomas Arundel, Knight, committed to the Tower by order of the board."

And further in King Edward's journal,—

"1549. Sir Thomas Arundel and Sir Jhon (his elder brother) committed to the Tower for conspiracies in the west partes."

It is probable the Arundells, from religious motives only, sympathized with the views of the insurgents, and were not actual promoters or partakers in the movement, but on account of their kinship with the leader of the revolt they were doubtless subjects of considerable suspicion. There must, however, have apparently been other circumstances besides this, which were deemed to affect Sir Thomas unfavourably, for he does not appear to have been released from his durance in the Tower after his committal until the 4th of October, 1551, which would be a year and nine months subsequent.

Could it have been also for suspicion of aiding in the movement that led to the first humiliation of the Duke of Somerset, which occurred in the October preceding his committal to the Tower? It

may have been so,—or deemed so,—yet from what is left recorded, his presumed action seems to point to the contrary.

"One of the '*Metrical Visions*' of George Cavendish, the Gentleman Usher of Cardinal Wolsey, furnishes some biographical particulars of Sir Thomas Arundell, namely, that he was educated with Cardinal Wolsey, and was Chancellor to Queen Katharine Howard. He is also made to confess that 'I was the cheaf councellor in the first overthrowe of the Duke of Somerset, which few men did knowe.'

"With regard to his fate, there is a curious passage in a very rare book, bishop Ponet's '*Short Treatise on Politic Power*.' Writing of the Earl of Warwick, Ponet states, 'at the erles sute Arundell hathe his head with the axe divided from his shoulders.'" *

and commenting on the same subject,—

"Bishop Ponet in his '*Treatise on Politic Power*,' says in reference to his (Sir Thomas') arrest in 1549, 'he conspired with that ambitious and subtil Alcibiades, the Earl of Warwick, after Duke of Northumberland, to pull down the good Duke of Somerset, King Edward's uncle and protector,'—if this be correct it is singular he should have been afterwards re-arrested for conspiring with Somerset against Northumberland." †

On such slender and second-hand evidence and apparently so improbable, as to his helping at first to pull down the Protector, not much may be said;—men's views and movements at the time often veered amid these intrigues for the possession or direction of the supreme power,—but Sir Thomas' after-implication with the Duke seems to refute it. That the Earl of Warwick (Northumberland) may have used his influence for the destruction of Sir Thomas, in the company of his rival,—the greater victim,—may be accepted without much scruple.

Sir Thomas was released from the Tower on the 4th of October, and in the meanwhile, events as to Somerset's overthrow, were now rapidly developing themselves to a conclusion.

Northumberland—the rival and enemy of the Protector—had given intelligence of a conspiracy in which Somerset, Sir Thomas Arundell, Sir Ralph Vane, and several others were concerned. Of course there was the inevitable informer, and in this case a certain knight, called Sir Thomas Palmer, has recorded against him this unenviable notoriety.

In Sir John Hayward's *Life and Reign of K. Edward VI.*, we read,—

"Herewith Sir *Thomas Palmer*, a man neither loving the Duke of *Somerset*, nor beloved of him, was brought by the Duke of *Northumberland* to the King being in his garden. Here he declared on St. George's day last before, the Duke of *Somerset* being upon a journey towards the north, in case Sir *William Herbert*, Master of the Horse, had not assured him he should receive no harm, would have raised the people; and that he had sent the Lord *Gray* before, to know who would be his friends: also that the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Pembroke, and other lords should be invited to a banquet, and if they came with a bare company, to be set upon by the way; if strongly, their heads should have been cut off at the place of their feasting. He

* Note in *Machyn's Diary*, by J. G. Nicolls. † *The Chapel in the Tower*, by Doyne C. Bell.

declared further that Sir *Ralph Vane*, had two thousand men in a readiness; that Sir *Thomas Arundell* had assured the *Tower*, that *Seymor* and *Hamond*, would wait upon him, and that all the horse of the *Gendarmorie* should be slain."

This must have been the day on which the boy-king records in his journal,—

"11 Oct., 1551. Sir Thomas Arrondel had ashuerid my Lord that the Towre was sauf."

The "my Lord" here must have related to Somerset, which the King heard of in his conversation with Northumberland.

On the 16 October, 1551, says Grafton,—

"being Fryday, the Duke was again apprehended, and committed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason."

And the King records,—

"This morning none was at Westminster of the conspiratours. The first was the Duke, who came later than he was wont, of himself. After diner he was apprehendid."

Sir John Hayward thus describes it,—

"and so after dinner, he (the Duke) was apprehended; Sir *Thomas Palmer*, Sir *Thomas Arundel*, *Hamonde*, *Nudigates*, *John Seymour*, and *David Seymour*, were also made prisoners, the Lord *Gray* being newly come out of the country was attached. Sir *Ralph Vane*, being sent for, fled. Upon the first message it was reported that he said that his Lord was not stout, and that if he could get home he cared not for any; but upon pursuit he was found in his servant's stable at Lambeth covered with straw. He was a man of fierce spirit, both sudden and bold, of no evil disposition, saving he thought scantiness of estate too great an evil. All these were the same night sent to the Tower, except Palmer, Arundel, and Vane, who were kept apart in the Court, well guarded in chambers apart. After these followed Sir *Thomas Holdcroft*, Sir *Miles Partridge*, Sir *Michael Stanhope* and others. The day following the Dutchess of *Somerset* was sent to the Tower, also with her were committed one *Crane*, and his wife, and her own chamber woman. *Crane* confessed for the most part as *Palmer* had done, and further added that the Lord *Paget's* house was the place, where the nobility being invited to a banquet, should have lost their heads, and that the Earl of *Arundel* was made acquainted with the practice by Sir *Michael Stanhope*. This *Crane* was a man, who having consumed his own estate, had armed himself to any mischief. All these were sworn before the Council, and forthwith upon the information of *Crane*, the Earl of *Arundel*, and Lord *Paget* were sent to the Tower:"

On the *same* day, Machyn notes,—

"1551, xvj. day of October, was had to the Towre, Sir Thomas Arundell and Lady (with many others)."

and the King writes,—

"16 Oct. Arrondel was taken."

Twenty-seven peers took part in the trial of Somerset, his rival the Duke of Northumberland being one, and the Marquis of Winchester presided as Lord High Steward.

On the 2nd December following, narrates Grafton,—

"the sayd Duke was brought out of the Tower of London, with the axe of the Tower borne before him, with a great number of billes, gleves, holbardes, and

polaxes attending upon him; and was had from the Tower by water, and having shot London bridge, at five of the clock in the morning, so came unto Westminster Hall, where was made in the middle of the Hall a new scaffold, where all the Lords of the King's Counsaill sate as his judges, and there was he arraigned and charged with many articles both of treason and felony. And when after much milde speeche, he had aunsered not guiltie, he in all humble manner put himselfe to be tryed by his peeres, who, after long consultation among themselves, gave their verdict that he was not guiltie of the treason, but of the felony."

The King says in his diary,—

"The Duke of Northumberland wold not agree that any searching of his death shuld bee treason. So the lordis acquited him of high treason and condemned him of treason feloniouse, and so he was adjudged to be hangid."

As the punishment was hanging, he "departed without the ax of the Toure"—which the people outside not understanding, "shouted harf a dousen times so loud that from the halle dore it was harde at Charing Crosse plainely, and rumours went that he was quitte of all."

But his adversaries had got him too safely for release on this side of the grave, once more he was to appear before his fellow-men when the axe, and not the halter as was adjudged him, was to finish all.

On Friday, the 22nd of January following, the Duke was, at eight in the morning, beheaded on Tower Hill.

It was not until five days after the execution of the Duke that Sir Thomas Arundell, and his companion Sir Ralph Vane were put on their trial.

The first to be tried was Sir Thomas' presumed confederate, Sir Ralph Vane. Machyn relates,—

"1551-2,—The xxvii. day of January was reynyd at Westmynster Hall, ser Raff a Vane knyght of tresun and qwyt of hytt, and cast of felony to be hangyd."

Of this resolute and brave man, says Hayward,—

"He was charged with conspiring with *Somerset*, but his bold answers termed rude and ruffian-like, falling into ears apt to take offence, either only caused, or much furthered his condemnation. 'The time hath been,' said he, 'when I was of some esteem, but now we are in peace which reputeth the coward and couragious alike.'"

He strongly denied that he had practised treason against the King, or any of the Lords of the Council, and added that "his blood would make Northumberland's pillow uneasy to him." The 'qwest' were not long in disposing of him, and the King comments,—

"27 Jan., 1551-2. Sir Rafe Vane was condemned of felony in treason, aunsering like a ruffian."

The next day was appointed for Sir Thomas Arundell to appear before his judges. It was apparent they must have had very slender or unsatisfactory evidence, and it is cruel to read with what pertinacity they were required to decide on his case.

It is probable that, like the Duke of Somerset, he was taken from the Tower to Westminster Hall by water, and imagination can easily depict the various phases of the scene. Aroused early on the morning of the twenty-eighth of January, in mid-winter almost, it may be in

cold and pitiless weather, escorted by the Lieutenant of the fortress, Sir John D'Arcy, and accompanied by his officers, down to the well-guarded boat waiting for him, under the shadow of the great arch that spans the Traitor's Gate, the way lit by the feeble light of a lantern, which, as they seated themselves in the little craft, faintly revealed the portcullis raised for the occasion, and the dark waters of the Thames, just discernible through it, made visible by the flickering gleam thrown upon its surface, rippling to the inconstant night-breeze. Then their emerging from the gloomy portal, the prisoner sitting silent and motionless in the stern, the officers and halberdiers ranged on each side, and in front the heads-man's official, with the dread axe resting on his shoulder. Then their passage down the quiet river, with no sound to break the solitude, but the measured splash of the oarsmen steadily rowing him to his doom. Then their landing at Westminster in the just-breaking light of morning, and the sad little procession wending its way up to the main door of the vast Hall, its dim, cavernous roof, scarcely distinguishable by the cluster of twinkling points of light gathered in its centre, where, arrayed in all the picturesque costume of the age, emphasized by the scarlet cloaks of the judges, were congregated a large body of legal and civic functionaries, the solemn array of the jurors of the 'qwest,' and a throng of anxious citizens, assembled to decide whether he was guilty, or not guilty,—if he should live or die.

But the 'qwest' had not so easy a matter before them, in the disposing of his case, as they had the day before with that of Sir Ralph Vane. The evidence was presumably of slight or doubtful character, and so the day passed by and evening arrived, but no decision was arrived at. Sir Thomas had to endure this prolonged suspense, and was taken back to the Tower again, to wait through the anxious night, and then the following morning, go through the same dread ordeal, and appear once more before his judges, to learn his fate.

The 'qwest' of the jury appear to have thoroughly and sturdily debated the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and not being able to agree, were thereon subjected to the usual inhuman treatment of being starved in cold and darkness into agreement,—if such it may be called,—or rather a decision, one way or the other. And so they "sate shut up" in a house all that live-long night, and it was not until day-break the next morning that "they did cast him,"—the dissentients probably being wearied into compliance. When Sir Thomas—who perhaps may justly have had latent hope that their disagreement might end favourably for him—stood before his accusers for the second time, his doom was decided on, and he heard the fearful result that "they had acquitted him of treason, and cast him of felony, to be hanged."

Machyn thus describes the assiduous process of his condemnation,—

"1551-2. The xxviij. of Januarij was reynyd sir Thomas Arundell, Knyght, and so the qwest cold nott fynd ym tyll the morow after, and so he whent to the Towre agayn, and then the qwest wher shutt up tyll the morow withowt mett or drynke, or candylle or fyre, and on the morow he came a-gayne and the qwest qwytt ym of treasun, and cast hym of felony to be hangyd."

And Hayward soliloquizes over the unhappy event,—

"Sir *Thomas Arundel* was with some difficulty condemned, for his cause was brought to trial about seven of the clock in the morning, and about noon the jurors went together, and because they could not agree, they were shut in a house all the residue of that day and all the night following. The next morning they found him guilty. Unhappy man! who found the doing of anything or nothing dangerous alike."

and the little King mechanically notes in his diary,—

"29th Jan., 1551-2. Sir Thomas Arundel was likewise cast of felony in treason, after long controversie, for the matter was brought in trial bie seven of the cloke in the morning 28th day; at none the qwest went together; they sate shut up together in a house, without meat or drinke, bicause they could not agree, all that day and all night; this 29th day in the morning they did cast him."

So the first act of the coming tragedy was completed, and then after they had made sure of the destruction of their victim, they were equally assiduous that he should have ample religious consolation, in order that he "may dye well,"—and so give colour to the assumption that he was rightly convicted; and seemingly seek to justify the cruel sentence, awarded under such manifest difficulty, arising from the slight grounds of the accusation preferred against him.

Therefore the very same day of his condemnation, the 29th of October,

"the Council issued orders to the Lieutenant of the Tower, 'that Doctour Bill may from tyme to tyme resort to Sir Rauff Fane for his instruction to dye well; and that Doctour Parker may resort from tyme to tyme to Sir Thomas Arundell for the lyke purpose.'" *

Both these spiritual advisers were evidently Protestants, holding office in the Reformed Church. Dr. William Bill was successively Master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, and afterward Provost of Eton, Dean of Westminster, and Almoner to Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Matthew Parker was Chaplain to Edward VI., Dean of Lincoln, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. What faith Sir Ralph Vane professed may not be related here, but from his bold and resolute character it may be surmised to have been of an easy-going kind, and the clerical consolers sent to administer to him in his necessity might have been as acceptable as any other.

Not so to Sir Thomas Arundell; his religious adherence as a staunch Catholic was doubtless well known, and to him, the intrusion of the men named, in his hopeless distress, would have been adding still further cruelty to his sentence, by depriving him of that last preparation and final rites of the church he belonged to, which one of her own confessors could alone afford him.

Application was therefore made for this privilege, and so we find that,—

"on the 11th of February, Mr. Perne was allowed to resort to Sir Thomas Arundell, to instruct hym to dye well." *

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* Bell's *Chapel in the Tower.*

To die well,—such was, apparently, the condition most sought for, to appear penitent, and if possible to ensure this, the strong religious point was waived, and one,—probably of the ejected religious of the previous reign,—was "allowed" admittance to the death-sentenced prisoner. The monk who came was presumably William Peryn, Prior of the Black-friars, and a distinguished preacher; he probably attended Sir Thomas in his last moments.

The last scene of this mournful progression was now at hand. On the 22nd February the Lieutenant of the Tower received instructions to give notice to—

"Sir Thomas Arundell, and Sir Rauf Vane that they should against Friday next, prepare themselves to dye, according to their condempnation."

But another and melancholy privilege had now to be sought for, and that was to change the ignominious method of hanging,—the punishment accorded for treason-felony,—to the less degrading death by beheading. Some influence had to be used, but it was granted. The same method of death was also extended to Sir Michael Stanhope. No alteration, however, was accorded—if sought for—with regard to the execution of the "ruffian," Sir Ralph Vane, and Sir Miles Partridge; they were to perish at the same hour at the gallows, which was probably set up beside the scaffold on Tower Hill.

Cavendish in his *Metrical Visions*, thus refers to this circumstance in the last stanza of that one relating to Sir Thomas Arundell,—

"To be hanged though my judgment ware,
Yet to do me honour they changed my sentence,
And to leese my head to ease me of my care:—
But death was the thing of all their pretence
Which they desired;—such was their conseyence
There I make an end, and I without redresse
As here ye may see me, a symple body hedlesse."

Then came the final order on the 23rd to the King's Solicitor—

"To make a warrant for the beheading Sir Thomas Arundell, and Sir Michael Stanhope, and to perform the process of hanging of Sir Rauf Vane and Sir Miles Partridge, who are appointed to be executed on fryday next between ix. and xi. before noone."

The warrant was duly made out and dated the 25th,—the next day Friday, the 26th February, was fixed for their execution. Machyn thus describes the event,—

"The xxvj. day of Feybruarii the wyche was the morrow after saynt Mathuwe day, was hedded on the Tower hill, sir Myghell Stanhope knyght and ser Thomas Arundell, and incontenent was hangyd the seylff sam tyme sir Raff a Vane knyght, and ser Mylles Parterege knyght of the galowse besyd the ———— and after ther bodys wher putt in to dyvers new coffens to be bered, and heds, in to the Towre in cases, and ther bered."

Both Sir Thomas Arundell and Sir Michael Stanhope were interred in the Tower Chapel. Thus he followed in the same dire way, and was buried beside his two headless kinswomen laid there a few years previously.

What is to be said as to all these proceedings, and their melancholy termination, had guilt or innocence anything to do with it, or was it expediency only, that controlled the result? Sir John Hayward apparently supplies the true key as to the object of the nefarious transaction,—

"Not long after the death of Somerset, *because it was not thought fit that such a person should be executed alone, who could hardly be thought to offend alone*, Sir Ralph Vane and Sir Miles Partridge were hanged on Tower Hill, Sir Michael Stanhope and Sir Thomas Arundell were there also beheaded.

"All these took it upon their last charge, that they never offended against the King, nor against any of his Council. God knows whether obstinately secret or innocent, and in the opinion of all men Somerset was much cleared by the death of those *who were executed to make him appear faulty*."

But their deaths were not destined to go long unavenged. He who had poured the "leperous distilment" into the young king's ear, that sent Sir Thomas to his doom, and others, in company with his rival Somerset, lame-footed vengeance was on the trail of his unscrupulous, ambitious footsteps, it speedily overtook him, and the next headless body that was brought to find unconscious entrance to the Tower Chapel was that of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.

As the grave closes over the unfortunate Sir Thomas Arundell our thoughts next follow to those he left behind him. The usual fate was awarded his possessions as a traitor, he was attainted, and they were confiscated to the Crown; but King Edward, two years after his death, restored to his widow, the Lady Elizabeth Arundell, her full dower out of her deceased husband's property.

Of course there is no direct memorial existent to Sir Thomas Arundell, but it is singular, that in the fine brass to the memory of his father, mother, and his father's second wife in St. Columb church, Cornwall, one of their children, a little *headless* armoured figure still remains, and beside it is Sir Thomas' escutcheon,—Arundell with six quarterings, impaling Howard with four. The diminutive effigy is undoubtedly designed to represent Sir Thomas,—the label over his head that contained his name is gone. The corresponding indents of figure, shield, and label, were originally filled with a representation of his brother Sir John, his name and arms.

Sir Thomas Arundell, by his wife Elizabeth Howard, left two children, Sir Matthew, who succeeded him, and Margaret, married to Sir Henry Weston.

Sir Matthew married Margaret, daughter of Henry Willoughby* of Wollaton, Notts, by his wife Anne, third daughter of Thomas Grey, second Marquis of Dorset, and sister to Henry, afterward Duke of Suffolk. They were second cousins, both being the grandchildren of Cicely Bonville.

With the accession of Queen Mary, matters wore a very different aspect toward the Arundells. Doubtless the Queen fully recognized and esteemed their allegiance to the antient faith, which she held in common with them, and so we find in the first year of her reign, she

* The ghost of his name, and the tomb in Southleigh churchyard, seem to haunt our little narratives, see pages 35 and 85.

restored by patent to Sir Matthew, all his deceased father's lands. This does not seem to have included Wardour Castle, which appears to have been granted by lease or otherwise to the Earl of Pembroke, who greatly embellished it, but Sir Matthew subsequently, by purchase, acquired its possession from that family; it was not, however, free of the claims of the Crown as will be seen. He probably resided before this at Shaftesbury, in the house he had built out of the ruins of the Abbey.

Sir Matthew was knighted, with twenty-two other west-country gentlemen, who "were dubbed in the progress to Bristowe, anno d'ni, 1574," by Queen Elizabeth.

Once more we find ourselves in Tisbury church, and in this chancel, where the succeeding generations of the Arundells of Wardour, after the vicissitudes of this life,—and in their earlier days they had their ample share of them,—were over,—and one after another were here gathered together in the fold of death.

Sir Matthew was buried 24 Dec., 1598. This inscription commemorates him,—

IESUS.
MAT' ARUNDEL, EQUES ORDINE, INTUS DORMIT IN PULVERE.
IGNOSCAT ILLI OMNIA QUI NOSTRA TULIT CRIMINA.
DELICTA JUVENTUTIS MEE ET IGNORANTIAS MEAS NE
MEMINERIS DOMINE.
I. H. S.

Thomas, his son, succeeded him. "Prompted by the ardent and chivalrous spirit of adventurous enterprise prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth, he obtained the Queen's permission to enter the service of Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, to whom she addressed a personal letter of recommendation of her 'kinsman.'" This was correct enough,—Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Queen Anne Boleyn, and so grand-daughter of Lady Elizabeth Howard,—Thomas Arundell was the great-grandson of Lord Edmund Howard, her brother. In 1595, at the siege of the city of Gran, or Strigonium, in Hungary, then held by the Turks, he gave great proofs of his valour, "and that in forcing the water tower, near Strigonium, he took from the Turks their banner, slaying the bearer with his own hand." For this and other services Rudolph created him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, which he had the temerity to accept, without getting sufficient leave from his jealous and imperious 'kinswoman' at home, and for which he appears to have suffered some confinement. It raised a dispute also at Court as to what precedence, or otherwise, this foreign distinction was entitled to, and the matter being brought before the Queen for her opinion, she characteristically replied,—

"that there was a close tie of affection between the prince and subject; and that as chaste wives should have no glances but for their own spouses, so should faithful subjects keep their eyes at home, and not gaze upon foreign crowns, and she, for her part, did not care her sheep should wear stranger's marks, nor dance after the whistle of every foreigner."

and she intimated to the Emperor, that she had forbad him any place or precedence in England.

It is probable Queen Elizabeth had no great liking for the Arundells, being prejudiced against them, it may be on account of their religious principles. Some years before, in 1575, when Sir Matthew Arundell had re-acquired Wardour Castle and Park, she seized upon it to enforce the payment of an old Crown debt, that seems to have been owing on property Sir Thomas Arundell acquired of Henry VIII., and had not been cleared off, and which it was probable from his relationship to that monarch was never intended should be paid. The Queen, we believe, did not insist on the payment, but it shewed her semi-hostile attitude toward them then, and this incident of the acceptance of a foreign title, did not tend to improve it. King James, however straitened and antagonistic in his religious views, and natural distaste to the Roman communion, nevertheless, recognized his merits, by creating him in the second year of his reign, 4 May, 1605, Baron Arundell of Wardour, but neither Queen Elizabeth, nor that King, we believe, ever recognized his foreign title. He died at Wardour Castle, and was buried in this chancel. The following inscription is to his memory,—

THOMAS DOMINUS ARUNDELIUS,
PRIMUS BARO DE WARDOUR, SACRI ROMANI IMPERII COMES,
OBIJT 7mo DIE NOVEMBRIS,
ÆTATIS SUÆ 79, ANNO DOMINI 1639.

SICUT PULLUS HIRUNDINIS SIC CLAMABO.
Isaiæ xxxviii. v. 14.

With this we close any extended notice of the succeeding descendants of this noble and distinguished family. Thomas his son was a devoted Royalist, and "being at the battle of Lansdown was shot in the thigh by a brace of pistol-bullets, whereof the same year he died in his Majesty's garrison at Oxford,"—the devoted and heroic Blanche Somerset his wife it was who so bravely defended Wardour Castle during the war of the Commonwealth; she died at Winchester, but both are rejoined in death here. These inscriptions occur to them,—

D. O. M.

Hic parte sua mortali quiescit, qui in cœlo potiori parte vivit immortalis Thomas Arundel, Baro Arundel de Warder, sacri Romani imperii Comes, primogenitus nempe Thomæ Arundel, Baronis etiam de Warder, qui, ob insignia et pietatis et fortitudinis exempla in communem Christiani nominis hostem in Hungaria ad Strigonium præstita hæreditarium hunc honoris titulum a Rodolpho secundo meruit ipse, et ad posteros transmissit; cujus dignitatum virtutumque hic hæres, dum vixit, sic Deo in constanti pietatis exercito militavit in terris, ut debitum sibi in cœlis triumphum expectare videretur, ita se totum in Regis Caroli primi obsequium, imminente in Anglia bello civili, impendit, ut in illud opes fortunamque profuderit, ac vitam denique ipsam lubentissime contulisset, e qua excessit Oxonii die 19° Maij, ann. ætatis 59, annoque reparatæ salutis 1643.

And on the adjoining stone:—

D. O. M.

Hic conjugi conjux amantissima adjacet Domina Blancha Somerset, filia Edwardi Somerset, Wigorniæ Comitis, privata sigilli custodis, magistri equitum, &c., quæ marito par generis splendore, exercitio virtutum non impar, in aula regia quasi in cella privata vixit quanto dignitate terrena sublimior, tanto pietatis fulgere splendidior, quantoque regiæ vicinior majestati, tanto (quod parum est inter mortales) supremo dilectior numini quo ut proprius frueretur cœlo natura mortalitatem exuit Wintoniæ die 28° Octob: ann: ætat: lxvi. annoque Dom: m.dc.xlix.

Henry, their son, spent five years in the Tower, 1673 to 1678, on the information of the infamous Titus Oates, but afterward became Lord Privy Seal to James II.

"Which Henry Lord Arundell, at his own charge, raised a regiment of horse for the service of King Charles the First in the time of the usurpation, and stoutly defended his Castle of Wardour against those rebellious forces, which, under the command of Edward Hungerford, did then attempt it on behalf of the Parliament. In the year 1678, he was with William Earl Powis, William Viscount Stafford, William Lord Petre, and John Lord Bellasis, committed prisoners to the Tower, and afterwards were impeached by the House of Commons of high crimes and offences, without being brought on their trial. He continued prisoner with the other Lords, till the year 1683, when they were admitted to bail.

"On King James II. accession to the throne he was sworn of his Privy Council, and on 11 March, 1686, was constituted Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, also, when that Monarch, in 1688, began his journey towards Salisbury, he committed the administration of affairs in his absence to the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Arundell, Bellasis, Preston, and Godolphin. He departed this life 28 December, 1694, having married Cecilie, daughter of Sir Henry Compton, C.B., of Brambletye, in the county of Sussex." (Collins.)

Henry, the seventh baron, by his marriage in 1739 with Mary Arundell-Bealing of Lanherne, who died in 1769, re-united the antient branch of the family from which he was descended; he died in 1756, aged 38, is interred below, and his epitaph (by translation) tells us, "*who taking to himself to wife Mary Arundell, the most noble heiress of the family of Lanherne in Cornwall, and having gotten a son of her, a most renowned race which for more than two centuries had been rent asunder, now happily united, flourishes, and may it for ever flourish by the favour of God.*"

With the memory of this delightful incident, so gracious and refreshing after the blood-stained relation of the earlier portion of our little narrative, we take our leave of this garner of the departed Arundells, and, seeking once more the rapid convenience of the iron road, are passing swiftly homeward. As the train glides rapidly by the little station of Sutton-Bingham, we remember that not far from this, another and almost unique trace of Arundell of Cornwall is to be found. At about a mile's distance is the village of East-Coker, and in the south transept window of its church are two antient shields of painted glass side by side, on one are the arms of the See of Exeter, on the other quarterly, Arundell and Carminow. These are the arms of John Arundell, Bishop of Exeter, who presided over the diocese two years, died 19 Feb., 1506, and was buried in the

church of St. Clement Danes, London, and, as far as we have knowledge, is the only trace of memorial existing to him.

Once more the career of the subject of our little narrative returns to us. All appears to have gone well with him, even among the perils with which he was environed during the reign of Henry VIII. It may be, the instant danger of giving offence to the wishes or inclinations of that capricious tyrant kept him in the path of caution and safety.

But when that king's baby-son assumed the reins of sovereignty this terror had disappeared, and men were busily vieing with each other as to whom,—professedly under the little king,—should really rule the destinies of the nation. Sir Thomas now appears to have taken action, and identified himself with one side of the contending factions, not prominently, but sufficiently marked to make him a subject of suspicion—to say nothing beyond—with those he was presumed to differ from, and this on an adverse emergency was a position of considerable peril. So it turned out, for in the end his death appears to have been resolved on, not because his offence was easily proved, or that he deserved such punishment, but as a make-weight, to give the colour of complicity, and so justify the death of Somerset, by the execution of himself, and that of others, thereby inferring the plot was a real one, and of dangerous extent. If so,—and circumstances seem strongly to confirm this view,—his was altogether a hard fate; it is difficult indeed, to imagine a harder one.

"SICUT PULLUS HIRUNDINIS SIC CLAMABO."

Even Thine altars!—there my soul shall flee—
O Lord of Hosts! and as a swallow come
On quivering wing, and chatter mournfully,
And make her nest, and seek eternal home.

Even Thine altars! where in holy state
Lies the Great Sacrifice of endless love,
Incense adoring streams to heaven's gate,
Service unceasing seeks Thy throne above.

Even Thine altars! there unharmed to stay,
And when my captive pinions death shall free,
Migrate to fairer regions far away,
There fold my wings, and rest in peace, with Thee.

Deo Data.

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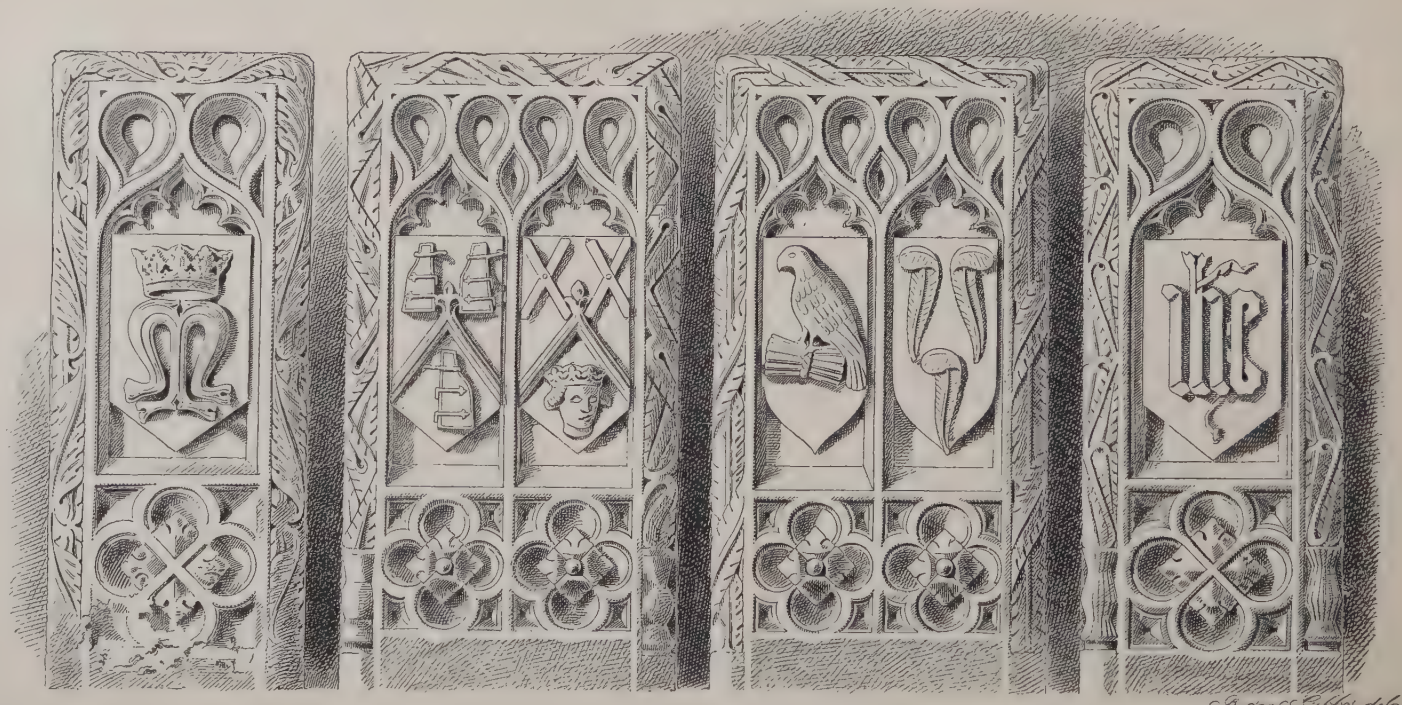

BENCH ENDS. LANDULPH CHURCH, CORNWALL

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OF THE IMPERIAL LINE.

A LEISURELY sail from the beautiful, capacious, and almost land-locked harbour of Plymouth, up its main inlet—so curiously named the Hamoaze—to the picturesque precincts of the lower extremity of the Tamar, on a bright summer day with a gentle breeze, is an excursion in all respects most enjoyable.

The harbour itself is studded over with craft of every variety and size, and sails spread of almost all hues, with here and there a fussy steam-boat ploughing its smoky way between them, while just inside, and tethered as it were to the dim line of the breakwater, are two or three dark grim-looking ironclads, lying as watch-dogs at its entrance.

Sea-ward, is the broad, blue, open main; on the left, the tree-fringed heights of Mount-Edgcumbe; before us, the irregular, creek-broken shore of the "Three-Towns" jutting angularly into the deep, clear water, with houses crowding down to its rocky edge. There, too, in its centre, is one of the most classic spots on English soil—the Hoe—consecrated by endless historic national traditions, and made sacred beyond imagination's most inspired effort, by the tears, prayers, and hopes that have alternately taken their rise, and from its heights watched the silent sails pass on below to the distant ocean, bearing voyagers, the purpose of whose errands,—who may declare?

On its pleasant open plateau, how diverse also have been the objects of those who from time to time have there assembled. Determined spirits with hands upon their sword-hilts, waiting and watching for the first glimpse of the van of the seven miles crescent-flotilla of the dark and hostile Spaniard, sweeping onward toward the shore, bearing the chains of slavery, spiritual and social, within their holds. Bands of bare-headed, bent-browed men, kneeling in reverent, prayerful conclave—the last home-office of their undaunted faith—ere they stepped on board the peaceful convoy, expatriated by conscience from their native soil, in search of a larger liberty, and destined to found in another hemisphere, an even greater England than they were leaving. Invader and emigrant, each shall we say, with purpose animated by soul-constraining religious convictions, but with ultimate aspirations, how different!

Spectators,—myriad numbered, greeting with enthusiastic plaudits, the departure of stately fleets, that at intervals during successive centuries, have passed out, destined to carry the grand conquests of the seamanship and valour of the English race,—triumphs martial and commercial,—to every sea; or anon, sorrowful groups with down-cast hearts, wafting sad and final farewells to those, who have here in continuous exodus set out to seek new homes on distant shores, and from hence cast their last "longing, lingering look," at the receding, vanishing outline of their native land; or again, eager eyes anxious to descry the first rise of the sail of the home-bound ship on the distant horizon, bearing a freight more precious to the love-strained heart, than all the wealth of Ind.

But while these suggestive thoughts are haunting us, we have slowly crept up to the warlike precincts of the lower Hamoaze. We pass the huge, cavernous, pent-house-looking, but now empty 'slips,' hanging over the darkling tide, in which the 'wooden walls' of *old* England were wont aforetime to be built, ere the steam-urged iron monsters of our present *new* England were dreamt of. And we ruminate a moment over this change of times and things, and mentally ask the question, What is the gain to human development achieved by much of the scientific—*ergo* mechanical—appliances of the present hour? the which, while it flatters the lord of creation with the belief he has become the autocrat of the forces and elements, in truth practically reduces that proud being to be the servant and care-taker of the machine he has constructed, for assuredly to a very large extent to this menial occupation he is being rapidly reduced.

Specially with regard to ships and navigation, a generation or two ago, vessels in construction and appearance were not only beautiful objects as such, but required also all the skill, foresight, courage, and dexterity which taxes the resources of manhood to the utmost, and forms the basis of true seamanship, for their guidance and control. Then there was something both for the mind and bodily energy alike to exercise and develope itself on; and undoubtedly much of the secret of our victories, both in commerce and war, that we have achieved in the past, may be traced to our proficiency therein, and as a consequence, the cause of our winning the crown of success among all other competing maritime nations.

Now almost all is changed, science has invaded the citadel of living endeavour, and deposed its activity and ambition; while furnished with the results of her conquests, one man practically has become as good as another, the spur of incentive has vanished from the heel of individual aspiration to excellence, with this result, that if to man the privilege of becoming a greater, nobler being, fostered by the soul's glorious activities, as having something to conquer, or win, be denied or removed from him; he can now console himself with the belief he may afford to become a much idler one,—a prime factor in the creed of the present hour.

And therefore instead of the slips and the wooden-walls, with clatter of adze, axe, and caulking hammer, and the wholesome odour of Stockholm tar,—here we are abreast of the 'steam-yard,' with

its metallic clang and reek of coal-smoke, threading our way between a swarm of iron-clads of every form and shape; ugly, dark, and diabolical-looking, as the errand they are constructed for, their sullen turrets, monstrous guns, and blood-curdling names, aptly and unmistakably assuring the beholder that their eventual port of destination lies on the shore of Hades. Steam-pinnaces and swift torpedo-boats are rushing about, and large tenders surging along, among whom we carefully steer, and look across with a glance of relief on the smart, clean, handsome three-deckers moored stern to stern in mid-stream; floating Othellos, that now with occupation gone, serve as nautical colleges for the sailor-boys, where they are instructed in such slender knowledge of seamanship as is at present deemed necessary.

How different was the measure of requirement in the early years of the first George, when the unfortunate Falconer wrote his poem of the *Shipwreck*, whose seamanship was apparently as dear to him as the muse, and so, delighted to cunningly array her with all the terms of the mariner's vocabulary, a feat never attempted by other poet, and of course a hopeless task to any but a true sailor,—

> "But now, the transient squall to leeward passed,
> Again she rallies to the sudden blast.
> The helm to starboard moves; each shivering sail
> Is sharply trimmed, to clasp th' augmenting gale—
> The mizzen draws; she springs aloof once more,
> While the fore-staysail balances before.
> The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
> They near the prow th' extended tack confined:
> Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
> And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end,
> To topsails next they haste, the bunt-lines gone,
> Through rattling blocks the cluelines swiftly run;
> Th' extending sheets on either side are manned;
> Abroad they come, the fluttering sails expand;
> The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
> The leeches taught, the halyards are made fast,
> The bowlines hauled, and yards to starboard braced,
> The straggling ropes in pendent order placed."

We pass a magnificent white-clad troop-ship, with a beading of red-coats leisurably looking over the forecastle, and glide under the lee of one of those steam-winged brigands of the deep, a steel-built cruiser, whose towering trim spars, and beautiful lines, excite admiration, but chastened with the reflection of the capabilities for destruction she carries in her enormous propelling power and far-reaching guns. Woe, think we, to the peaceful merchantman who may venture to disregard, or seek to flee from the summons of her eagle eye!

And now we are sailing easily amid an assemblage of objects, whose presence makes the heart sink, and the cheek burn as we contemplate the rotting millions they represent,—the fleet of huge discarded hulks, whose now comparatively untrustworthy fighting and defensive capabilities, represent the modern advance in the art of destruction in maritime warfare. Here and there a solitary figure peers over the rusty bulwarks, but with regard to the majority, not a

living creature paces their deserted decks. Gay, golden, and bright-coloured figure heads,—nymph, triton, or naval hero,—still decorate their prows, but these to our fancy's eye, resolve themselves into gilded skeletons with eyes of flame, and grasping the lightning darts of destruction in their grisly clutches,—the ghastly phantasmagoria of Death! And then comes the mournful reflection, that the original cost of each of these now comparatively valueless hulls,—being for all other purposes mere useless accretions of old iron and wood,—and designed for the destruction of the human race, would have more than sufficed to have built and endowed a hospital or college, whose beneficent errand should have been for all time (and while our present institutions are also starving for want of funds), and that the aggregation of hulks floating lazily around us, and of their predecessors, would represent an amount of wealth sufficiently large to have dotted the empire all over with such excellent institutions.

Last thought of all, as we look back and watch the bright red cross slowly unfold itself on the summer breeze over the taffrail of one of the largest of them,—the hallowed symbol of peace and good will hoisted over these engines of bloodshed,—we muse at the strange antithesis suggested by its display, as if designed in bitterest satire, to justify, or as it were, consecrate their direful mission. A curious example of what we presume would be termed national religious ethics, as at present professed in this Christian land of ours. But then we recollect that favourite patriot, the courageous (at home) and braggart, fire-eating Jingo, with his eight hundred millions of debt on his back, has to be duly considered in the motley compact. "Peace and good will" at present looks like a hopeless dream, to be further off than ever, and its development in the boasted civilization of the last quarter of the nineteenth century exhibits, instead, the strange spectacle of more fighting men on land, and ships of war at sea, furnished with the most tremendous appliances for the destruction of human life than could be found, perhaps, at any previous era of the world's history. Europe appears a vast armed camp, filled with millions of soldiers, apparently only waiting in feverish suspense some chance incident, to march on each other, and deluge the continent with carnage.

And yet amid all this there are not wanting hopeful signs, that below these dread preparations, a wiser and healthier undercurrent is slowly, but surely moving, that will eventually, we trust, sap the foundations of this military incubus, and free the long-suffering peoples from its deadly glamour. The consequences of the wickedness and folly of that game "which kings delight to play at" will be clearly seen, and a larger and more comprehensive system of government take the control into its own hands, and put a veto on the players. Industry, guided by intellectual resource, is busily organizing its battalions, with a power, destined, we ween, at no distant date to be mightier than armies or navies. Intelligence, combined with a knowledge of social and commercial needs, will become the great factors of national influence and wealth in the future, and, unless we greatly mistake, the basis of a kingdom's prosperity in the coming

time will be fought out on these battle-fields, and on them win its silent and bloodless victories.

But a much greater and consolatory thought possesses us as we take a final glance at the grim citadels of destruction lazily floating on the now smiling strength of the watery expanse,—but compared with which in its tempestuous wrath, they are as the bubble that vanishes on its surface,—even the controlling power of that Mighty Ruler of both, of which the Royal Minstrel has with prophetic grandeur sung; strikingly paraphrased by His humbler disciple and lyrist, the gifted Apostle of Cornish revival, here aptly recalled,—

"The Lord is King: ye saints rejoice
And ceaseless alleluias sing;
The angry floods lift up their voice
In vain,—for lo, the Lord is King!

All ocean's waves may swell and roar,
They cannot break their sandy chain;
Supreme in majesty and power,
The Lord shall o'er them rule and reign.

Though war's devouring surges rise,
Beyond their bounds they cannot go;
The Lord is King above the skies,
And rules the embattled host below.

'Tis God the Lord, whose mighty will
Makes angry war's contentions cease,
And bids the maddened world be still,
And brings the joyous gift of peace."

Withdraw thine eyes aft, friend of mine, banish all further contemplation of the decaying sea-dragons, and look a-head where a very different spectacle awaits thee. Immediately to the left is the little, quiet, steep-streeted Cornish borough of Saltash, but now made notable by the presence of Brunel's stupendous iron railway-bridge, spanning the river before us, and thrusting itself into the bosom of the old town; one of the largest mechanical works of this, or any age, and exhibiting the strange engineering inversion of suspending the load beneath the arch, as the road-way is slung or supported below, instead of traversing above it. Its great height from the water, to a considerable extent, contracts to the eye its huge proportions, which may however in a measure be estimated, by observation of the railway-train slowly threading its way across, being scarcely seen, and but little heard from below, or recognized merely by a thin white line streaming back above the parapet, and a subdued rumble; and by noting also the Liliputian dimensions of some artizans, that look like a bevy of insects perched on one of the great tubes. The extraordinary construction it displays seems to suggest that here for once, Science with syren persuasion must have charmed the ear of Wealth to accede to her request—"provide me with the means required, and in return you shall be shewn what can be accomplished"—so lavish is the strength, and fantastic the form of the vast structure. On the river below this immense creation, the

floating steam-bridge crawls across at short intervals, for passengers and vehicles. As we look at the two extraordinary methods of transit, the reflection arises that at only a few miles up the stream, an inexhaustible supply of granite may have been obtained and easily floated. With this enduring material a handsome bridge might have been erected, with arches sufficiently high for all useful purposes of navigation, and the roadway on it made wide enough for railway and ordinary purposes, and, what is so dear to the calculating proclivities of our race, it would undoubtedly have paid well also, in addition to its enormous convenience. But then the wisdom of our senators would not have been exemplified, nor the constructive ingenuity of the engineer glorified.

We emerge from the shadow of the great bridge, and pass another smart training-ship. Moored there we presume to justify the outrageous and apparently prohibitive stipulation of Parliament,—which required that a railway train should be carried through the air above the masthead of a fully rigged old-fashioned man-of-war,—for we never heard of another performing such a feat. Nor did our sagacious and far-seeing legislators probably dream of the advent of the squat iron-clads, with neither mast or sail, and hulls more under the water than above it, that now form the fleet of the present.

Leaving this the last trace of grisly war behind, we enter on a glorious stretch of the uncontaminated Tamar, and admire two or three barges with their grand, looming, picturesque sails,—like great-winged sea-birds,—slowly traversing the bright expanse. Here a prophetic echo from the lyre of the poet who dwelled at its source, crosses the mental ear, and finds fulfilment,—

> "Fount of a rushing river! wild flowers wreathe
> The home where thy first waters sunlight claim;
> The lark sits hushed beside thee, while I breathe,
> Sweet Tamar spring! the music of thy name.
>
> Fair is the future scenery of thy days,
> Thy course domestic and thy paths of pride;
> Depths that give back the soft-eyed violet's gaze,
> Shores where tall navies march to meet the tide."

Delightfully we career along, and our thoughts suggest what a spirit-cheering, buoyant—heart as well as boat—feeling of freedom fills the mind, when afloat in a trim craft with a full sail, and a fair wind. Pre-eminently so on the boundless sea, and in lesser degree, but most enjoyable also, on this broad reach of inland water. The busy succession of waves rising up and greeting with flickering salute the prow of our little vessel, as with easy rocking motion she speeds over their undulating succession. And the contented satisfaction, also, that we have the pleasant breeze, with its varying force for our untiring steed; no haunting thought disturbs, that some noble animal in slavery is running the sands of his life out the faster for our gratification,—nor the dread possibility of instant annihilation, that hovers continuously over the rushing transit of the iron trackway.

Verily of all modes of movement, none equals for pleasantness the sailor's, nor does the phantom of a wild pitiless sky, lee shore, and foam-mantled rocks greatly alloy it.

Wild glory of the weltering shore,
The clouds dark portent hangeth o'er,
The rushing billows muffled roar.

Like storm-drenched bird, from out the west
The labouring bark by strong winds pressed,
Beats to the haven of her rest.

The seaman views the turmoil grim,
And be his vessel tight and trim,
The tempest wears no fears for him.

Starboard the helm, friend, for we have now fetched nearly a mile *plus* the bridge, and prepare to set thy foot for the first time on old Cornubia's shore, and make acquaintance with its inhabiters, a generous, independent liberty-loving race, who through the past centuries have "one and all" vigorously asserted their right to social and religious freedom. Yonder is Landulph church-tower peering up among the undulations of the shore,—this will be our first port of call, to visit the sanctuary nestling among the dwellings at its foot, and make note of sundry interesting associations—one specially unique—connected with it. We pull in our little craft, and having made fast to a place of safety among the seaweed-clad slaty ledges of rock, set off for our destination, and a few minutes' walk brings us to the door of the little edifice.

On entering, the first thing that arrests attention, is the large number of carved bench-ends with which the nave and south aisle are furnished. Although under any conditions these architectural features are most attractive to the antiquary, as displaying in their sculptured imagery, direct witness of the art of past existences, the examples here found, for quality of workmanship, reflect not the purer glory of the Plantagenet workman, nor the lavish wealth of the earlier Tudor. Their shallower and comparatively unstudied work, points to the era just before that crowned Dowsing,—who in relation to the church was dubbed Defender of her Faith, but whose truer and more congenial title should have been Destructor of her Works,—by his ravages among the religious establishments, gave the final quietus to the fast-dying spirit of ecclesiastical art. But even apart from his relentless savagery, its chief incentive had almost disappeared, for men were then fast learning the easier faith of word-service alone, unallied with the older self-denying, and more tangible offering of deeds. The real and the painstaking had given place to the less troublesome and quicker wrought,—rich deep-cut cusp, vine-leaf, rose, and blazoned shield were succeeded by coarse rustic allegory, ill-shaped animals and birds, tasteless initials and dates, and confused heraldry, interspersed with heathen masks and grotesques, elbowing the cross and sacred monogram—the last dying speech and confession of the expiring Gothic. Here the symbolism of the Passion seems to have been

the old carvers' favourite subject, occurring in the greatest profusion, variety, and minuteness of detail,—a pertinent example of the lowest form of religious teaching, the objective (even now a favourite with some), designed by its pictured symbolism to impress, and in its way instruct the unlettered mind, a poor apology for the nobler and more comprehensive study of the sacred text. One or two of the panels are however more noteworthy, as preserving a flickering of the antient beauty of design, and these find record in our sketch-book.

A sprinkling of curiously imperfect and jumbled heraldry, apparently allusive to afore-time settlers in Landulph and important families located near, occupies many; on these we recognize the *roses* of Lower, the *rudders* of Willoughby de Broke, the *saltires* of Glanville, and the *bells* of Porter of Trematon, while on others occur the insignia of the See, and specially noticeable, those of the princely Courtenay,—*the eagle on the bundle of sticks, feathers*, and shields charged with the *three torteaux*, badges and arms of the last descendants of the first house of that illustrious descent,—armories almost ubiquitous, both within and without the church door in these western parts.

Here in Landulph this noble race owned considerable possessions, inherited through the marriage of Emmeline, daughter of Sir John Dauney (or De Alneto), with Sir Edward Courtenay, who died 1372, of whom Cleaveland records,—"he had sixteen manors, and died before his father the Earl, and had by his lady two sons, Edward who came to be Earl after his grandfather, and Sir Hugh of Haccombe, whose grandson Edward was restored to the Earldom of Devonshire upon the failure of the elder brother's issue." The effigies of Sir John Dauney, his daughter Emmeline and her husband Sir Edward Courtenay are found in the neighbouring church of Sheviocke. The property continued in the ownership of the Courtenays, until the cruel execution of Henry, Marquis of Exeter, by Henry VIII., when it was annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall.

And here an interesting circumstance may be noted, concerning the carved array of the symbolism of the Passion on the old seats before us, as we remember that these emblems appear to have been general favourites in Cornwall, and occur largely displayed in similar situations within many other churches in the county.

Cornwall has ever been distinguished for the earnest religious views of its inhabitants, and from the earliest times, its material record has survived. The large number of old Crosses strewn thickly over the wild moorlands or by the solitary wayside, in churchyard or village street, were set up as reminders to the passing foot, of the way to eternal life, and contemporary with them Holy Wells covered the bright springs in the valleys, and appealed with their simple imagery to those who came thither to draw, not to forget to thirst also for the living water that refreshes the soul; while Sainted Names numberless, the stories of whose devoted lives are lost in the mist of antiquity; all attest that olden deep spirit of religious influence and observance, not to be found in other regions of the west, and which continues almost undiminished down to the present hour.

It was this feeling which brought the hardy miners, and their half-brethren the Dartmoor peasantry, with their clubs and bows up to the gates of Exeter in sturdy remonstrance, and to leave their mangled bodies afterward on Clyst Heath, when the Mass they were accustomed to reverence was abolished from their sight in the rural sanctuaries where they worshipped, during the days of the sixth Edward. It was this that stirred their hearts, and sent their war-cry aloft, when their countryman Trelawney stood in peril of liberty and life at the hands of the sinister James. It was this unsatisfied yearning, stifled while under the religious torpor which had settled over the mid-Georgian era, that welcomed the evangelic cry of Wesley, when he breathed over their valley of dry bones, and devoted disciples by myriads sprang into new and spiritual existence, followed subsequently by the kindred and scarcely less-fruitful mission of O'Brien, the apostle of the north Devon hills; and later still with equal earnestness, their recognition and steadfast adhesion to the beneficent discipline of Father Matthew. The same earnest receptive spirit has continued in them through all the centuries. In emotive warmth of heart,—not altogether wanting in touch of chivalry,—home-loving clanship of nationality, and kinship of antient tongue, the Cornish hold much in common with the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch; qualities on crossing the Cheviots, Wrekin, or Dartmoor, lost altogether in the common-place, flavourless compromise called English character.

Slowly we wend our way through the nave, and observe in addition to the numerous carved bench-ends, the lower compartments of the antient rood-screen (its stair-turret still exists in the wall of the south aisle), all the upper portion having disappeared. The design of its tracery is similar, and from this we assume that the edifice was entirely refitted within, if not wholly rebuilt at the same era. But the majority of the benches have suffered curious treatment at the ingenious hands of the parish joiner, a generation or so since, when these old solid structures were transformed into pews, by grafting on them above slender deal continuations, furnished with doors. Then unfortunately the carved edging around their ends was nearly all cleared away, so as to form a panel at the base, and finished afterward by the whole being "neatly painted and grained" to acquire uniformity. The north aisle has a fine open-timbered waggon roof, the dividing arches between the nave and aisles are composed of granite —moor-stone as Polwhele delighted to designate it—ponderous and strong, and these, coupled with the old sturdy oak praying-benches beneath, convey a sense of reality and abidingness in work that contrasts strongly with our modern flimsy imitations.

"See now, along that pillared aisle
The graven arches firm and fair;
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then;
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men."

Having lingered a moment in the south aisle to note the badges of the royally descended Courtenay, our steps tend eastward to the memento that records an even more illustrious name than theirs, and that forms the unique association connected with this country church. But ere we reach it they are arrested a moment to observe the two large and singularly representative squires' pews of the Jacobean knight Sir Nicholas Lower, an olden resident of Clifton in Landulph, and of whom we shall have something further to say by and by. One was evidently intended for the use of the family, the other on the opposite side of the aisle, larger, raised and arranged as a sort of gallery, evidently intended to be occupied by his worship's servants and retainers. Both are elaborately decorated in their upper portions with carved panels displaying the armories of his descent and alliance, below they exhibit the linen pattern, and on the corners appears his crest sculptured in full relief. Immediately beyond is a large high-tomb, whose massive black marble table records that the bodies of the old knight and his dame repose below, while on the aisle wall immediately above the gallery-pew are two further inscribed brasses to their memories.

Now stay thy foot, and hearken! for we are standing not on princely, nay, nor royal, but even over imperial dust. Give thy thoughts wing, from these leaden skies and mist-hung coasts,—nor stay them until they have reached the sunny shores of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, the classic precincts and immortal traditions of that superlatively beautiful city that holds the keys of the two continents in her hands, and to the illustrious dynasty that erstwhile ruled her, and by whose name she is still designated. Then learn that a direct descendant of this distinguished race, an exile from his native clime, and almost an outcast on the face of the earth, found his last refuge in this life, under a friendly roof close by, and lies at rest, —not in marble sarcophagus under vaulted dome near the home of his royal ancestors,—but, equally well, beneath the simple pavement of this rustic sanctuary.

Resolve thy parable, you say. Read the inscription recorded on yonder unpretending brass plate:—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THEODORO PALEOLOGVS OF PESARO IN ITALYE; DESCENDED FROM YE IMPERYAIL LYNE OF YE LAST CHRISTIAN EMPERORS OF GREECE; BEING THE SONNE OF CAMILIO, YE SON'E OF PROSPER, THE SONNE OF THEODORO, THE SONNE OF IOHN, YE SONNE OF THOMAS, SECOND BROTHER TO CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGVS, THE 8TH OF THAT NAME, AND LAST OF YE LYNE YT RAYGNED IN CONSTANTINOPLE, VNTILL SVBDVED BY THE TVRKES; WHO MARRIED W'TH MARY, YE DAVGHTER OF WILLIAM BALLS OF HADLYE IN SOVFFOLKE, GENT: AND HAD ISSVE 5 CHILDREN THEODORO, IOHN, FERDINANDO, MARIA AND DOROTHY, AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CLYFTON, YE 21TH OF IANVARY, 1636.

Over is the proud achievement of his race,—*Per fess, a double-headed eagle displayed, collared, and with an imperial crown between the heads, standing on the castles of Europe and Asia*, being the imperial arms of Greece, *with crescent for difference.*

Proceed we now to give such few particulars of the dynasty and life of this imperially descended exile as space permits. Thomas Paleologus, as the inscription informs us, was second brother to Constantine, last of the Christian Emperors of Greece. He succeeded his brother the Emperor John in 1448, and bravely defended his beautiful metropolis from the unclean foot of the invader, when Mahomet II. laid siege to it with an immense army; but being abandoned by the reigning princes of Christendom,—then too busy quarrelling among themselves to help him,—was unable to repel them, and died fighting like a hero in the breach 29 May, 1453. His death was followed by the capture of the royal city, which was forthwith handed over to all the horrors of pillage and outrage by the Moslem host. Thenceforward the unspeakable Turk, with his fanatic courage, his slavery, cruelty, and sensual sloth, settled himself within its delightful precincts, as the future capital of his dominions, and brought his unsavoury presence into the community of Christian nationalities, remaining only to become an unceasing source of sanguinary contention among them, his wretched and effete government being from time to time saved from summary extinction, only by the jealousy of his protectors. A notable and salutary change of circumstances and opinion notwithstanding, and in strong contrast to the apathy or fear with which the European potentates viewed the original triumphant entry and settlement of the disciples of Mahomet into the beautiful city of Constantine four centuries previously.

In the terrible conflict that resulted in the downfall of Constantinople, the carnage on both sides was immense. The Greeks fought with great determination, "the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places," so that at last the beleaguered defenders appear to have been borne down by their force of numbers. Together with this,

"it chanced *Joannes Justinianus* the Generall to lie wounded in the arme; who losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himselfe from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supplie his roome, and so got into the cittie by the gate called ROMANA, which hee had caused to be opened in the inner wall, pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being indeed a man altogether discouraged. The souldiours there present dismayed with the departure of their Generall, and sore charged by the Janizaries, forsooke their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate, whereby *Justinianus* was entered, with the sight whereof, the other souldiours dismayed, ran thither by heapes also. But whilest they valiantly strive, all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude, got in; in which, so great a presse and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed, troden underfoot, or thrust to death. The emperor himselfe, for safegarde of his life flying with the rest, in that presse, as a man not regarded, miserably ended his dayes, together with the Greek empire. His dead bodie was shortly after found by the Turkes amongst the slaine, and knowne by his rich apparell; whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant; by whose commaundment it was

afterwards thrust upon the point of a launce, and in great derision caried about as a trophee of his victorie, first in the campe, and afterwards up and downe the citie." *

Thus fell Constantinople, and thus perished Constantinus, the eighth of that name, its last Emperor,

"a prince of a mild and soft spirit fitter for the church than for the field, who hearing of the great preparation made by the Turkish king, first made such preparation as his owne small abilitie would extend unto, and then sent his embassadours unto other Christian princes earnestly craving their aid, and assistance in that his dangerous estate. But that labour was lost, and all his sute vaine; for they being at variance one with another, and having more care of private revenge, than how to repulse the common enemie of Christianitie, could not, or would not afoord him any helpe at all."

All the assistance the poor Emperor had, to resist the cloud of assailants then fast closing around the doomed city, was from "certaine ships and gallies" of the Levantine coast then by chance at Constantinople, among whom was

"*Joannes Justinianus* an adventurer of Genua, who had been scouring those seas, with two tall ships, and four hundred souldiours, where he was entertained by the emperour. And forasmuch as he was a man honourably descended and supposed to be of great courage and direction, was by the emperour appointed Generall of all his forces next unto himselfe. He also entertained six thousand Greekes; which with three thousand Venetians, Genowais, and others whom he made stay of, joined unto the cittizens, was all the weake strength he had to relie upon for the defence of his state and empire."

The appointment of the Venetian as chief commander was an unfortunate one, and he exhibited the usual cowardice and treachery when put to the test, which adventurers usually display, although nothing the besieged could have done would probably have eventually saved the city from the host of invaders surrounding it, it being a hopeless conflict with superior numbers. Those of the citizens whose patriotism inspired them to confront the enemy, fought with great heroism, but numbers of others appear to have held aloof, denying their emperor not only their personal assistance, but also of their substance to pay the mercenaries to fight for them, and "whoe in their turn refused any longer to goe to the walls than they were sure of their dayly pay!" The "wofull emperour," who appears to have done everything in his power for the defence of the royal city, was thus fighting under hopeless circumstances, and with the longest odds against him. Over the frightful cruelty and wickedness that followed in the three days' sack of Constantinople, after its capture, by the invaders, and their "abhominable and unspeakable filthinesse," let the hand of Time draw a veil.

At the period of the fall of Constantinople, Thomas and Demetrius Paleologi, brothers to the unfortunate Emperor Constantinus,

"governed a great part of Peloponesus, one of the most famous provinces of Græcia, and these two princes dismaied at their brothers disaster fortune, began so farre to despaire of their own estate; and upon the first brute thereof they were about presently to have fled by sea to Italy."

* "*Generall Historie of the Turkes*," by Richard Knolles, ed. 1603.

But they remained, and as misfortunes rarely come alone, their own subjects just at this juncture rose in arms against them, and in their extremity they sought for peace at Mahomet's hands, offering to become his tributaries; and the conqueror sent over one of his generals and an army and quieted the insurrection. As vassals to the Turk the two princes lived for a few years (but not in the greatest harmony with each other), and then hearing that "the Christian princes of the west were making great preparation against the Turke," refused further tribute to Mahomet, who thereupon re-entered Peloponnesus, with a "puissant army," and the Greek princes had to fly for their lives, the one to Mantinia, and the other to "the strong cittie of Epidaurus, now called Ragusa." Again they had to sue for peace, which Mahomet, after stripping them of almost all the little authority they had left, and imposing further tribute, granted. Not long after this Mahomet was himself disquieted by rumours of the Christian princes of the west being about to intervene and drive him out of Greece, and thinking probably there would be no settled peace for him in the Peloponnesus, while the Greek princes remained there with any semblance of power, and the brothers Paleologi being at variance between themselves, and the promised tribute also not forthcoming, availed himself of the opportunity to finally subdue it. He therefore marched into those parts with a large force, reducing the cities, laying waste the country, and cruelly putting to death thousands of its inhabitants. Demetrius fled to Sparta, but when Mahomet arrived there, he came out and "humbly submitted himself with all he had in his power," which so "pleased the Turkish tyrant, that hee courteously received him, and comforted him; neverthelesse, hee committed him to safe custodie, and carried him about with him as his prisoner." Thence after much ravage and slaughter the Moslem victor, "by the counsell of Demetrius,

'sent one of his captaines, with certaine companies of Greeke souldiours, unto the strong cittie of Epidaurus, to command them in the name of the prince, to deliver unto him the citie, with the prince, his wife, and daughter, that lay there. But the Governour trusting unto the strength of the citie, refused to deliver the same; yet suffred the princess with her daughter, to depart out of the citie, being willing to goe to her husband; whom the captaine having received, returned and presented them to *Mahomet*; by whose commandment they were sent into Beotia, there to attend his returne toward Constantinople, and an eunuch appointed to take charge of the young ladie who had so warmed *Mahomet's* affection, that he tooke her afterwards to his wife.'"

Thus far for Demetrius. What was Thomas Paleologus, the ancestor of our Theodorus, about this while? Something very different, and of much more honourable complexion. He was within and busy fortifying the city of Salmonica, to which came Zoganus-Bassa, one of Mahomet's commanders,

"but the castle was by the space of a whole yeare after valiantly defended against the Turkes left to besiege it, by *Thomas* the prince; and which for lacke of water was at length yielded unto him. Of whom (Prince Thomas) *Mahomet* afterwards gave this commendation, 'That in the great countrey of Peloponesus, hee had found many slaves, but never a man but him.'"

After its surrender, Prince Thomas, "seeing the miserable ruine of his countrey, and the state thereof utterly forlorne," took ship and sailed for Italy. He was well received by Pius II. at Rome, who during his life allowed him a considerable pension for the maintenance of his state. But what became of Demetrius? Mahomet—his campaign over—returned with great triumph toward Constantinople,

"carrying with him *Demetrius* the prince, with his wife and daughter; but after he was come to Hadrianople, and placed in his royal seat, he removed the eunuch from the fair young ladie, and took charge of her himselfe. As for *Demetrius* her father, hee gave unto him the citie of Ænum, with custome arising of the salt there made, as a pension to live upon."

Thus far for these brethren. Lysons adds, "it is probable that Theodore, the descendant of Prince Thomas, who lies buried at Landulph, sought an asylum in England in consequence of the hostility shewn towards the Greeks by Pope Paul V. and his successor Gregory XV."

PALEOLOGUS.

Imperial eagle! still with glance intent,
Thy necks outstretched, and poising wings as yet,
Claiming to rule o'er each vast continent,
With feet upon their gateways firmly set;
An empire's diadem hangs o'er thy brows,
Yet rests on neither;—as if glory's aim
Waited on fortune to inspire her vows,
And ratify ambition's lofty claim;—
But she smiled not,—death put the chaplet on
Life's brave endeavour, and a hero's fate
Awarded thee instead of victory won,
The martyrs' halo, for the crown of state:
When sank the Cross blood-stained in western sky,
And in the east the Crescent flared on high.

Theodoro Paleologus appears to have married before coming to England, Eudoxia Comnena, and by her had a daughter called Theodora, born at Scio 6 July, 1594, and who was married 10 Oct., 1614, to Prince Demetrius Rhodocanakis, at the Greek church of SS. Peter and Paul, Naples. But he must have settled in England before 1600, for in that year, on May 1st, he wedded secondly at Cottingham, in the county of York, Mary, the daughter of William Balls of Hadleigh in Suffolk, gent. He appears to have sought public employment, military or civil, for among the *State Papers, Domestic*, Charles I., there is a letter from him to the Duke of Buckingham, dated Plymouth, 9 March, 1627-8, in which he thanks the Duke for the courtesy shewn him at Plymouth, and prays to be taken into his service. He further states that he is a gentleman, born of a good house, and in possession of accomplishments worthy of the name he bears, but unfortunate in the reverse of fortune experienced by his ancestors and himself; and that he has lived and shed his blood in war even from his youth, as the late Prince of Orange, and other noblemen, both English and French, have testified.

He concludes by proffering himself both faithful and competent to serve the king, and ready to shew gratitude to the duke.* This was only eight years before his death, and when he was probably verging on old age.

Inheriting the military aptitude of their race, Theodoro, his eldest son, entered the service of the Parliament, as lieutenant in the regiment commanded by Lord St. John, in the army of the Earl of Essex. He was buried 3 May, 1644, in Westminster Abbey, and according to the Register of that edifice, "near the Lady St. John's tomb." But of the Lady St. John's monument, Dean Stanley says, "once in St. Michael's, now in St. Nicholas's Chapel,"—and further, —"in the Chapel of St. Andrew, close to the spot where now is the Nightingale monument, lies Theodore Paleologus."

Ferdinando chose the side of the King, and fought under Major Lower (probably a member of the Lower family of Clifton) at Naseby, 18 June, 1645, when Lower was killed, and it is supposed John Paleologus fell by his side. Ferdinando afterward emigrated to Barbados, where his maternal grandfather had an estate, and there he became proprietor of a plantation in the parish of St. John, and was for twenty years, 1649-69, surveyor of highways. He made his will in 1670, gives "*to my loving wife Rebecca Paleologus, the one half of my plantation, and to my son Theodorus the other moiety,*" to his sisters, "*Mary Paleologus and Dorothy Arundel each twenty shillings sterling.*" He also names legacies of horses to Edward and Henry Walrond,—a Devonshire name, a Humphrey Walrond (query, of the Farringdon descent), being President of the island in 1660. He died about 1680, and was buried in the church of St. John's. Theodorus his son was a mariner on board the ship *Charles II.*, and died at sea in 1693. †

"The Greeks," says Dean Stanley, "in their War of Independence, sent to enquire whether any of the family remained, and offered, if such were the case, to equip a ship and proclaim him for their lawful sovereign. It is said that a member of the family still remains." This would relate to the descendants of Ferdinando. How strange would have been the circumstance had such an undoubted descendant been discovered, and the imperial eagle again arisen like a phœnix from the ashes of time, and strove to consolidate the shifting fortunes of this heroic and struggling people.

Maria, the elder daughter mentioned on the monument, died unmarried in 1674. Dorothy her sister became the wife of William Arundell of St. Mellion in 1657, and deceased in 1681.

Theodoro Paleologus, as the inscription informs us, died at Clifton, an old manor house in Landulph. This was originally the seat of a younger branch of the Arundells of Trerice, and built by Thomas

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* *Monumental Brasses of Cornwall*, by E. H. W. Dunkin. † Archer's *Monumental Inscriptions of the British West Indies.*

Arundell (son of Sir Thomas Arundell by Anne Moyle) about the year 1500. From the Arundells it passed to the Killigrews, and successively to Sir Nicholas Lower and Sir Reginald Mohun, who married the daughters of Sir Henry Killigrew. Lysons describes it in his time as still existing,—"with its halls, chapel, &c., but much dilapidated, and then occupied as a farm house." It has since been wholly pulled down and rebuilt as a modern farm residence.

At the date of Paleologus' decease, Clifton was evidently in the occupation of Sir Nicholas Lower, and it is probable the imperial refugee, with such of his family as remained with him, found a home under the roof-tree of the knight. Great friendship apparently existed between the Lowers and the Paleologi, as in his will Sir Nicholas orders "*Item, I doe give unto Mrs. Maria Paleologus tenne pounds to be paied unto her within one quarter of a yeare after my decease,*"—this was the eldest daughter; two of his sons fought under Major Lower, and the father was buried in the Clifton aisle, and close by him the testator was himself afterward laid.

Sir Nicholas Lower was a descendant of an old Cornish family, being the third son of Thomas Lower of St. Winnow by his wife Jane Reskymer; was knighted by Charles I., 1 June, 1619, and became Sheriff of Cornwall in 1632. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, being her third husband, she having previously wedded Sir Jonathan Trelawney, of Pool in Menheniot in 1604, and Sir Thomas Reynell of East Ogwell, 1607.

Sir Nicholas, and his wife Elizabeth Killigrew, are both interred under a large high-tomb at the east end of the Clifton aisle of Landulph church. On the cover-stone, which is of black marble, and very massive, are the following inscriptions:—

HEERE LYES BVRIED THE BODYES
OF SIR NICHOLAS LOWER OF CLIFTON IN LANDVLPH
IN CORNEWALL KNIGHT
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
XVII DAYE OF MAY. 1655.

And of Dame Elizabeth his wife
who departed this Life
the vi day of June 1638 aged 68 yeares
and heere Expect a glorious Resurrection.

Arms,—*A chevron between three roses, on the chevron a mullet for difference* (Lower), impaling,—*a double-headed eagle displayed within a bordure bezantée* (Killigrew). Crest,—*An unicorn's head couped, thereon a mullet.*

In the east window of the aisle, above the tomb, are the arms of Lower alone, in painted glass,—*Sable, a chevron between three roses argent*, with two crests, one Lower, and the second, *a wolf passant azure, langued and armed gules* (Reskymer?).

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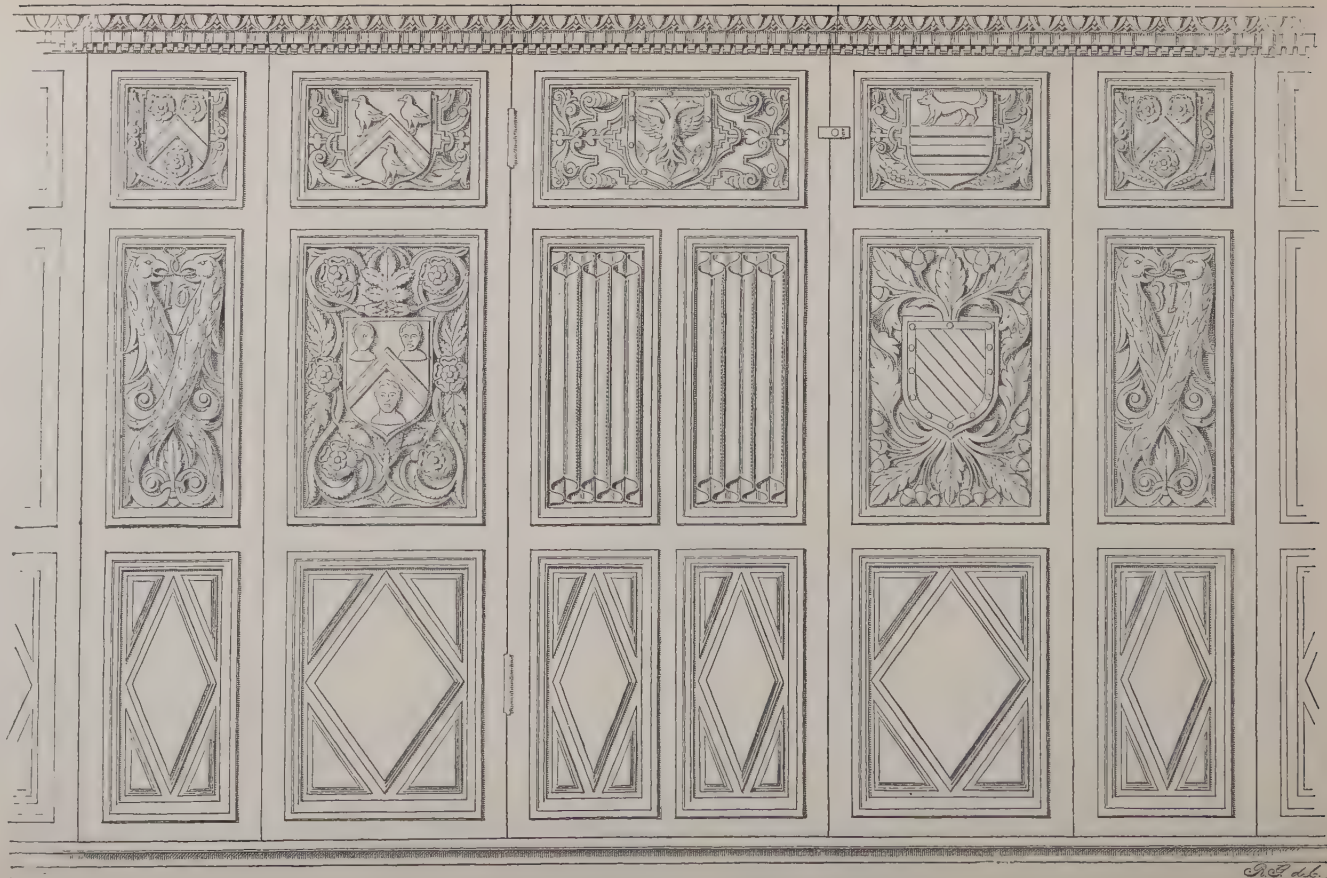

PART OF THE LOWER SEATS, LANDULPH CHURCH.

On the wall over the south Lower seat, are these further inscriptions on brasses,—

HERE LYETH BVRIED YE BODY OF SIR NICHOLAS LOWER OF CLIFTON KNIGHT, (DESCENDED OF THE HOVSE OF ST. WINOWE) THE SONNE OF THOMAS LOWER AND JANE HIS WIFE, ONE OF THE CO-HEYRES OF RESKYMER; WHO HAD ISSVE SIX SONNES, VIZ: SIR WILLIAM LOWER KNIGHT DECEASED IN CARMARTHENSHIRE, JOHN LOWER, THE SAID SR NICHOLAS LOWER, SIR FRANCIS LOWER KNIGHT, THOMAS LOWER DECEASED IN LONDON, AND ALEXANDER LOWER. HE MARRIED WITH ELIZABETH, ONE OF THE DAVGHTERS OF SR HENRY KILLEGRVE OF LONDON KNIGHT, DIED WITHOVT ISSVE, SVRRENDRINGE HIS SOVLE TO HIS REDEEMER AT CLIFTON, YE 17TH OF MAYE, ANNO DOMINI 1655.

and to his much-married spouse, who pre-deceased him nearly twenty years, the following quaint tribute to her memory:—

HEERE LYETH BVRIED THE BODY OF DAME ELIZABETH LOWER LATE WIFE VNTO SIR NICHOLAS LOWER OF CLIFTON, KT, DAVGHTER VNTO SR HENRY KILLIGREWE OF LONDON, KT, ANTIENTLY DESCENDED FROM YE HOVSE OF ARWENNICK IN CORNWALL, AND FROM YE YOVNGEST OF YE LEARNED DAVGHTERS OF SR ANTHONY COOKE, KT, A MAIDE OF HONOVR TO QVEENE ELIZABETH; WHO FOR TREW VERTVE, PIETY, AND LEARNING, CAME NOTHING SHORT (THAT I MAY MODESTLY SPEAKE) OF ANY OF HER ANCESTORS, AND FOR HER SINGVLAR COVRTESIE TO ALL, AND AMIABLE SVBIECTION TO HER HVSBAND (A VERTVE RARE AND HIGH) I THINKE CAN HARDLY BE MATCH'D, WHO DESERVES A FAR AMPLER CHARACTER THEN CAN BE CONTAINED IN SO NARROW A ROOME: SHE DYED AT CLIFTON IN CORNWALL, THE SIXT DAY OF JVNE IN THE YEARE OF OVR LORD, 1638, AND EXPECTS HEERE A GLORIOVS RESVRRECTION.

The two representative "squires' pews" we glanced at on our way down the aisle, and in which presumably the old knight, his dame, and their dependants performed their devotions, when they were in the flesh, and resident at Clifton, accompanied it may be by his imperially descended friend,—are situate a little above their last resting places. Some of the middle panels exhibit the linen pattern, a late example of this last remnant of pointed design. Alternating with these are several filled with floriated ornament, having in their centres shields, continued also on the cornice above, displaying the descent and alliances of Lower.

On the first seat,—1. *A chevron between three roses* (Lower).—2. *Per fess, three pears in base, in chief a demi-lion rampant* (Perrott).—3. *Three castles* (Kestell).—4. *An annulet surmounted by a mullet.*—5. *Three chevrons ermine* (Esse ?).—6. *A chevron engrailed, between three talbots passant* (Carveth or Tregassawe).—7. *A chevron between three trefoils, stems erazed.*—8. *Two bars, in chief three roundels.*—9. *A fess fretty.*—10. *A cross moline* (Upton ?).—11. *A chevron between three birds.*—12. *A chevron between three boars' heads*—13. *A chevron between three moors' heads affrontée, couped at the shoulders* (Tregenna ?).—14, as 1.

On the second seat,—1. *A double-headed eagle displayed, within a bordure bezantée* (Killigrew).—2. *Three bars, in chief a wolf passant* (Reskymer).—3. *Three bends* (Bodrugan).—4. *Three bends within a bordure bezantée* (Valletort).—5. *A bend, a label of three* (Carminow).—6. *A chevron, a label of three* (Prideaux).—7. *A crescent surmounted by a mullet* (Denzell).—8. *A boar passant, between three mullets* (Trevarthian?).—9. *A cross between four mullets* (Flamank?).—10. *A fess indented, between three mullets.*—11. *A stag's head* (Trethurffe?).—12. *A calf passant* (Cavell).—13. Lower. The crest, *an unicorn's head couped at the shoulders*, in full relief at the corners, and the initials N.L. and E.L., together with the date 1631, is carved on the panels. Lower impaling Killigrew appears also on the brasses. The character of the carving is superior for the era, and its subjects heraldically interesting.

A few words further here concerning two immediate descendants of this,—at the time,—numerous Cornish race, who acquired some renown, the one in amusing, and the other in preserving this transitory life of ours. John Lower of Tremeer, brother to Sir Nicholas, had a son Sir William, a cavalier strongly attached to the royal cause. He was a dramatist, and retired to Holland during the Commonwealth that he might enjoy peaceful companionship with the muses. He was a great admirer of the French poets, particularly Corneille, and on their works built the plans of four out of the eight plays which he wrote. He also issued translations from the French, and edited a *Journal* of the movements of Charles II. while in exile. He subsequently possessed Clifton as heir-general of the family, on the decease without issue of Thomas Lower (the son of Sir William Lower, Sir Nicholas' brother), to whom Sir Nicholas left it. He died in 1662. Richard Lower, the other descendant, was a celebrated London physician, and the author among other works of a "*Treatise on the Heart*," which "attracted much notice, in consequence of the chapter on the transfusion of blood which the author had practised." He died in 1690, and was buried at St. Tudy.

Here we conclude such notices of the lives, deaths, and memorials of the Paleologi, and their friend the old knight at Clifton and his family as have been found available. Have you anything further to say of them, you ask, ere we leave the little sanctuary? What *can* there be said further—would be the obvious reply—concerning those whose lives, deaths, burial-places and memorials, have all been duly noticed and recorded? Well, for once, not even the fastness of the grave will be proof against some additional remembrances of the Paleologi.

Man's curiosity is unbounded and insatiable. No place or association is altogether safe from the intrusion of his prying eyes and ransacking fingers, if he thinks there is anything likely to be found therein calculated to gratify its longings, and he gets the chance, or has permission to make the search. In this particular he follows in the trail of death as being no respecter of persons, but with this ignoble difference to the great conqueror, that he waits until the life is gone before he seeks to assuage his morbid longings by an invasion

of the bodies of his forefathers. It would be supposed the sanctity of death and the rest of the grave would naturally be privileged, but no, they have rather stimulated his curiosity, and so have found little or no consideration in his sight. The cunningly-embalmed Egyptian potentate in his burial fortress of the great pyramid,—his humble spice-wound subject in his rock-hewn sepulchre,—the Roman emperor in his grand mausoleum,—Greek hero in costly sarcophagus,—British chieftain in flint-piled barrow,—mediæval saint in shrine, and king, ecclesiastic or noble in their ponderous stone coffins,—all have in turn been subjected to this unfeeling scrutiny, and the poor dust and mouldering bones rummaged over by irreverent hands, very few indeed escaping violation, sometimes for hope of plunder, but usually for idle curiosity, and the indulgence of relic-hunting propensities. And yet, perhaps, there is scarcely anything the living heart would more shrink from contemplating, than the possibility of such indignity being offered to the frail decaying tenement it had beat in, after death; a sentiment shared in common by the greatest intellects and humblest minds,—but that does not avert the outrage. *

The ashes of the Paleologi have not escaped this common danger of being examined, the father's here on this bank of the Tamar, and by curious coincidence, the son's in the distant island of Barbados, but no indignity was offered the remains. At Landulph, toward the close of the last century, "when the vault was accidentally opened, the coffin of Paleologus was seen, a single oak coffin, and curiosity prompting to lift the lid, the body of Paleologus was discovered, and in so perfect a state, as to ascertain him to have been in stature much above the common height, his countenance of an oval form, much lengthened, and strongly marked by an aquiline nose, and a very white beard reaching low on the breast." A physiognomy and stature eminently representative of his imperial descent, and how remarkably preserved after the lapse of nearly two centuries. In 1831 a hurricane destroyed the church of St. John in Barbados. In a vault under the organ-loft was discovered "the leaden coffin of Ferdinando Paleologus, in the position adopted by the Greek church, which is the reverse of others. It was opened on the 3rd of May, 1844, and in it was found a skeleton of remarkable size, imbedded in quicklime, thus shewing, that although Ferdinando may have accommodated himself to the circumstances of his position, he died in the

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* "About a year ago, there was a wonderful discovery of an antient tomb at Sidon, containing over a dozen sarcophagi. Many of them are described as being in the finest style of art, and formed after the Greek manner. Among them was a royal one, and on it was an inscription of which the following is the translation:- '*I, Tainite, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, lying in this tomb, say: 'Come not to open my tomb; there is neither gold, nor silver, nor treasure. He who will open this tomb shall have no prosperity under the sun, and shall not find rest in the grave.*' This expresses the old yearning to be at rest; but the belief in wealth deposited in royal tombs has always frustrated the realization of these desires. Now-a-days the archæologist is the greatest desecrator." (*Daily News*, 4 March, 1888.) The anathema on Shakspeare's gravestone is another well-known example of this dread.

faith of his own church." * He thus appears to have been of commanding appearance as his father.

Before we leave the little edifice, a look into the tower, and a glance under the communion table. Two incidents attendant on the perils of access to Landulph's maritime position meet the eye. In the chancel a flat stone commemorates the fate of a former rector, "*Edward Ameredith, who married Alice, the fourth daughter of William Kekewitch of Catchfrench in Cornewall, Esquire; 8th of May, 1661,—being drowned in passing the Ryuer.*" Within the tower a tablet erected a hundred years later is thus inscribed,—

NEAR this place Lies the Body of
Fitz-Anthony Pennington, Bell-Founder,
of the Parish of Lezant in Cornwall,
who departed this Life, April 30. 1768.
Ætatis suæ 38.

Tho' Boisterous Winds & Billows sore,
Hath Tos'd me To and Fro,
By God's Decree in spite of both,
I rest now, here below.

At the top of the monument is incised a winged angel with a trumpet, supporting a man bearing a church bell; at the bottom a laver-pot flaming; both being emblems of his vocation. Fitz-Anthony Pennington, member of a noted family of bell-founders, was also unfortunately drowned. This occurred at Anthony passage,—a somewhat dangerous creek further down the river,—while conveying across a church bell intended to be set up at Landulph. The curious doggerel in praise and regulation of ringing, that is inscribed on a large wooden tablet opposite the monument, is said locally to be an effusion from his pen, but it has a much earlier date. The Penningtons were successively of Exeter, Lezant, and Stoke-Climsland, and itinerated as occasion required. They cast nearly five hundred bells for the churches in Devon and Cornwall, between the end of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries.

Imperialist or Republican? Such are the echoes that quest the mental ear from the opposite sides of the Tamar, as our little craft gets well out into mid-stream, and we make for the creek that runs inland on the shore immediately facing Landulph. Here dwelled an antient family, in Domesday survey called Alured Brito, afterward named from the place of their residence De Budockshed (since provincialized to Butshead or Budshead), and who continued there from the time of King John downward for fourteen generations, until about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the inheritance passed by a distaff to the possession of another old race (also having antecedents near), named Gorges. The venerable home of the Budocksheds has been destroyed, but two fine old barns—one of grand

* Archer.

proportions—and a picturesque granite gateway, still remain to attest its aforetime importance. Winifred, one of the daughters and coheirs of Roger Budockshed, Esq. (who married Frances daughter of Sir Philip Champernowne of Modbury), the last possessor of that name of the mansion and manor; brought it to her husband Sir William Gorges, knt., a Vice-Admiral, Deputy of Ireland, and a Gentleman Pensioner of Queen Elizabeth. He was a scion of the wide-spreading Somersetshire family of that name, and had three sons,—Tristram, Arthur, and Edward. Dying in 1583, he left it to his son Tristram, who married Elizabeth daughter of Martin Cole of Cole-Anger. He had one son William, and four daughters, two of whom married Courtenays of the Landrake descent, and another Trelawney. William died without issue, and disinheriting his sisters, "conveyed Budokeside," says Pole, "unto Sr Arthur his unkle, and hee hath lately sold it." Sir Arthur Gorges was of Chelsea, he disposed of the old possession to the Trevills, a family of prosperous Plymouth merchants. In the Budockshed aisle of the church is a handsome monument to them, which bears the following inscription:—

Here Lyeth Bvried the Body of Richard Trevill, Esqr.,
who died Avgvst the XXVI., 1648. Aged 73.

Here Lyeth Bvried the Bodyes of Richard Trevill, Esqr.,
Nephew and Heire of the Aforesaid Richard,
who died April the 4th, 1662. Aged 51.
And also of Mary his Wife,
who died the XXV. day of Febrvary, 1663. Aged 57.

Here Lyeth Bvried the Body of Richard Trevill, Esq.,
Sonn of the said Richard and Mary,
who died Janvary the XIX. 1665. Aged 19.

This Monvment was Erected by William Trevill, of Bvtshead, Esq.,
in the year of ovr Lord 1667, to Perpetuate ye memorie
of his Worshipfull Predecessors and Relations here buried.

Arms,—*Or, a cross sable, debruised by a bendlet azure* (Trevill), impaling,—*Argent, a chevron gules, between three birds (coots or moorcocks), sable.*

On ledger-lines upon flat stones below, the first and second of the foregoing inscriptions are repeated, with the arms of Trevill sculptured. In their centres are these further notices:—

Also Here Lyeth The Body of
William Trevill of Butshead, Esq., Father of Lethbridge Trevill,
who departed this Life the 18th Day of May, 1680.

Also Here Lyeth the Body of
Lethbridge Trevill, Son of William Trevill of Butshead, Esq.,
who departed this Life 27th of February, 1699.

The name of Trevill is still perpetuated in a street in Plymouth.

From the Trevills, by a distaff, it became the property of Brigadier-General Trelawney, whence it descended to his son Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart., *aide-de-camp* to the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. This gentleman "for many years led a retired life at Budshead, where he amused himself with planting and gardening, having been the first person who brought ornamental gardening to any perfection in the west of England. His gardens, which abounded with American and other exotic shrubs and plants, were much resorted to by the curious." (Lysons.) Some remains of his taste still exist, and an old yew garden, once having a fishpond in its centre, and one or two noble trees of unmistakably foreign origin, still hale and vigorous.

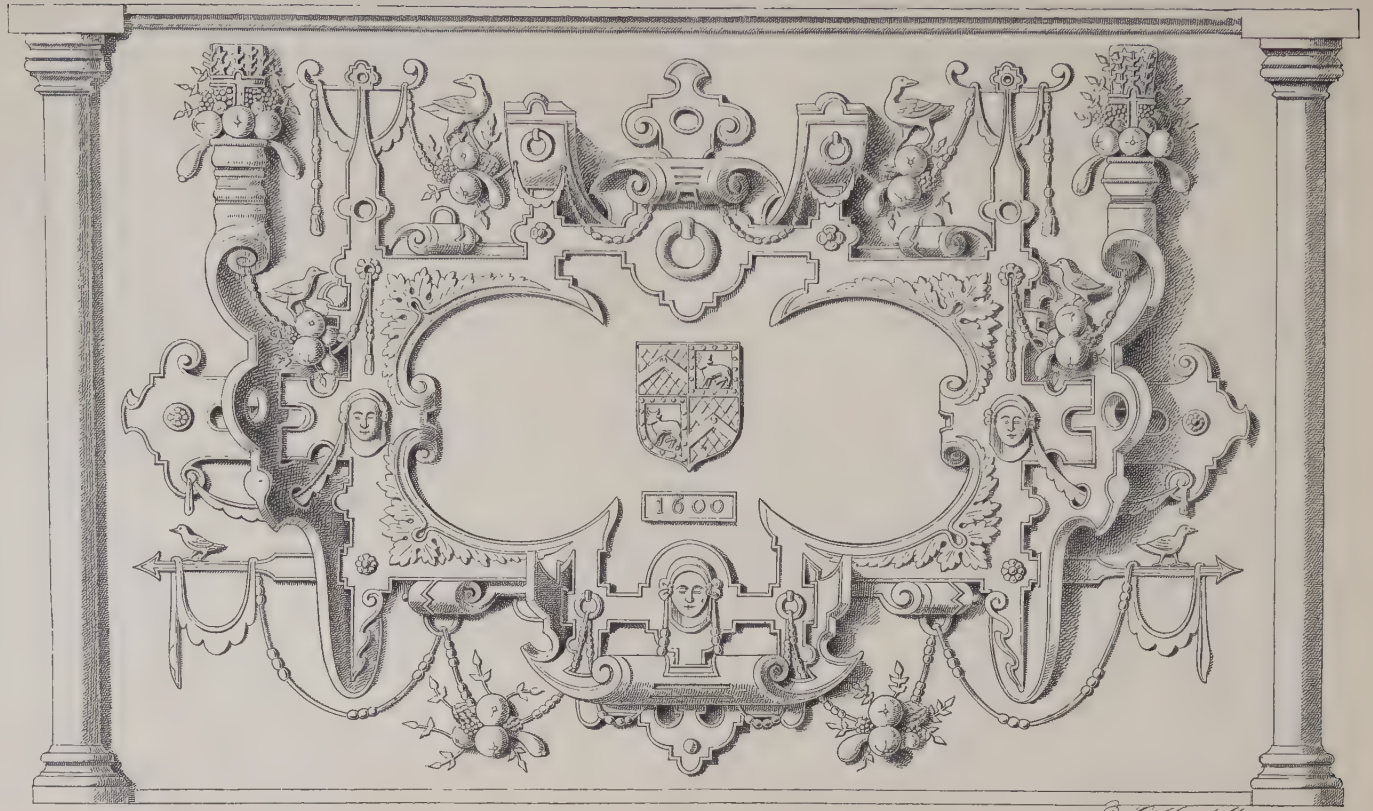
This genealogical recital brings us to "the middle of our song." William Gorges, the last local possessor of Budockshed, was cousin to the celebrated Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the Founder of the State of Maine, U.S.A., and for some years Governor of Plymouth. He was also identified with St. Budeaux, both by property and marriage; first, by being owner of the manor of Kinterbury in that parish, and secondly, one of his four wives having been Elizabeth, sister of William Gorges of Budockshed, and widow of Edward Courtenay. Sir Ferdinando, whose history and proceedings are largely interwoven with the stirring movements of his time, both of warlike character at home, and colonization and enterprise abroad, died 14 May, 1647, and was buried at Long-Ashton, near Bristol.

In the Budockshed aisle of the church of St. Budeaux, is a beautiful monument to the memory of that family and their immediate successors, the Gorges. It consists of a high-tomb, with pillars at the angles, the cover-stone of slate finely carved, and a reredos of exquisite Elizabethan design. On it are these arms,—1. *Sable, three fusils in fess, between three stags' faces argent.* Crest,—*A moor's head affrontée proper* (Budockshed).—2. Quarterly,—1 and 4. *Lozengy or and azure, a chevron gules, a crescent for difference* (Gorges).—2 and 3. *Argent, a bull passant sable, within a bordure of the second bezantée* (Cole).—3. Gorges, with crest,—*a greyhound's head couped at the shoulders, and collared, with crescent for difference.*—4. Gorges and Budockshed quarterly.—5. Budockshed, with crest. The original inscription, which was probably gilded on it, had disappeared, but the sculptured date, 1600, remains.

The monument had become greatly dilapidated, but was restored in 1881, and the following inscription then cut on it,—

Roger Budockshed, of Budockshed, Esquire, obiit 1576,
Sir William Gorges, Knight, obiit 1583.
Dame Winifred Gorges, ob: 1599.
Tristram Gorges, of Budockshed, Esquire, ob: 1607.
Mrs. Elizabeth Gorges, ob: 1607.

Restored 1881: chiefly at the expense of
the Historical Society and Citizens of the State of Maine, U.S.A.;
in memory of Sir Ferdinando Gorges,
the first Proprietor and Governor of that Province, A.D. 1635;
aided by some connections of the Gorges family in England.



PANEL FROM THE GORGES TOMB, ST. BUDEAUX CHURCH.

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Singularly coincident,—as with the Paleologi at Landulph, so with the second of the Gorges of Budockshed,—the recital of his life and burial does not end all we have to say of him. In speaking of "St. Buddocks," as Risdon calls it, he narrates the following :—

"The church of this parish once stood in a remote and unhealthy place by the river side, but Robert Budshed rebuilt it in a place more convenient, at his own cost; whereof (see the fate!) his own daughter first possessed the place for her burial; and in this church there is a tomb erected to the memory of Tristram Gorges and Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Cole, which about thirty years after his funeral was taken up by occasion of burying another of that tribe in his sepulture; in whose coffin digged up, the carcass was found with the flesh fallen on his ridge-bone like a jelly, there lying all his bones in order, as they that were eye-witnesses have delivered." *

Enow of death and his doings. Now for the lesson of reflection that the lives and aims of the principal characters in this little story of to-day's wandering suggest to us. We take a farewell view from the delightful acclivity on which the church of St. Budeaux is situate, with panorama of the wide-spreading Tamar and its ramifications at our feet, and the great Cornish hills retreating illimitably in the distance beyond;—then slowly retrace our steps down to the river's side at Budockshed, and are soon again afloat, half-drifting, half-sailing, making for our haven at Saltash passage. Another and strange dream of the vicissitudes of human life, finds its fulfilment in the one case over the grave of the imperial exile at rest among the peasantry of the hamlet in the little sanctuary yonder. Driven from his native clime,—bereft of all his kingly traditions,—the splendid empire he may have been born to rule the possession of the barbarian invader,—himself dependant on the bounty of a stranger,—and his royal name extinct,—such was the fate of Paleologus; conditions which instruct us, that the same inexorable law of mutability affects equally a dynasty, whether its residence be in a palace or a cottage. There is no station privileged against the misfortunes that afflict our common mortal conditions.

But what of the emigrant commemorated at St. Budeaux, Sir Ferdinando? He voluntarily left his English home to help found the magnificent commonwealth, that in a single century has absorbed a whole continent, in extent infinitely larger than the realms the Constantines in their fullest glory presided over, and whose existence was altogether unknown when their last representative lost his crown and his life. How different the errands of these men in their migrations from their native land. But no emperor rules the destinies of the nation he helped to found; the charm of simple and equal citizenship is the secret of its strength; and while the memorial of Paleologus is viewed with curious sympathy by the wayfarer, as being only the interesting reminder of an extinct rule,—the tomb of Gorges has

* Robert Budockshed thus spoken of as builder of the present church of St. Budeaux, married Anne daughter of Sir Thomas Pomeroy, knt., and lived three generations before Roger of the monument. Lysons says it was rebuilt in 1563, the era of *Roger* Budockshed. Tradition records that the former church was at Budockshed.

been renovated by the descendants of those pioneers he helped to conduct across the broad Atlantic, and left with them the deathless heritage of liberty and progress.

Again we are enveloped in the gloom of the great bridge, another pleasant day's voyaging is ended, and as our foot touches the shore, a suggestive farewell thought follows us across the river, bearing on its wing the motto inscribed on the sun-dial over the porch of the church of St. Budeaux :—

"EX HOC MOMENTO PENDET ÆTERNITAS."

Upon this moment—here we part,
Until the coming dawn arise
And we are spared,—nay, do not start,
The present moment as it flies
Is all the dower Life gives the heart,
All that the miser Time supplies.

Upon this moment—yon bridge vast,
That spans the deep and darkling tide,
To that frail link which joins at last
Life to eternity so wide,
Is as the gossamer, that's cast
Across the green dell's dewy side.

Upon this moment—warm hands greet,
Though glance be hid by shadows dim,
Hark to those fisher children ! sweet
Singing their votive evening hymn,—
Their dreams will be again to meet,
All undisturbed by truth so grim.

No sword of Damocles infest
Life's subtle thread of moments spun,
This day is ours—with loving zest
Cease not 'till all its work be done,
Then fold thy hands, and take thy rest,
And calmly wait to-morrow's sun.

RESURGAM

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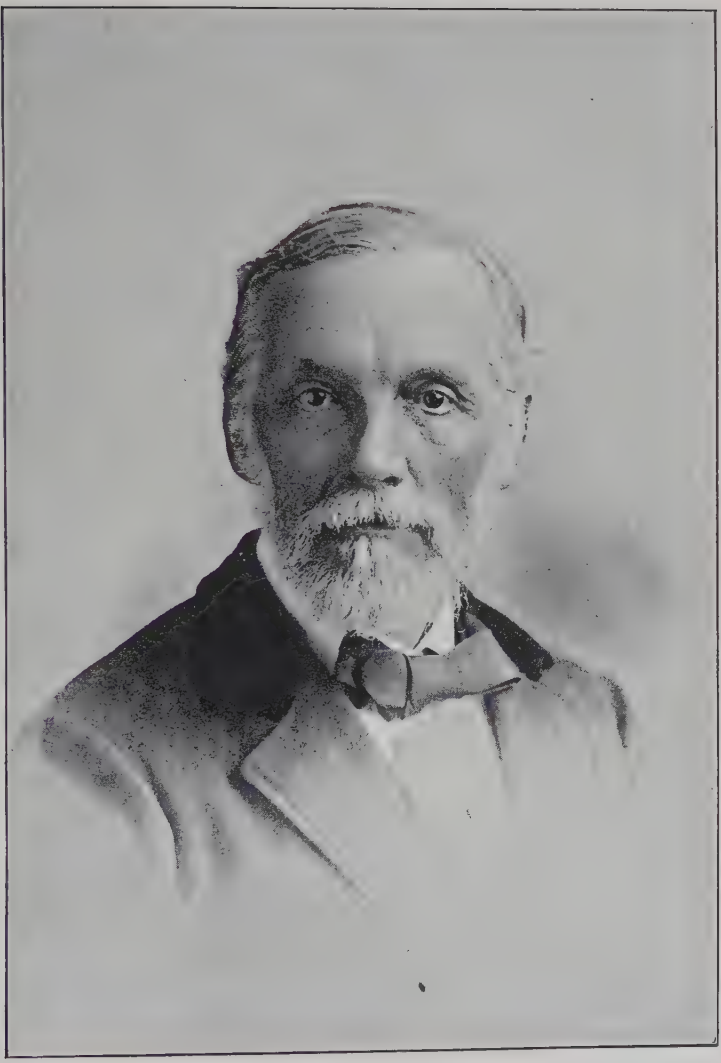

Yours truly

W. H. H. Rogers

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The indent of the brass of Archbishop Stafford being greatly frayed and denuded, the original outlines have been restored in the illustration, after a close and careful examination of the stone itself.

In the incised figure of the Archbishop's Mother, the lines are fairly perfect, except those forming the hands and face. These have been completed from the faint indications that remain.

R. G.

CORRIGENDA.

Page	5.	Footnote,	line	1,	for *Tremedart,*	read	*Tremodart.*
,,	,,	,,	,,	9,	,, *Lanberne,*	,,	*Lanherne.*
,,	11.	Text,	,,	19,	,, *Richmond of York,*	,,	*the Earl of Richmond.*
,,	37.	,,	,,	14,	,, *interests,*	,,	*interest.*
,,	39.	,,	,,	37,	,, *incidents,*	,,	*incident.*
,,	77.	Inscription,	,,	16,	,, *Mil,*	,,	*Nil.*
,,	123.	Text,	,,	9,	,, *Thomas,*	,,	*John.*
,,	143.	Inscription,	,,	12,	,, *venerandissimi,*	,,	*venerabilissimi.*
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,,	181.	Text,	,,	12,	,, *1673 to 1678,*	,,	*1678 to 1683.*
,,	,,	Quotation,	,,	29,	,, *C.B.,*	,,	*K.B.*

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